

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 2/3 or 23c; New Zealand, 1/4; Malaysia, 60c (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne, Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Bris-bane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Ade-laide, Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Let-ters: Box 491G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney

**DECEMBER 21, 1966** 

Vol. 34, No. 30

### OUR COVER

● A Western Australian flowering gum displays its brilliant color in this pic-ture taken at Wattamolla Beach, National Park, N.S.W., by Stirling Maco-boy, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

### CONTENTS

### SPECIAL FEATURES

"Escape to a	
Eleanor Alli	ston 40, 41
AUSTRALIAN	HOMES
	Centre lift-out

the same of the same of				
New "IN"			Ugly	
Duckling	of	the	Red-	
grave Fo	amily			2,3
Suburban	Cast	le	Gives	
Land to	the	Deve	loper	4,5
Preview: "W	innie	the	Pooh"	
Film	P: (*)	Let :		7
Hunting dow	n the	"flo	wers"	
of the re	ocks	1/2		13

# REGULAR FEATURES

Beautiful Australia	8,9
Social	30
Compact	. 33
Letter Box, Darothy Drain	
Ross Campbell	38
Stars	62
Teenagers' Weekly	72-76
Mandrake, Crossword	107

### FICTION

Here Come the (Serial Port 2),	Brid	es	
Geraldine Napier	*1		5
The Phony, Roberta Y	ates		5.
The Fourth Sarah, Libbie Block	*		9
Land of Exiles, Valerie Watkinson			10
FASHION			

The Holiday Shirt-Dress	. 16	5, 17
Needlework Notions .		57
Dress Sense, Betty Keep		59
Fashion Frocks		62
Butterick Patterns	16	107

At Home with Margaret Sydney	6.
Cookery: Sweet and Sour	67, 68
Prize Recipe	68
Family Affairs	77, 84 89, 93
Collectors' Corner	99
Transfer	100

Page 2

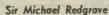
# NEW "IN" GIRL WAS UGLY DUCKLING OF REDGRAVE FAMILY

- By BETTY BEST, in London -



LYNN REDGRAVE, the new "in" girl in films, says that she was nearly six feet tall by the time she was 13 and enormously fat by 16 . . . "and I was self-conscious and had no confidence." Now, at 23 she gets offers for some of the best stage and film roles. The New York "Times" has run its biggest starlet feature on her.







Lady Redgrave

WITH the release of her first starring for "Georgy Girl," Lynn Redgrave has caught with the rest of her brilliant family in one bour

Critics, acclaiming her performance, said that the what it takes to displace Julie Christie as the "in"

For those who had watched her on stage at the Nation Theatre, or seen her supporting performance in "The Co with Green Eyes," it seemed like the inevitable next in

and was no surprise.

For Lynn herself it was a very different matter,

"Georgy Girl' has changed my whole career," she me with disarming humility. "It has given me a new on fidence which I badly needed.

"I don't mean that if it hadn't come off I'd have in up or anything like that. You see, I have a busine safety valve of expecting failure."

I asked her if this was because she had been surrouse by a wildly successful family in the same busines.

"No nothing like that. I surrose it should have been surrouse."

"No, nothing like that. I suppose it should have daunting that Vanessa was an established star before even started. In fact, it was quite the opposite through any vast ego on my part or anything that I didn't think of it like that. We're not that kind of family."

Lynn could not be less like her sister, either in with or in personality. She and her mother, Rachel Kemson, share a down-to-earth style, while Vanessa lost and acts like her father, who has an "other word ethereal theatre quality.

The fifth actor in the family is Corin, who has a enjoyed some excellent notices for his Oscar Wilde by character in Anthony Quayle's Phoenix Theatre production of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

His style seems to combine something of his father.

His style seems to combine something of his father flourish and Lynn's modern approach.

But whereas Corin and Vanessa knew from the start in their lives would be devoted to acting, Lynn has let that sure of it only for the past eight years.

Now, at 23, she recalls her decision with a rate rueful, appologetic story:

"Actually, I'm rather ashamed about the way I decided I've never told anyone this story before because it seems the most awful way to come to the job.

"Right from the time I was a very small child I want to do one thing and one thing only — be a show jump

"It just never occurred to me that I would act, believed I would spend my life with horses.

"Then, when I was 15, everything suddenly change began to ride a bigger horse than I had ever tried before "For the first time I went over a six-foot jump felt a sudden qualm of fear.

# Ambition to be riding champion

"That was the first time I had a doubt. You is can't be a champion if fear comes into it for ever second.

"Then, on top of it, I began to learn how much it of just to keep and look after one horse. Either you have the live on a farm or it costs a fortune.

"No, I would never have thought of asking my parent to subsidise me. Of course not. Why should they?

"Instead, I thought I would go to a Cordon Bleu cooler school and pay for my riding by doing the most marvelled dinners for people. But, you know, the people who was Cordon Bleu dinners don't usually live near horses.

"Then Stratford did it. The complete atmosphere."

"Then Stratford did it. The complete atmosphere the theatre caught up with me. Peter Hall's production of 'Twelfth Night' was on, with Dorothy Tutin as Violated the description of the day of the day

It absolutely captivated me. It is my favorite partitions day.

"I went 16 times. I used to save my pocket money, quesup, and then stand at the back for 2/6 (37 cents) a time. "I saw 'Hamlet' eight or nine times in the same will to seemed so wonderful to me that it was Googie Without Shakespeare and that she was so very good. "Suddenly, one morning, I announced at home that was going to be an actress. It must have come as a life."



Vanessa Redgrave



Corin Redgrave

of a shock to the family after all those years of nothing

of a speck to the family after all those years of nothing but horses from me, "My mother suggested perhaps I would like to be a groom or teach riding if I couldn't go in for show jumping. But that simply wasn't enough for me — it had to be all or nothing."

At this point Vanessa had just been recognised as an ap-and-coming star, Sir Michael was the big Royal Shakespare Company attraction, and Rachel Kempson was gratly in demand.

"They were all very sober in their reception of my amouncement," Lynn recalled gratefully. "No one said don't be silly or anything. They simply pointed out there was no point in my deciding this unless I felt that I couldn't live without it. But I already knew that sting was hard work, I'd lived with it all my life."

Her mother's version of this critical period in her oungest child's life makes an interesting parallel.

"Like Vanessa and Corin, Lynn had grown up with a ofestional and not a 'star-struck' approach to acting," professional and not aid Lady Redgrave.

# Many problems to be faced

Our children know that it isn't all glamor. But on top that Lynn had always wanted to do something that no see eise in the family did. She is a complete individualist.

When this changed I thought that it might be a od idea to bring up all the problems, so I asked her, fill you be happy if you only ever play supporting parts?" for all, very few people reach the top.

also warned her that although she had the advanof a family who would understand her working ins from the point of view of times and an uncertacome, she also had the disadvantage of the Redgrave, which might make her feel she had to live up to hing before she was ready.

then, of course, there is always the other point, which in the fully difficult for a woman. As you know, I was about to go into the Old Vic with Michael when was a was coming. I put my private life first and, wing that one child alone in a family like ours would mappy, I went on to have Corin.

Now, of course, I am so happy with my family that I aldn't change any of my children for the greatest name in the world.

But I was very ambitious when I first met Michael dwould have loved to be the big star with him.

anessa is an extraordinary person in that she seems able to cope with the most enormous amount of and two children as well, at then Vanessa is made of sheer strength. I wasn't, I had to decide between family life and career, rather thought Lynn might be like me and it one day become an awful decision for her to make."

re was another point that, both as actress and mother, Kempson feared for her daughter. I asked her warned Lynn that being so tall might prevent her doing well, no matter how much talent she had.

Well, oddly enough it wasn't the height I worried out. I'd already gone into that with Vanessa, who is the (both girls are nearly six feet), and it had made no fletence at all to her success. So I didn't think of at with Lynn.

o, it was the fact that her movements were not ally good. Now this is frightfully important and I she would have to do a great deal of work to

But, you see, things like this prove she was right to

yun explained that period:

"Every single morning of my life I woke up, looked the mirror, and asked myself, 'Could you live if you dn't try to act?"

"For what seemed like ages I wasn't sure. Then one starre morning I woke up and knew I'd just commit scide if I didn't."

### Continued on page 82



HER PIMLICO FLAT (above), which she will soon vacate for the cottage she has bought in Barnes, is brightly decorated. Lynn loves to cook, and she often has friends in for dinner.

IN "GEORGY GIRL" (below) she croshes James Mason's rather posh party in a Mae West gown. The film is a sometimes-serious comedy. Lynn received wonderful notices.



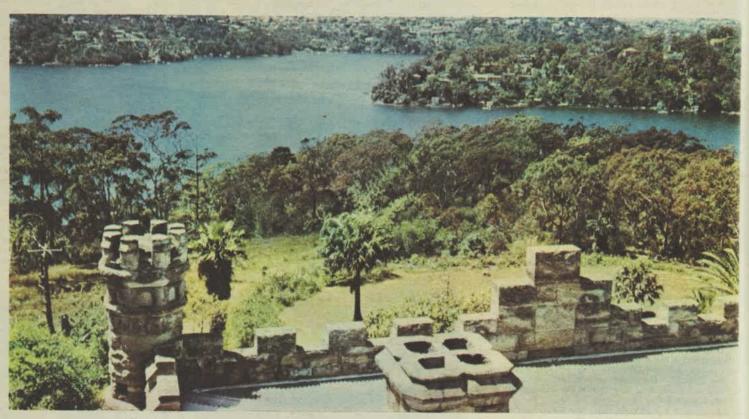
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4884191



HASTINGS WILLIS, owner of Innisfallen Castle, standing on the tower roof.

# SUBURBAN CASTLE **GIVES GROUND** (about 35 acres of it)

# TO THE DEVELOPER



VIEW from the castle roof looking across Middle Harbor shows the suburb of Seaforth in the background.

DRIVE hundreds of yards along the winding, little-used bush track, through acres of wild scrub, past the "Stop - Keep Out" notice, and suddenly you are confronted with, of all things, a sandstone castle, towering on a hill overlooking a wonderful stretch of blue water.

The castle looks hundreds of years old (though it's not — it was built in 1905) and all its proud life it has stood in splendid isolation among tall gums, wattles, banksias, and unspoilt bushland.

where is this remote Tudor-Gothic style edifice? Called Innisfallen Castle, it is eight miles by road from Sydney's GPO — at Castle Cove, one of the closer residential suburbs.

suburbs.

"Not too many people know Innisfallen exists. Oh, the locals do and the people across Middle Harbor at Seaforth do, of course, but it does come as quite a surprise to many when they discover us tucked away here," said its owner, Dr. Hastings Willis. Dr. Willis lives there with his two sisters, Miss Calliope Willis and Mrs. Urania Douglas, and an indefatigable watchdog called "Honey," who barks at the first hint of a stranger.

A fifth-generation Australian, Dr. Willis retired five years ago from his post as Senior Medical Officer with the Repatriation

Department, where he had worked for 38

While his sisters keep house, he spends most of his spare time tending the rolling lawns and natural garden settings round the

### rew mod cons and no tradesmen

Set in the middle of 37½ acres of bushland (about two acres are lawns and garden), Innisfallen (its address is simply "Chats-wood, N.S.W.") adjoins some of Sydney's most valuable real estate, and has wonder-ful views over Middle Harbor and Sugar

Loaf Bay.

The castle is out of the area served by postmen, garbage collectors, and tradesmen, and life there goes quietly on much as it did in bygone days.

The estate has been connected with the The estate has been connected with the telephone for the past 65 years (it was originally installed in the small weather-board weekend cottage down by the water, where the family lived before the castle was built). But local authorities have "never got round," says Dr. Willis, to installing electricity, gas, running water, or

So the castle is still gas-lit, as it was when it was built in 1905. The old fuel stove in the large kitchen, however, has been supplanted by a portable gas stove.

The water supply comes from the property's own dam, a few hundred yards away, and from two galvanised tanks at the rear of the castle.

the rear of the castle.

"We really are out in the country, you know," said Dr. Willis, who was raking up the leaves on the rolling lawns when Keith Barlow and I arrived to see him.

"Tradesmen don't call with milk, bread, or groceries, and my sisters take turns at doing the shopping at nearby Willoughby stores."

The castle's former stables and cowsheds

The castle's former stables and cowsheds ("we used to keep some cows for our own milk supply") have been demolished.

A well-kept station wagon stands, looking incongruous, in the backyard.

"Of course, we gave up taking the car to Sydney years ago. We drive it to the bus or station and then we don't have those awful parking problems in the city," he said.

said. The 70-square, 16-room castle was built out of sandstone blocks quarried from the land. In its heyday it was home to a member of the first Federal Parliament, the Hon. Henry Willis, and his wife, parents of the present owner.

Much of the original Victorian drawing-room and bedroom furnishings remain.

Much of the original Victorian drawing-room and bedroom furnishings remain.

A staff consisting of a governess, house-maid, and cook lived in special quarters.

The stillness of Innisfallen — which makes one feel remote and isolated from the city — will soon be shattered for ever.

Within a few months its heavily wooded acres will be cut up into 74 housing blocks (expected to sell for prices up to \$22,000 each) by a leading real-estate developer. Over the years, Dr. Willis has seen the estates of several friends broken up one by one because of the ever-mounting municipal rates.

rates,
"It's sad in a way," he said, "But that's what happened all over Sydney to most of the big estates, and now it's happening here—we are one of the last to go."
Innisfallen has been rated by Willoughby Council as an undeveloped bush area, but this valuation basis will probably change once the new houses, with all their modern residential facilities, move in round the castle, says Dr. Willis.

# One of the last big suburban estates

"The valuing man was round recently and I dread to think what will be the outcome."

Some years ago the same company bought (from the Willis family) 15½ acres farther up the road, and this land was subdivided into exclusive homesites with Middle Harbor views.

Harbor views.

With the present subdivision going through, the castle will lose much of its grandeur, as only the two garden acres surrounding it will remain unruffled by the



PICTURED FROM THE DRIVE is Innisfallen Castle, which was built in 1905 of sandstone blocks quarried from the then 50-acre estate.

As an "experiment in aesthetic housing" the developing company will not remove any trees from the blocks (though three large old red gums must go, says a company spokesman, to make way for roads).

As well, covenants will insist on no fences between boundaries, and all homes will be required to blend as unobtrusively as possible with the bushland setting.

A company architect will advise land-

A company architect will advise land-buyers on the best possible setting for their future home so that no view is obscured.

Permission will be sought by the devel-opers for underground electrical wiring to preserve the appearance of the estate.

"About 15 acres has been reserved for public parks and recreation areas, and part of our land will adjoin these areas, so we won't be too hemmed in," said Dr. Willis.

Tm afraid the judges of garden com-petitions would throw up their hands in horror if they saw my garden here. I am one of those people who like gardens to be used and lived in — and perhaps a

"Do we employ any gardeners? Good-ness no. Even if we could afford them there are better things to spend one's money on. "I don't think one can have a bushland

setting with a really cultivated, planned look.

That's why modern facilities are out of place in the bush gardens.
"Oh, those trimmed, neat gardens are all right for well-ordered suburbs like Wahroonga, the ones with no view, but they don't at all suit an area with a view.

# "They'll come with their landscape gardeners"

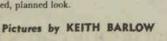
"In harborside places one should try to preserve every natural tree and shrub and fill up in between with lovely clumps and plants which blend in with nature, not mar it or the view beyond.

"Funnily enough, a lot of people will probably buy some of the blocks round here because they are attracted by the natural setting and the views. Bit by bit, though, they'll come in with their driveways and have their landscape gardeners take over.

"In the end, instead of the natural rock and bush settings, they'll end up having neat, trimmed lawns without a leaf on them.

"And of course they'll enter their gardens in the various competitions," said Dr. Willis, rather sadly,

- ANNE OLSEN





THE ENTRANCE HALL is 40ft. by 15ft, Four large reception-rooms lead off it, and the staircase leads to five upstairs bedrooms, a writing-room, two bathrooms. Victorian furniture is still in use.

# Gossamer: cares as it holds



Trust only Gossamer-the holding hair spray that gently cares for your hair

Page

# WINNIE

# ...the film star

• "Winnie the Pooh and The Honey Tree," the first of a series of Walt Disney supporting films taken from the A. A. Milne books, will be seen in Australia next year.





THE FOREST ANIMALS come to marvel that Eeyore's tail was so cleverly reattached. Piglet, Rabbit, Kanga, Roo, Owl, Tigger, Winnie, Eeyore, and the intruder, Gopher, are shown.

L ONDON theatres, where the film has been showing this year, have been booked out — with people coming to see "Winnie" rather than the main feature.

However, there have been complaints, too. One critic predicted that the entire British world would rise in revolt unless something was done about Christopher Robin's American accent. Disney studios quickly redubbed it in "mid-Atlantic" voice.

Others have complained that Pooh is much too greedy to be acceptable. He certainly spends the entire 29 minutes of the film searching for or consuming "hunny."

The insertion of an all-American gopher as a bit-part comedian has also been objected to — though he does have the grace to say, "I'm not in the book, you know."

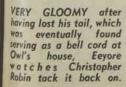
Despite these criticisms, the film has been delighting audiences, especially as the style of the original Shepard drawings has been retained by the Disney artists.



TIGHT DILEMMA (above) for Winnie after he has eaten too much honey in Rabbit's house and cannot get in or out.

DISGUISED (below) as a rain cloud, with mud and a blue balloon, Winnie tries to fool the bees that he is not interested in their store of honey.









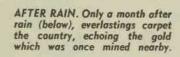
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

Page 7



BEFORE RAIN. Desert country (above) near Yalgoo, W.A., dotted sparsely with mulga trees.

DESERT GRASSHOPPER (right) camouflaged to resemble the plant it feeds on. After rain, millions of insects appear to feast on the juicy new growth.



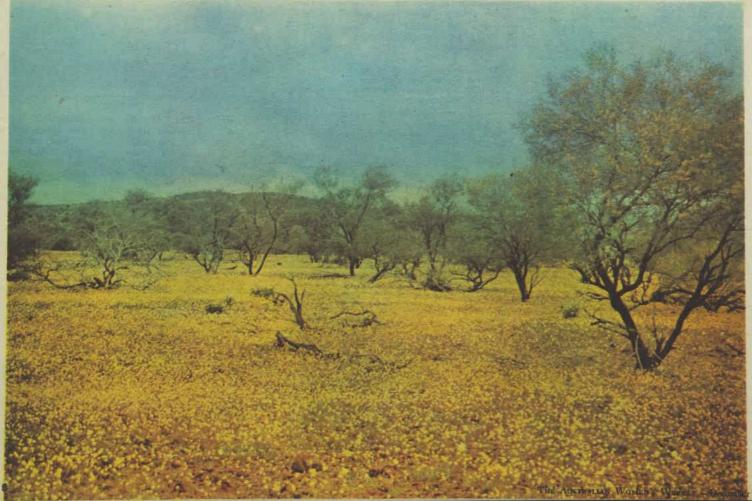


# When the deser country awakes to throbbing life

● Australia has one of the largest deserts in the world — much of the inland gets less than ten inches of rain a year. To the traveller passing through, the stunted trees scattered on the dry, red earth make it seem a lifeless land.

Yet with the first drops of rain, the desert awakes. Thorny trees blossom, wildflowers carpet the plains in bright colors, and hordes of insects appear. Birds build nests, hatch eggs, and raise their chicks. For a brief time the desert is a place of color and activity, before the next dry spell comes to wither it.

These pictures were taken in Western Australia in the Yalgoo area this spring by Peter Slater, of Nedlands, W.A.





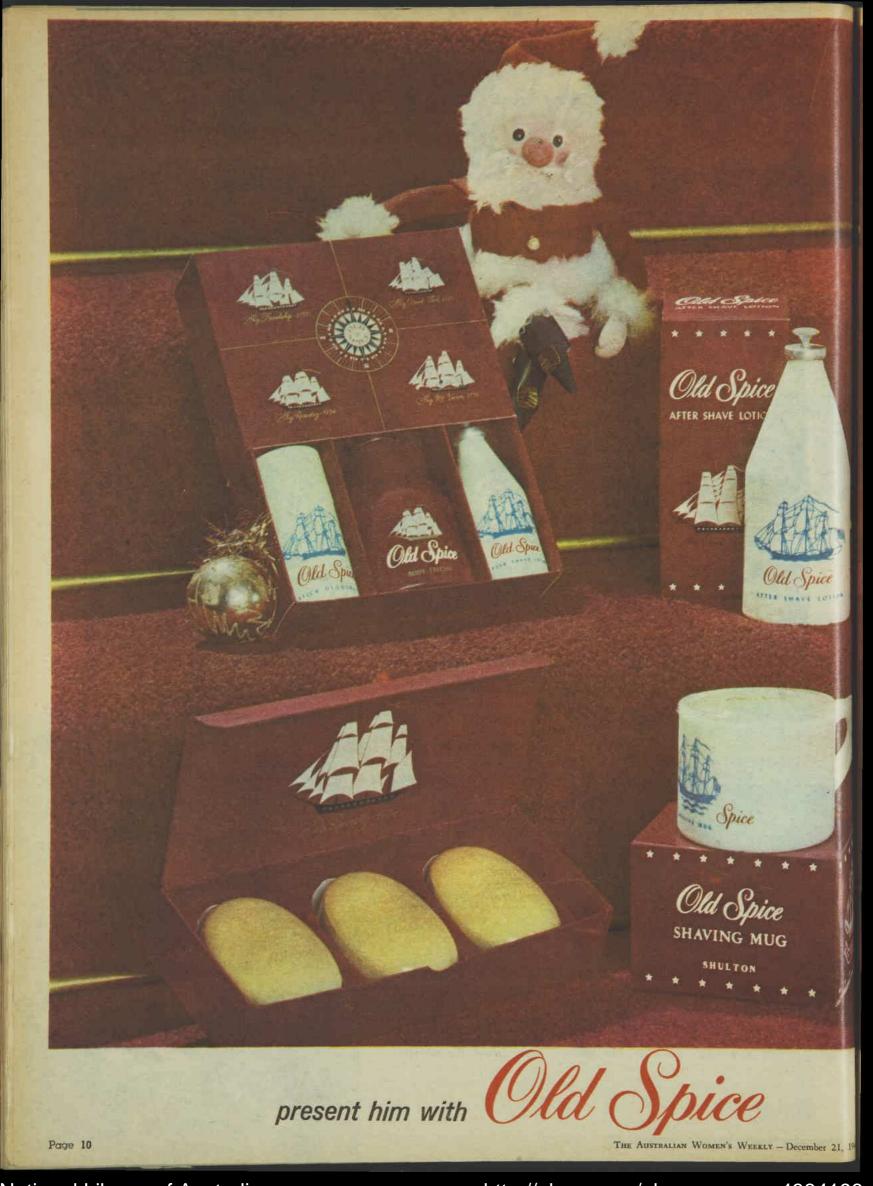


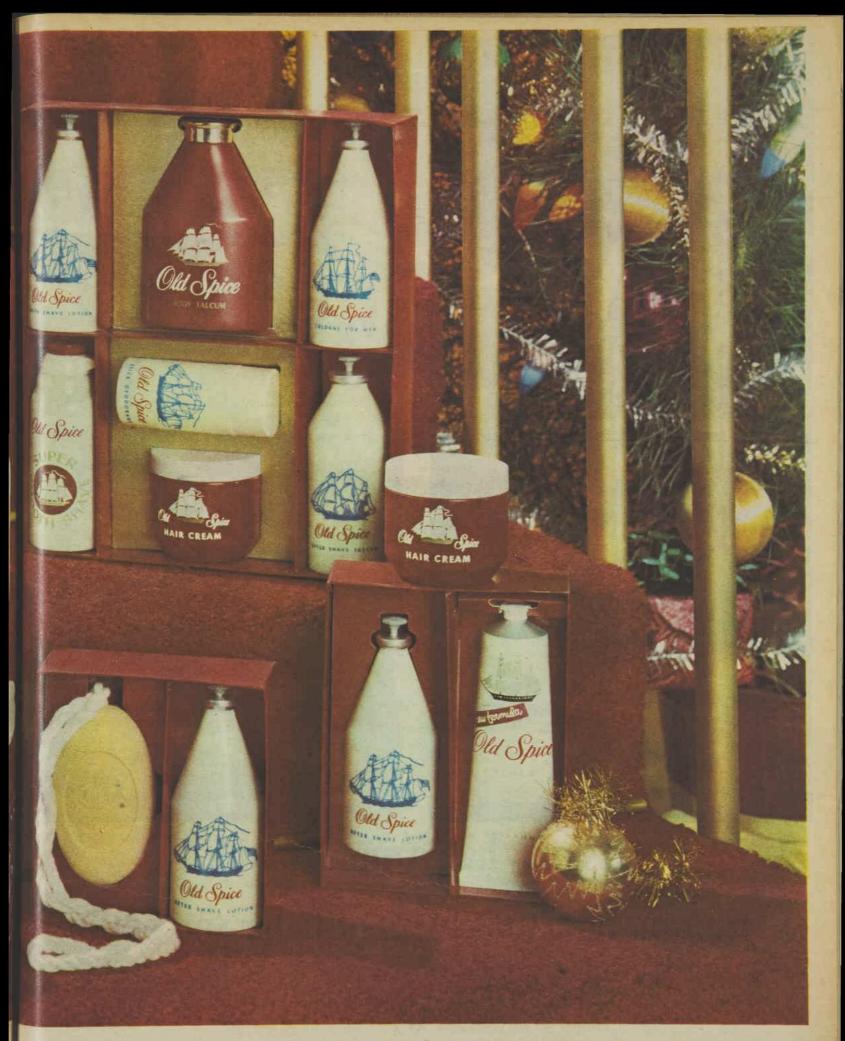
FAMILY GROUP. Orange chats (Epthianura aurifrons) visit their nest, built in a clump of samphire in a desert salt-pan. These golden birds wander the desert country.

BORING JOB (left). The cuckoo-shrike seems to give a yawn, waiting for its mate to arrive and take over nest duty.

NEW-HATCHED avocet chick surveys the world while the mother settles to hatch the remaining eggs. These avocets, long-legged birds, make their nests around the salt-pans.



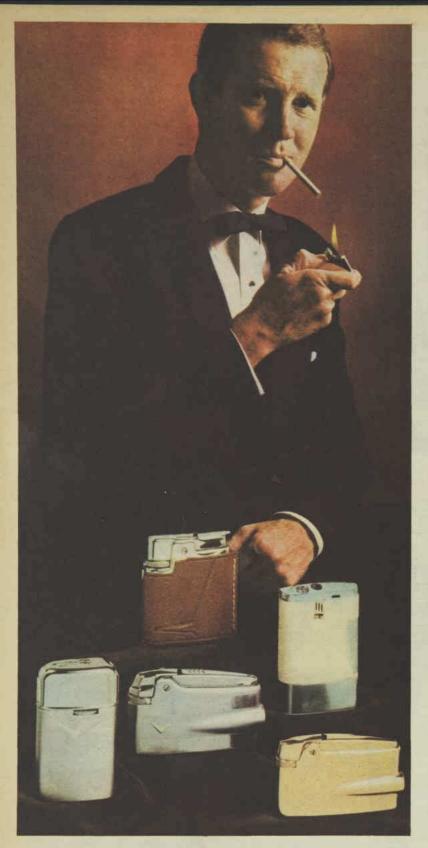




OLD SPICE GIFTS (left to right): Bath Soap, three cake gift set, \$2.00. Gift set of Stick Deodorant, Body Talc and After Shave Lotion, \$3.50. After Shave Lotion, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.75; Travel Pack, \$1.75. Shaving Mug, \$1.90. Gift set of After Shave Lotion, Body Talc, Cologne, Super Smooth Shave, Stick Deodorant, Hair Cream, After Shave Talc, \$10.20. Gift set of Shower Soap and After Shave Lotion, \$2.45. Hair Cream, \$1.00; Travel Tube, 75 cents. Gift set of After Shave Lotion and Lather Shave Cream, \$1.60 and \$2.50. Choose him one now! by SHULTON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

Page 11





# It's only half a man's world.

# Ronson have matchless gifts for you both.

See them light-up when you give a Ronson Varaflame gas lighter this Christmas. A Ronson burns gas, not fluid. Fills in five seconds, lights for months. Works first time, every time. Flame adjusts from low to high with finger tip ease. Here you see a few of Ronson's 76 pocket and purse models. Your jeweller, department store or tobacconist will show you one that is exactly right for him . . . and her. The revolutionary new "Comet" with the unique squeeze action, for just \$6.50.

Models illustrated priced from \$6.50-\$7.95 through \$12.25 to \$16.95.



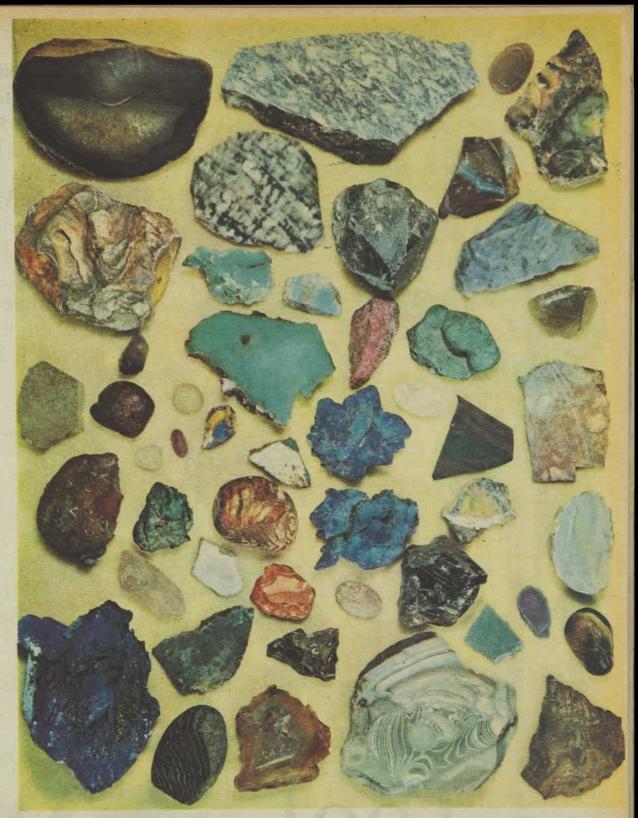
RL 4777

# Hunting down the 'flowers of the rocks'

• The holidays will be a time of adventure and exploration for the many thousands of Australians on the great treasure hunt for gemstones. They will try to leave no stone unturned as they search — amateurs and experts alike—for sapphires, diamonds, garnets, opals, agates, topaz, zircons, rubies — to name just a few of the stones which can be found here.

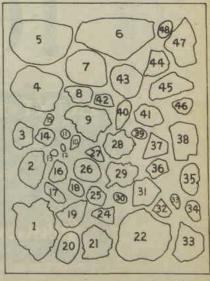
found here.
The known gemfields are
vast and many — and by
no means picked clean.
For example, Inverell,
N.S.W., is thought to
have more diamonds now
than were taken out before
the alluvial deposits were
abandoned years ago.
Probably the most extensive
sapphire fields in the world
are located in eastern
Australia, and northern
Queensland has enormous
agate deposits.

Continued on page 15



THESE GEMSTONES belong to members of the Lapidary Club of New South Wales and were on show at the Lapidary Club of New South Wales' 13th Annual Exhibition this year.

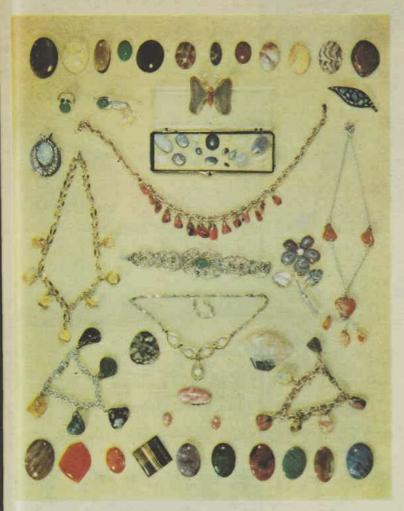
1, azurite; 2, cornelian; 3, chalcedony; 4, chalcedony; 5, agate; 6, gneiss; 7, agatised wood; 8, chrysoprase; 9, chrysoprase; 10, opal in matrix; 11, quartz; 12, thodonite; 13, quartz; 14, cornelian; 15, quartz; 16, malachite; 17, quartz; 18, agate; 19, agate; 20, petrified wood; 21, agate; 22, ribbon stone; 23, petrified wood; 24, opal in matrix; 25, cornelian; 26, petrified wood; 27, chrysoprase; 28, capper sulphate; 29, copper sulphate; 30, petrified wood; 31, smoky quartz; 32, aventurine; 33, agate; 34, agate; 35, agate; 36, galene; 37, obsidian; 38, jasper; 39, rhodocrosite; 40, rhodonite; 41, malachite; 42, sodalite; 43, chalcedony; 44, veined jasper; 45, agatised wood; 46, rutillated quartz; 47, opalised wood; 48, petrified wood.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 21, 1966

Page 13







1, petrified wood; 2, prehnite; 3, quartz; 4, chrysoprase; 5, quartz; 6, jasper; 7, schert; 8, cornelian; 9, agate; 10, chalcedony; 11, petrified wood; 12, jasper; 13, agate wings, cornelian body; 14, opals; 15, chrysoprase, pearls; 16, chrysoprase; 17, opals; 18, rhodonite necklace; 19, amazon stone brooch; 20, citrine necklace; 21, cornelian necklace; 22, chrysoprase bracelet; 23, opal necklace; 24, agate petals, opal centre brooch; 25, agatised wood; 26, dolorite and prehnite; 27, hawk's eye, chrysoprase, obsidian, amber, agate bracelet; 28, jasper, rhodonite, agate, quartz bracelet; 29, rhodonite cabochons; 30, petrified wood; 31, agate; 32, agate; 33, tiger's eye; 34, amethyst; 35, malachite; 36, rhodonite; 37, prase; 38, agate; 39, azurite

12 53

1, malachite (green), azurite (blue), arsenic (yellow); 2, rhodonite pendants; 3, chrysoprase; 4, malachite; 5, this piece of chrysoprase is valued at \$150. Other unnumbered pieces are all chrysoprase. Chrysoprase, or Australian jade, is at present commanding a good market overseas. It is being mined in Queensland, and Japan and Hong Kong are buying huge quantities.

A PART from the known areas, there are vast spaces still to be explored for possible mineral deposits. (All gemstones are minerals except pearls, coral, ivory, jet, amber, and synthetic stones. A gemstone is any mineral, or other substance, used for adornment and which has the assets of beauty, durability, or rarity, or all three.)

The hobby of collecting and polishing and cutting gemstones has become enormously popular. Lapidary club membership in N.S.W. alone has risen from 500 to 5000 in the past six years. The situation is the same in many other countries and particularly in America, where several magazines are entirely devoted to the hobby and there are at

least half a million active "rock hounds."

Gemstones can be an interest for the whole family — even children can join in field trips, and, indeed, they are often particularly lucky in their finds. A \$1000 sapphire was found at Oberon, N.S.W., by a schoolgirl.

While you may be lucky enough to stub your toe on a virtual fortune (that HAS happened!), many gem-hunters say it is as much the "thrill of the chase" and the beauty of the stone which keeps them fascinated. Many have valuable stones they refuse to sell.

Identifying gemstones, which may look like just hunks of drab rock in their natural state, is difficult for an amateur, and this is where the dozens of lapidary clubs can help.

These clubs organise field trips and

arrange lectures and exhibitions and show films. Many have classes on how to cut and polish the stones and make them into display pieces or jewellery.

The Gemmological Association of Australia also has branches in each State except Tasmania.

Knowing what geological structure is likely to contain what mineral is also an important part of gem-hunting. This information is in several of the good books on sale.

The Bureau of Mineral Resources, in the Commonwealth Department of National Development, and the State Departments of Mines also put out booklets and leaflets which are helpful.

The beginner does not need any special equipment other than a prospector's hammer, used for breaking chips or sections of rocks, a set of sieves, a gold-pan, and a miner's right.

Miner's rights are available at the Department of Mines in each State. They permit you, for a few cents, to fossick on Crown land — and to peg a claim if you strike it rich.

On pages 80, 81, and 82 are lists of known gemfields in Australia. They show which stones are likely to be found in certain areas, though new deposits are often reported. Do not be deterred because a locality has already been searched. In 1964 two fossickers picked up a 78-carat sapphire just where another man had already been searching for two days.

To page 79
for GEMSTONE LOCALITIES

D---- 11





• Pretty pink-and-white spotted shirt-waisted dress with swingy, pleated skirt is pure silk foulard. XSSW to W. \$64. Model hat in pink stitched strawcloth. \$20. (From Cann's, Melbourne.)



Contrast silhouettes in evening shirt glamor. Black tucked organza over white (left) is an airy fasten-through number with black lace trim and see-through hemline. \$48. (Farmer's Fashion Boutique, Sydney.) "Double Talk" is the name of the navy-spotted cloque crepe, tunic-effect shirt with red rose tucked into waist-tie and full, cuffed sleeves. This design becomes a daytime shirt-dress without the underskirt. \$39.50. (Arthur Jaye, Cosmopolitan Centre, 2 Knox Street, Double Bay, Sydney.)

Pongee silk shirt-dress (right) has as many lives as you can give it. Dress has rouleau-tie and fastens through with covered buttons. In color range, also plain and check Thai silk. Available in XSSW to W. \$20. (Sportsleigh Section of Sportsgirl, Melbourne.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERE

# THE HOLIDAY SHIRT-DRESS



• Elegant evening shirt, in fashionable pale estacel lurex, features a high-line accent of sparkling lurex on bodice and lapels, has cuffed sleeves. SW. \$45.50. (Mark Foy's, Liverpool Street, Sydney.)

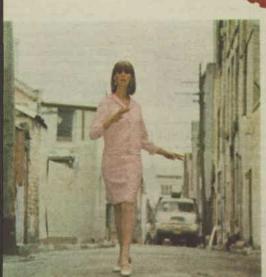
• Play it cool in this pretty pink cotton shirt (right) made on slender lines with cuffed sleeves and typical shirt neckline. Narrow self-belt at hip level has decorative buckle. Sizes XSSW to SW. \$28.95. (Mark Foy's Fashion Dress Department, Sydney.)

(Mark Foy's Fashion Dress Department, Sydney.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 21, 1966

• There's no end to the versatility of the shirt-dress, a fashion-wise basic for almost any holiday occasion you care to mention. For example, what could look smarter, more right for the time of year than the range of shirt styles shown on these pages? All are available in a variety of cool and glamorous fabrics in Sydney and Melbourne stores and shops at about prices given.

• Go-anywhere shirt-dress in washable, non-iron terylene and linen (right) is banded in contrasting white. In other colors, sizes XSSW to W. \$21. Scarf hat, \$6. (Myers of Melbourne.)







You know how it is. Before you know where you are it's the 24th, and Santa's half way down the proverbial chimney. Edgell appreciate the problem of time, and the heavy demand for mother's brand of Christmas cooking. All you need to keep them happy are some Edgell Pie Fillings, this recipe page, and a half hour or so of your precious time. See if you agree; Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without mince pies. And mince pies wouldn't be mince pies without Edgell's new mince pie filling. Here's how you use it to make the most traditional mince pies that ever celebrated Christmas:

### MINCE PIES



I can Edgell Fruit Mince Pie Filling 8 ozs. flour 1 teaspoon baking powder

4 ozs. margarine o butter 2 tablespoons sugar (may be omitted) I egg yolk

Sift flour and baking powder. Rub in shortening till fine and mealy. Add sugar. Mix to a firm dough with egg yolk and a little water, if necessary. Roll out on floured board and cut small rounds to fit patty tins. Place a spoonful of Fruit Mince Pie Filling in each Cover with smaller round of in each. Cover with smaller round of pastry. Press edges to seal and bake in hot oven (400 F.) for 15-20 minutes till lightly browned.

# FRUIT MINCE BALLS

can Edgell Friat 2 ozs. butter milk arrowroot

Chocolate sprinkles or coconut 2 tablespoons cocoa

Crush biscuits finely with rolling pin. Melt butter, add cocoa and cool slightly. Combine biscuit crumbs with Mince Pie Filling and stir in butter and cocoa mixture. Take teaspoons of mixture, mould into balls and roll in chocolate sprinkles or coconut. Place on plate and refrigerate till set. Serve as a sweetmeat or with coffee.

### **IELLIED PLUM PUDDING**



1 can Edgell Fruit Mince Pie Filling 1 envelope or 3 rounded teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2

1 cup sherry 4 ozs, glace cherries, cut in large pieces 2 ozs, blanched

Soften gelatine in water and then heat by standing in pan of hot water until dissolved. Add sherry to Fruit Mince Filling and mix and sherry to Fruit Mince Pining and mix in dissolved gelatine. Arrange nuts and cherries around sides of mould or basin and carefully spoon in pudding mixture. Refrigerate till set, or overnight, and un-mould onto serving platter. Serve with cold custard, cream or ice cream.



# Edgell PIE FILLING

### PINEAPPLE MERINGUE

l can Edgell Pineapple Pie Filling 4 egg whites cup of sugar

I teaspoon vanilla I teaspoon vinegar Whipped cream

Beat egg whites and salt until stiff then add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla and vinegar and beat addition. Add vanilia and vinegar and ocal again. Cover bottom of flat pan with greased foil or grease an ovenproof plate. Pile meringue mixture into centre and spread to 8 -9° circle, building up slightly at sides. Bake for half an hour at (300°F.), then reduce heat to (250 F.) and bake further half hour. When cool fill centre with Pineapple Pie Filling. Decorate with whipped cream or serve with ice cream.

# PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOW

1 can Edgell Pineapple Pie Filling I packet marsh-mallows

Cut marshmallows into small pieces with scissors and mix into Pineapple Pie Filling, refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Serve cold with whipped cream. Cream may be whipped and folded through pine-apple mixture just prior to serving, if

# PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE



I can Edgell Pincapple Pie Filling I x 9° baked pastry shell or shell made from— | lb. plain chocolate biscuits 4 ozs. butter

4 oas, cream cheese

2 ozs. milk can cond. milk cup lemon juice teaspoon vanilla 3 tablespoons whipped cream or 1 small can cream

To make biscuit shell, crush biscuits finely with rolling pin, add melted butter and mix well. Press mixture into bottom and halfway up sides of 9° pie plate or spring form tin. Refrigerate till set. Beat cream cheese and milk till smooth, add condensed will and mix well. Strivin bemooth present milk and mix well. Stir in lemon juice and vanilla and lastly cream. Spoon mixture into pie case and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Before serving, spoon Pineapple Pie Filling over top of pie.

# MULTI-LEAVED APPLE TORTE

I can Edgell Apple Pie Filling 8 ozs. flour 8 ozs. butter 2-3 tablespoons cold

Whipped cream Icing Glace cherries and/or browned almonds

Place flour and butter on a board and, using two knives, chop fat until very fine. Put into basin, add water and mix to a stiff dough. Refrigerate for 20 to 30 minutes. Divide mixture into about 8 portions and gently mould each piece into a ball. Roll out into circle about 8 inches in diameter, place on greaseproof paper or an oven slide and bake 10-15 minutes in a moder-ately hot oven (375 F.) until lightly browned. Continue until all layers are cooked. (They are very short and need careful handling). When cold place one layer of pastry on a plate and spread carefully with Apple Pie Filling, place layer of pastry on top and spread with whipped cream. Keep alternating layers till all are used, leaving top plain. Ice with thin layer of icing and decorate with cherries and/or nuts. Refrigerate till ready to serve.



# Edgell PIE FILLING

# APPLE CRUMBLE

l can Edgell Apple Pie Filling ½ cup s.r. flour 1½ ozs. butter or marg arine

cream or ice cream

cup sugar level teaspoon | cup rolled oats

Empty Apple Pie Filling into oven-proof dish or casserole.

Sift flour into a bowl. Rub in shortening. Add sugar, cinnamon and rolled oats. Mix well, and press together with hands. well, and press together with hands. Crumble roughly over top of apple. Bake in moderate oven (375 F.) for about 30 minutes or until crumble topping is brown. Serve hot or cold with custard.

### APPLE STRUDEL

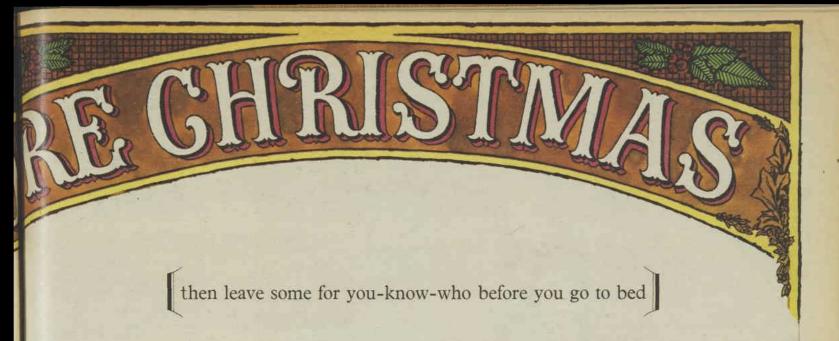


3 cups plain flour 3 level tablespoons gluten flour\* 2 eggs 2 eggs 1 tablespoon vegetable oil ¿ cup luke-warm'water

5-6 ozs. melted 3-0 ozs. metted butter Filling I can Edgell Apple Pie Filling 4 ozs. raisins 4 ozs. almonds or walnuts (chopped)

\*NOTE: Gluten flour can be obtained from most Health Food Shops. "Throwing" the dough means to hold about 18" from bench and throw onto the surface. Sift flour and gluten flour into a bowl, mix

to a soft dough with eggs and oil. As luke-warm water and mix until dough



very light. Throw onto table 100 times. Place dough on lightly floured board and linead. Brush surface with melted butter and leave to prove 45 minutes. Cover table top with a large floured cloth, roll out dough on this to a 15° circle. Brush top with melted butter and stretch dough until it is paper thin, starting in the centre, allow dough to dry on table 5-10 minutes. Trim edges with scissors and paint with melted butter.

melted butter.
Place mixture of Apple Pie Filling and nuts and raisins on one half of dough and nuts and raisins on one half of dough and fold in edges — paint edges with melted butter and sprinkle top of filling. Fold over other half of dough. Roll up like a Swiss Roll. Brush with melted butter and cook 45-50 minutes at (400°F.) basting frequently with butter. Cool and sprinkle with ugar and serve with cream or custard.

### STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

can Edgell Strawberry Pie Filling can (6-7 ozs.) hilled evaporated milk 2 ozs. cream,

whipped, for decoration
Juice of 1 lemon
1 x 9" baked pie
shell or crushed biscuit crumb shell

Beat cold evaporated milk until stiff, add lemon juice and beat again. Gently fold in half can of Strawberry Pie Filling and whipped cream. Mix thoroughly, spoon mixture into pie shell and refrigerate for everal hours or overnight. Before serving, gently spoon remaining half can of Straw-berry Pie Filling over top, and decorate with whipped cream.

# STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE



can Edgell Straw- 2 level tablespoons sugar 1 egg, beaten 3 tablespoons melted 2 cups s.r. flour.
1 level teaspoon butter or margarine \$ cup milk

Sift flour into a bowl, rub in butter or Sift flour into a bowl, rub in butter or margarine, stir in sugar, beaten egg, melted shortening, and milk, and bear vigorously with wooden spoon for 30 seconds. Spread dough in a greased shallow round? or 8° sandwich tin. Build up edges slightly. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350 F.) for about 20-25 minutes. Remove from tin and allow to cool; whilst still warm cut through centre and spread on bottom half, ½ can of Strawberry Pie Filling. Cover with other layer and cover with other half can of Pie Filling. Decorate with whipped cream and serve warm, or cold, as preferred.

### CARAMEL PARFAIT



Alternate layers of ice cream and Edgell Caramel Pie Filling. Top with cream, sliced banana, chopped nuts or coconut, and a glace cherry

### CARAMEL RICE MOULD

I can Edgell Caramel Pie Filling I pint milk Lemon peel 1 teaspoon salt

cup sugar teaspoon vanilla oz. gelatine L cup cold water I cup cream, whipped or 2 small cans cream

Put milk and few thin strips of lemon peel into double boiler and when hot stir in rice and salt. Cook until rice is tender and milk almost absorbed. (A double boiler is not essential but care must be taken not to burn rice if ordinary saucepan is used.) Add to rice, vanilla, sugar and gelatine which has been soaked in cold water. Mix well. When cold fold in the whipped cream, pour into a mould and chill. For serving turn out mould onto platter and pour Caramel Pie Filling over top. Pie Filling over top.

### CARAMEL CREAM PUFFS

l can Edgell Caramel Pic Filling cup butter cup boiling water

I cup sifted flour 3 eggs pinch of salt Ice Cream

Add butter and salt to boiling water and heat till butter melts. Reduce heat and add flour all at once and stir vigorovaly till



mixture forms a ball around spoon. Remixture forms a ball around spoon. Remove from heat and add eggs one at a time beating thoroughly after each addition. Continue beating till mixture is thick and shiny and breaks from spoon. Shape onto greased oven sheet using teaspoon or tablespoon quantities, depending on size of puffs required. Bake in hot oven (450 F.) for 20 minutes then reduce heat to 350 F. and bake about 20 minutes more. Cool. For serving, make slit in side, fill each puff with serving, make slit in side, fill each puff with ice cream and cover generously with Caramel Pie Filling.

# SULTANA CUSTARD TART

l can Edgell Sultana Pie Filling

l egg l cup milk I cup flour 2 ozs. sugar 2 teaspoons grated lemon peel } cup butter or margarine I egg yolk

Combine flour, sugar and lemon peel; with pastry blender or two knives, cut in fat until mixture resembles coarse meal. Stir in egg yolk and with bands knead into a ball. Press evenly into bottom and sides of a 9° pie plate. Refrigerate one hour. Beat egg and milk and stir in Sultana Pie Filling. Pour into pie case and bake one hour in moderate oven (350° F.) until set.

# SILTANA COFFEE PIE

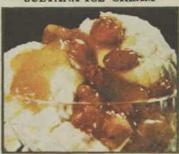


l can Edgell Sultana Pie Filling I packet sponge fingers\* I cup boiling water I tablespoon

gelatine
2 teaspoons instant
coffee
4 cup sugar I cup evaporated milk, chilled

\*Sponge fingers can be bought at most Health Food Shops.
Cembine boiling water, coffee, gelatine and sugar and stir until dissolved. Chill until syrupy but not set. Whip chilled evaporated milk until stiff and fold in coffee mixture. Cut sponge fingers in halves and arrange round edge of 9° pie plate. (A baked pastry shell may be used if preferred). Pour in coffee mixture and refrigerate for 2-3 hours, or overnight. Before serving, spoon Sultana Pie Filling over coffee mixture.

# SULTANA ICE CREAM



For a quick delicious dessert, simply top ice cream with spoonfuls of Edgell ice cream with Sultana Pie Filling.

# **BAKED SULTANA ROLY-POLY**

l can Edgell Sultana Pie Filling 2 cups s.r., flour 1 cup milk

2 ozs. hutter or margarine 1 teaspoon salt I egg

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or mar-garine finely. Beat the egg, add milk and mix into flour to make a fine scone dough. Turn onto a floured board and knead one minute. Roll into rectangle about † thick. Brush the edges with milk, and spread with Sultana Pie Filling. Roll up like a jam roll, pressing edges together to scal in filling. Lift onto buttered oven tray and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 30 minutes. Serve hot, cut into slices, with custand gream or live cream. custard, cream or ice cream.





AUSTRALIAN STOCK EXCHANGES







# MAN ALONE

NEARING journey's end on the first half of a round-the-world voyage that is already one of the finest feats of seamanship on record, Francis Chichester is pictured above as he was making his run in the Gipsy Moth IV up the eastern Australian coast toward Sydney, his first port of call in the journey which began on August 27 from Sir Francis Drake's port of Plymouth.

This 65 wage old Englishman proved in

This 65-year-old Englishman proved in This 65-year-old Englishman proved in the pioneer days of long-distance aviation (England-Australia solo and Australia-Japan solo) that he is a wizard navigator, and on this voyage he did not see land for more than 11,000 miles between Madeira and Victoria. He almost doubled the previous record, 7400 miles, for a long nan-ston ocean voyage set by

for a lone non-stop ocean voyage, set by the Argentinian Vito Dumas. Some men are born to match their courage, strength, and intelligence against nature. "There is some great

against nature.

magic," Chichester has written, trying to be the first person to achieve something or to do something faster than anyone else."

He failed to realise one ambition to equal the 100-day average time taken by the wool, gold, and grain clippers between England and Sydney in the days of their glory late in the last century. But in his unique solo voyage he followed their route across the Ioneliest and cruel-lest of oceans, the Southern Ocean, far south of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Leeuwin in Western Australia.

When this picture was taken he was looking forward to meeting his wife, Sheila, in Sydney, then to setting out again alone, toward grim Cape Horn, continuing what he has described as "the greatest sail left in the world - the most thrilling challenge left for a sailing man."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

Page 21



"Father wanted us to be up-and-doing all the time"

# SO TONI UP AND DID!

-She wrote his life story





TONI HURLEY, of Sydney, followed her father's rule in life -"Find a way, or make one" - when, after long deliberation, she decided to write his biography.

Her father, famous Cap-tain Frank Hurley, had lived an adventurous life as ex-plorer, film-maker, pioneer aviator, author, lecturer — but Toni had never written a book before.

She is Mrs. Frank Mooy, mother of two teenagers, and she still had to keep up with the housework.

"I simply gritted my teeth, got together the rudiments, typewriter, paper, and all the essentials, and set to work for five days a week from 9 to 5 and finished my part of the project in 12 months," she told me.

"Every morning I was up early and through the house,

ready to start work by 9.

"I dragged an old table into my bedroom and set up the typewriter, books, piles of information I had gathered from II out the ered from all over the place, diaries, everything. I'd work

there each day until it was time to get dinner. Then I would just throw an old blanket over the whole mess and leave it.

"Once every two weeks or so I would take a day off and concentrate on spring-cleaning one room. This way the house was kept in a reasonable state.

"I did tell my friends to I did tell my friends to stop calling in to see me — I told them if I wanted to see them I would call on them. But I didn't even get time to do this, Once I started writing I got so in-terested in it I grudged libraries in Sydney and Can-

berra.
"I used butcher's paper to type the information I gathered, and filled rolls and rolls of it.

"Then for several weeks I absorbed myself in the past, and in re-reading all this mass of information. Most of it was quite new to me.

"The 12 months it took ne to write the book were sheer hard grind tinged with moments of sadness, but they were the most absorbing I've

spent for many years.
"When I finished my manuscript the publishers

# "We didn't know his diaries existed until after he died"

every minute away from my work-table."

The book is "Once More on My Adventure," pub-lished by Ure Smith, Sydney.

"Most of the material was taken direct from my father's diaries, letters, and articles —also from his books of news cuttings," Toni said. "The rest I got from

passed it on to the late Frank Legg, who did a magnificent job of editing it, rearranging information in various chapters, and polishing it up.

"And can you imagine the wonderful feeling I got when I was told that it shared first prize in the Journalists' Club competition for biographies?

"I couldn't have done it, wouldn't have attempted it if it hadn't been for my father's diaries, wonderfully descriptive and interesting pieces of writing.

"We didn't know they existed until after he died four years ago, at 76 — we found them on the top of a cupboard. Another one, a four-month account of one of his Antarctic trips, I discovered in the Canberra National Library."

Captain Hurley in his life-time produced more films than any other Australian, past or present. He was the holder of three Polar Medals and was awarded the OBE in 1941.

During his career he was official photographer to the 1st Australasian Antarctic Expedition under Sir Douglass Mawson, to the Shackle-ton Antarctic expedition, to ton Antarctic expedition, to the AIF in World War I. He explored and filmed in Cenexplored and filmed in Cen-tral Australia with Francis Birtles, flew on the Aus-tralian lap of the Ross and Keith Smith pioneer flight from England, and made various expeditions in New Guinea Guinea.

He was official photog-apher to the later British, Australian, and New Zealand Antarctic Research pedition, chief came an with Cinesound Production and official photograph the AIF in the Middle in World War II.

He travelled a nillie miles in every continent. An he found time to produce films and 12 books.

In 1918 he met his brit to-be, a Spanish - Fren opera singer in Cairo a brought her back to Sydne They had four children, the girls and a boy. Toni's twin sister, Adel

was the only member of the family to pick up a camer. She is well known throughout Australia for her photographic work and was at on time on the staff of T Australian Women's Week

Toni said, "I used know very little about father's work and traw simply because he are talked about it. He perfect to live for today is to the comparate to the same talked about it.

tomorrow.

"And as he was away much we just didn't get tim to know him well. Beide he was a man's man — h had no time for wo

had no time for women frippery conversation. Whe he was home, if he was taking or developing photographs he was out digging it the garden.

"He couldn't bear to se any of us just sitting down drinking coffee and bein idle. We had to be upand doing all the time. Ever when friends called on his they had to talk to him is the garden while he worked

they had to talk to him in the garden while he worked.
"And yet, for all his ab-ventures, his travels around the world, he had a strong Victorian streak. We didn't dare smoke or have a drini in front of him until after World War II."
Toni Huyley is not acted.

World War II."

Toni Hurley is not goint to remain a "single book author. She finds the period after her twelve mouth stimulating work dull and flat; and is planning to pre pare a more detailed account of one of her father's An tarctic expeditions. tarctic expeditions.

"I admire people where the fiction," she says. "Be I could never do it. In fact I don't like reading it like only medical books and travel books and, as I'm rapid reader, I've exhauste the stock in our local library "They's when I've I have been as the stock in our local library the I was the stock in our local library the I have been as the stock in our local library the I have been as the stock in our local library the land the stock in our local library the land the stock in our local library that I was the stock in our local

"That's why I'm looking forward to starting work again."

-GLORIA NEWTON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 190

 Captain Frank Hurley and his wife soon after their marriage. He met her in 1918 in Cairo, where he was official photographer with the Australian forces. At right, Mrs. Hurley at her home in the Sydney suburb of Collaroy, with daughter Toni. The photographs on the wall were taken by Frank Hurley on an

Antarctic expedition

Page 22



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 21, 1966

Page 23

mellow and the smoothest of them all. A specially selected cream

sherry suited for all occasions.

# NEXT WEEK

\* Mothers! Do you find the children are sometimes too, well, noticeable during the long Christmas holidays? Then give them a treat (they'll be busy; you can relax) with our 16-page lift-out



in COLOR, you'll see . . .



★ The latest kick in fashion (it glows) . . . THE SILVER CULT FOR AFTER-FIVE

\* Bright ideas for CHRISTMAS HAIR DECOR



\* Designed for holiday living, our "HOUSE OF THE WEEK"



planned to make life easy, comfortable, and relaxed.



\* Although they are not in season long, you can enjoy their sweet flavor all year long . . .

# GRAPES

. . our recipes for preserves are superb!

# PLUS:

\* A budget-minded reader tells -HOW TO GIVE A CHILDREN'S PARTY FOR LESS THAN \$4

AND . . .

\* Our expert's advice on how to prepare the garden for your holiday absence.



READERS WRITE

# HOW UNEQUAL ARE WOMEN?

(Some believe they are more unequal than others)

• The article "Women and Inequality," published in our issue of November 23, brought in a big sheaf of replies from readers. Many agreed with author Merle Thornton that women should have equal career opportunities, pay, and status with men. But the majority emphasised that there's more to it, and said most women want children, a man to look up to, and the role of adding sweetness and gentleness to the everyday lives of others. Here are some letters.

# "Housewives aren't vegetables"

READ Miss Thornton's article with great interest and in some places a little alarm.

Many of the points raised are good. For instance, the idea of a society with opportunities as open as possible for both men and women to choose a style of life and field of endeavor best suited to them is sound, and perhaps would remove the stigma attached to the unmarried, aggressive, undomesticated, or child-

But I do not agree that a woman who prefers to "just be married, with children and husband" is just a vegetable with stultified intellect.

Let us hope that we do not remove one stigma only to replace it with another.

another.

In every career there is sheer drudgery — no work is ever really the expression of one's individuality and brainpower. For instance, the doctor has an endless stream of prescribing potions for stomach troubles and imaginary ills, which must be very stultifying to his intellect.

I maintain that in Australia women do have a very fair chance of choice of careers. The girl who shines at school has the chance of scholarships and other aids to carry

scholarships and other aids to carry her through university.

But does she really want a career? One reason for early girl drop-outs from school could be that girls mature at a younger age than boys, and while a boy is still keenly interested in his studies a great percentage of girls' thoughts are centred on boys and the pursuit of same.

The economic reason for early

The economic reason for early girl drop-outs from school is that in a family of limited income it is absolutely feasible that what little finance is available should go toward the boy's education as he is still tradi-tionally a future breadwinner. There is no discrimination in the

There is no discrimination in the field of theatre, i.e., singing, acting, playing an instrument, painting; and many most unexpected women — some with quite inadequate education — have reached the top.

I think Miss Thornton is trying to prove that men and women are

identical and interchangeable. This I don't agree with in any way. They are different, and have different in-

I feel society should in every way encourage girls to do whatever course or enter whatever field they really want, but they should not be made feel inferior if by choice they marry and retire to the "low-prestige" classification of "housewife."

I disagree with Miss Thornton's suggestion that men are ashamed to

Men are not ashamed to cook, and there are many husbands who do this and other so-called "men al" chores extensively, and often better

One last interesting thought. What woman running a career and home would be able to take time off when ever she chooses to sit down and read Merle Thornton's article, let alone answer it, and have as much fun as I have had in so doing? — Mrs. J. Mare, of Springwood, N.S.W.

# "Oh for enough women who would make enough fuss"

AGREE most wholeheartedly

I AGREE most wholeheartedly with Merle Thornton.

The ideas and ideals of young people are mostly derived from their elders; I remember at the age of 18 my great ideal was to be married, and "not have to work." This when I had gained three scholarships and could have excelled.

Instead, I lazed my way through university, doing just enough to pass, and with my mind fixed firmly on this mythical man who was going to give me contentment without effort

or achievement on my part. I am one of those women who drift into the teaching profession, because an Arts degree does not equip one for much else. An Arts degree was the only one I could do after attending a private school for girls in which the only science subject taught was biology. was biology.

Men in the teaching profession who can offer Science degrees rise to the top with dizzying rapidity, while the woman Arts graduate is still plodding up the lowest slopes.

If she does get promoted to a senior position, there will be men on her staff, directed by her, earning more than she does. This is certainly than she does. This is coinequality with a vengeance.

I don't know how many other women in Australia have forcibly to suppress their rage at these things. If there were enough women, prepared to make enough fuss, to give publicity to the unfairness and inequality of woman's present state, to approach their legislators, to stand for Parliament themselves, parking for Parliament themselves, perhaps something would be done.

While we leave it to the men-"superior," singled out from child-hood—we will stand in the shadows—Name and address supplied.

Page 24

# To her husband she's an equal farmer the census prefers "a paid piggery attendant"

MY FARM upbringing taught me that a wife should be a helpmate to her husband and that there are very few farm jobs that a woman can't do. But though men farmers treat me as an equal, officialdom doesn't - except for tax purposes.

My father, who had only five years' schooling, insisted that all his children should receive a "good education," and at considerable cost sent us to boarding school.

I had no real idea of what I could do with myself in

or life.

I chose to do a commercial course, left school when was almost 17, and went into a dead-end office job.

When I was 19 I became engaged to a boy the same to — now my husband. We were both rather thrifty with some financial help from our parents we were able to form a business partnership.

Then we bought our first farm

There was never any question that either one of us was the "boss" — the pros and cons of every purchase for the farm or house were discussed in detail before a joint decision was made.

We had a joint bank account,
Naturally I was expected to help with the farming,
but certainly with the house, and soon there were
children, too; I could not spend as much time farming
as my husband did.

We prospered and bought another farm. We were

There are many farm jobs a woman can do and she has the advantage of being able to keep her children with her most of the time. Farm children also see much more of their fathers, as they often accompany them. Thus my husband and I shared our farm work and our children. children

During the drought last year it became necessary for my husband to put a tank on the truck and cart water to the cattle. Grass was scarce, so we obtained a permit from our shire to put 80 steers on the road near our one each day. They had to be constantly minded. My husband would put them on the road while I prepared breakfast. Then he would take one child and

go off in the truck carting water, while I and the other child watched the cattle, on horseback or by car.

The children could take their books, trucks, dolls.

My husband can bake a cake, make the bed, or do the family wash. He is always interested in household labor-saving methods, for he says my time is valuable.

I am equally interested in new methods of soil conservation, crop rotations, animal husbandry.

I have no need to complain that my husband doesn't talk to me. Recently he asked if I would like to go to a field day on strip cropping.

Taking the children, who regarded it as a picnic, we went. Counting myself, there were only two women in a crowd of about 100 men. Farming men are usually regarded as conservative, but I have always found ready

regarded as conservative, but I have always found ready acceptance by these men in group discussions.

When the 1966 census forms were delivered, my husband listed himself as a farmer and quite naturally also listed me as a farmer. When the woman school-teacher who was collecting the forms arrived, she resignedly said, "Gross farmer out and list yourself as housewife."

"But I am a farmer" said I "Love a helf there."

But I am a farmer," said I. "I own a half share. "You don't drive the tractor and you don't receive a wage. You are a housewife."

"My husband doesn't receive a wage," said I. "You are a housewife," said she.

"You are a housewife," said she.

"I spend two hours a day in the piggery. I spend one hour a day on general farm work — correspondence, errand running, etc. I spend ten hours a day in the house. I draw a monthly allowance for all family and household expenditure, so I'll claim that as a wage. So, I am a farmer who receives a wage," said I.

She heaved a sigh, as though I were a naughty five-vear-old in my first year, a school.

She heaved a sigh, as though I were a naughty five-year-old in my first year at school, "I can't put that," said she, "they'll be sending me back from head office to get more specific information." Then resignedly she said, "Cross out farmer. Write down paid piggery attendant and paid housekeeper." My husband thinks this is a great joke. Should I in future list myself on official documents as a "paid piggery attendant"? The Government certainly expects me to pay income tax on my income as a "farmer." —Name and address (in Oueensland) is sumplied. me to pay income tax on my income as a "fa Name and address (in Queensland) is supplied.

### A MAN COMMENTS (IN VERSE) ON THE SUBJECT

Dearie me. What consternation To give the girls emancipation.

Which of us when dining out Will tip the waiter, do the "shout"? Who will pay the motel-keeper For all mod cons and Double sleeper? What of love's first flickering glance, The hot, male whisper that means romance? Will amours in cold indifference fade As she fills the air with dollars she has made? -Frank J. Conaty, Salisbury, S.A.

# Plea for womanly women

WHY do so many women want equality? It is not progress when a woman

- WORKS like a man

- THINKS like a man
  SWEARS like a man
  DRINKS like a man
  SMOKES like a man
  A woman has a personality which is:

- more compassionate
   more gentle
   more hospitable than that of a man. She was created to be his helpmate not is business associate.

  Proverb 31 tells us about the good wife.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Let us have good wives instead of career women.-Mrs. J. Lamb, Beecroft, N.S.W.

Would a man go to work if he didn't have to? Of course he wouldn't. Why should a woman have to do two jobs? Home-making is a full-time job.—"Anti-worker," Brisbane.

# Extracts from letters saying women need a better deal

NOT for one moment do I advocate that we should all suddenly turn into a nation of domineering shrews, but it is certainly time the shrews, but it is certainly time the Australian woman asserted herself so that, instead of simply existing in a society dominated entirely by men, she can live her life to the full in a state of peaceful co-existence with the opposite sex. It infuriates me to see the way in which many intelligent women so passively accept a great deal of humiliation and frustration. — "Burning," Rosanna, Vic.

IT is a subject of derision through-out the world that when it comes to social company, Australian men infinitely prefer that of their "mates" to that of their women. Next on the male scale of preferences come beer and sport, with women way down on

the list in an insignificant place. But Australian women have only themselves to blame for this very

existent inequality in social life.— Name and address supplied.

MERLE THORNTON is right. But progress toward treating boys and girls exactly the same is a mistake. Given identical educational opportunities, women will never gain

opportunities, women will never gain equality in non-domestic capacities. What we really need is recognition of a woman's potential role in society, followed by an adaptation of girls' education with this clearly in mind. — Mrs. R. Soloff, Elizabeth North, S.A.

I AM a great believer in equality of the sexes in all fields. I feel so strongly about it that I will even go so far as to say that the girl 20-year-olds should have their names in the ballots for National Service. Our Australian women would serve well in the forces as nurses, mechanics, drivers, clerks, cooks, and many other qualified positions. — Mrs. N. F. Madden, East Ipswich, Qld.

# Points from readers who like it at home, thank you

NOWADAYS the career of a housewife is rather an attractive one, and modern labor-saving machines relieve women of much of the strenu-ous work. Most housewives manage to find some leisure time each day

Anyway, who wants to have a baby to put in someone's nursery or kindergarten?—Mrs. V. J. Halliday, Cannamulla, Qld.

IF women really want to, and have the talent for it, they can do anything. But I like femininity.

When a woman does a man's work, or bears heavy responsibility, there creeps in a certain amount of hardness. Permissible in a man, but very unattractive in a woman. I do not like aggressive women.

But no matter how successful a woman may be, in business or career, it will never compensate her for not having a husband and family.

M. E. Legg, Mt. Eliza, Vic.

GIVE the husband an adequate wage and see how many women shoulder the extra burden of two shoulder the extra burden of two jobs! I think most of us would only be too happy to let man be the sole breadwinner and indeed "superior" in every way. It may even bring back a little chivalry into our lives, such as being offered a seat in a bus. Peras being offered a seat in a bus. Per-sonally I long for the time when I can be "the little woman," and just "housewife" again — when our home is paid off and there's a little money in the bank for the children's edu-cation. Who wants equality?—Mrs. Barbara Bailey, Fairfield West, N.S.W.

DO women really want complete equality? Heaven forbid! There is much more pleasure in meeting and talking with a man you feel is cleverer and smarter than yourself— they bore me when I feel I am more intellectual than they. — Name and address of writer is supplied.



# Insist on Mortein



# \*It's the one safe, sure way to kill disease-carrying flies.

Flies may carry dangerous diseases such as hepatitis, polio and gastro-enteritis into your home. Flies can spread disease in seconds so you should spray Mortein when you see even one fly. Mortein kills flies so fast they don't have a chance to harm your family's health. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home, even near children and food. Protect your family's health from filthy disease-carrying flies with safe, sure Mortein. When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

Page 26



BARNWELL MANOR, the Gloucesters' country home. Servants live in the building at left. Arched doorway leads to stables, cattle pens, and kennels for the Duke's Australian terriers. Main building, where the Gloucesters entertain, is at right.

Australian girls' working holiday in London

# HOUSEMAIDS TO THE GLOUCESTERS

(One is to marry the Irish footman)

THE secrets of life in-Iside St. James's Palace will never be told by Melbourne friends Maureen Erickson, 25, and Claire Bolger, 20, of Ivanhoe, who have been downstairs and upstairs maids to the Duke and Duchess d Gloucester at their London residence, York House, for the past year.

"We heard a few stories, at we would never divulge said attractive brun-

"And certainly nothing randalous happened while we were there."

For her year in London-spent at York House, ex-cept for two weeks touring scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and hree weeks flying home — Maureen, a bookkeeper, d her ledgers and took duster, vacuum cleaner, polisher.

with stenographer com-panion Claire, she lived at 400 ear-old York House too far from the Queen home, Clarence lother's home, Clarence Palac left by Henry VIII.

big, rambling rooms aree floors at York — said to have once three a leper hospital — have reputation of keeping the industrious housemaids

But the girls became royal outemaids — the only two at York House — because they didn't want to spend money on renting a flat or buying food in London. They also recoiled at the thought of having to step out into the 70 to work.

At York House we simply walked down a flight of stairs and we were at work," said Maureen. It was on their sea trip to London that they decided to become domestics, and within 24 hours of arrival

are the only Australians ever employed as housemaids at York House, where the per-manent staff numbers 17.

"We led a completely dif-rent life," said Maureen. erent life," said Maureen. We'd never dream of working as domestics at home.
"But in London it was

fun — we met people we'd never meet normally."

Fate must have dabbled in Claire's decision to become a housemaid at York House. After she arrived, the footman, 24-year-old Irishman Martin Ryan, took her under

And two days before she flew home, Claire received an aquamarine engagement ring from the footman and a promise that he'd arrive in Melbourne before Christmas and they'd be married next September.

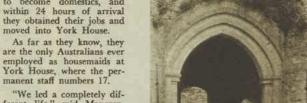
Footman Ryan started work for the Gloucesters three months before the

In England, Claire and Martin received tickets for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot from the royal household.

Claire is an only child. With her dark eyes wide, she hesitated to describe her fiance. But Maureen flashed to her aid — "He's fair-haired, good-looking, rather tall, sailed in the Merchant Navy, and has a gorgeous Irish brogue."

Maureen has no romantic attachments — "I flew home to attend my brother John's 21st birthday and to he bridesmaid for my sister Marilyn."

Maureen arrived 24 hours before her brother's birth-day, and her parents, Mr.



DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER at Barnwell Manor with their sons Prince William (next to the Duke) and Prince Richard.

and Mrs. Bernhard Erickson,

and brother were delighted.

"John was thrilled to the back teeth," said Maureen.
"Apparently he would have been very hurt if 1 had missed the party.

"I had planned to stay another six months, but de-cided overnight to return because I just couldn't miss the party or wedding."

When the girls arrived in London their first call was at the Overseas Visitors Club, and they found the York House jobs listed on the

They were surprised to get the jobs so easily, but thought that being Austra-lians may have helped, be-cause the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are free with their praise for Australians and their hospitality.

Maureen said: "We were paid only £5 (stg.) a week,

but we had free bed and board and worked only from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., so the rest of the day was ours for seeing London."

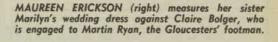
Two or three days a week the Duke and Duchess motored to London in their Rolls-Royce — they have one each — from their country house, Barnwell Manor, in Northamptonshire.

The girls' job was to make the royal couple's beds and tidy, dust, and clean their sitting-rooms and bathrooms,

At night they only had to back the beds smooth the sheets, which had monograms of a crown and an H (Henry, the Duke's

Livery is not worn at York House, as it is by the Queen's staff at Buckingham Palace.

The York House butler dresses in pin-striped trousers and black coat, and other



men on the staff, including chauffeur and footman, wear plain grey suits.

"It was a very informal household," Maureen said. "We were even allowed to wear long white socks with our navy nylon uniforms.'

The uniforms were plain, belted, button-through overalls - and there were no frilly aprons or caps.

The girls pulled on black stockings for warmth in win-ter, and decided on socks for the summer, to save buying

They also saved money by never failing to return to York House for their evening meal after sightseeing.

One weekend they were asked to go to Barnwell Manor, where the Glouces-ters do most of their private entertaining.

The Duke was giving a large party, and the girls were rostered to look after the guests. They travelled to Barnwell in the Duchess' Rolls-Royce, with the valet and the maid.

Maureen described the manor as "just about a castle, made of grey stone, with turrets, and surrounded by beautiful gardens."

The most memorable party at York House, said the girls, was a dinner for King Hussein of Jordan and Princess Muna.

"The Duchess left a message that we could wait at the top of the staircase to see the guests when she brought them up," said Maureen.

"The Duchess of Kent oked gorgeous. I was looked gorgeous. I was thrilled because I've always admired her." looked

But Maureen couldn't remember a thing about the royal guests' clothes — or if they were wearing tiaras.

During their stay at St. James's they also saw Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother (often), Princess Margaret, and Lord Snowdon.

"Princess Marina and Princess Marina and Princess Alexandra came to lunch one day," remembered

"We found the Duchess of Gloucester charming," both girls agreed, "When we girls agreed, "When we started she welcomed us per-

friendly and informal.

"Whenever the Duchess was going out she told us exactly what time she was leaving, so that the daily helps and kitchen girls could wait around and see her."

In July the girls acquired an extra charge — 22-year-old Prince Richard of old Prince Richard of Gloucester. He moved to York House after taking a position at Whitehall.

"He's a quiet boy, and all we had to do was make his his sittingbed and tidy his room," said Maureen.

"The furnishings of York House were very tasteful.

"The furniture was beautifully polished, and most of the curtains were brocade or velvet. There seemed to be a lot of watercolor paintings
— many of flowers.

"We were provided with radiators in our bedrooms, and there was a TV set in the staff sitting-room,

"In this regard, House was just like home, added Maureen.

- CLAUDIA WRIGHT



Mrs. Harold Holt, a gold-rush ring.

T the dinner-party table, in Canberra or overseas, the Prime A Minister's wife, Mrs. Harold Holt, finds a simple gold ring she wears beneath her wedding ring a wonderful conversation piece.

"Often the ring goes right around the table," she said. "It's an adorable thing; my favorite piece from the gold-rush jewellery I've been collecting since my teens. "I've been wearing it for 15 years and I never take it off — only to show people who are curious about the design on it (a crossed pick and shovel with a rose and thistle). The person who had it made must have dearly wanted a familia extent."

family crest."

Mrs. Holt says gold-rush jewellery was an expression of the sudden wealth achieved by the people of the goldfields when they struck it rich.

To her, the gold rush was the beginning of Australian history. She is fascinated by gold-rush stories, and says her interest in the jewellery began with a story her father told her often when she was a child.

"I'd listen, as I slid around in a big leather chair at our house in Kew. My father said that one night he heard the sound of a horse and a man 'Hallooing.'

"My grandmother rustled out and met the man, who had rushed to the dining-room door. He was shouting, 'Emily.' Grandmother said, 'Don't say it. Emily is no longer, nor the baby.'

room door. He was shouting, 'Emily.' Grandmother said, 'Don't say it. Emily is no longer, nor the baby.'

"He pulled out a leather pouch and threw it across the floor. A nugget flew out—the bag was full of gold. He was one of my ne'er-do-well uncles who had left my aunt to pan for gold. He was never seen again."

Mrs. Holt's gold-rush jewellery, bought in many Victorian gold-mining towns, includes nugget tiepins she often wears in a lapel; a watch-chain fob set with quartz; and a brooch of a wreath of gumleaves with a kangaroo in the centre and an aboriginal leaning on a spear. "They're marvellous memories of exciting days," she said.

# THE BRIC-A-BRAC OF LIFE

 Through the years every woman collects some personal possessions that have a very special meaning for her. They may be expensive, they may cost nothing, but they are irreplaceable. We asked these Australian women what they most valued in all the things that make up their "Bric-a-Brac of Life."



Lorrae Desmond, a toy koale.

SENTIMENTALLY, to y koalas come before diamonds for TV star and actress Lorrae Desmond, who is married to Dr. Alex Gorshenin.

She has toy koalas Bib and Bub and a large, grumbly classic teddy bear named Mr. Edward Tweedsdale, which has been her mascot for years.

"I have always loved soft, cuddly toys," she said, "and I didn't think my husband, Alex, approved. He is a surgeon, essentially a logical, practically

"But one night, after I had known him about six months, he turned up with Bib and Bub. I was very touched. I would rather have bears than diamonds. That was three years than diamonds. That was three years before we were married and we'v

now been married rising four years "I always have Bib and Bub near me; indeed they have been round the world with me."



### Dame Mabel Brookes, a Persian rug.

AT her home, "Elm Tree House," South Yarra, Vic., Dame Mabel Brookes (pictured right with dogs Daisy and Honey) described the Persian rug in the entrance hall as her "dearest possession with a

the rersian rag in the charming memory."

The rug, made in Kermanshah, near Bagdad, was brought back in 1917 by her husband, Sir Norman Brookes, who was stationed in Bagdad with the British Army.

"Our rug has been walked on for 50 years," said Dame Mabel, "but it will take all the tramping in the world. It wasn't new when Norman bounds it.

"A Kermanshah rug would take 100 years to wear out. I forget how many hundreds of stitches there are to the square inch. I've had the rug all over the place—even at our beach house. It is washed often."

### Mrs. Brian Henderson, Italian doctor figurine.

TV star Brian Henderson is a tremendously sentimental man, says his wife, Marie Louise ("Mardi").

"Sentiment seems to line his every thought," she said. "He loves giving presents, although he is embarrassed and overcome if people give him gifts. He has given me many, many lovely things, but probably the one I feel most about is this delightful figurine of an Italian doctor.

"Brian gave it to me before we were married. I was very sick with a bad virus infection, and I had to have injections, which I hate. Brian knew how I felt about injections and arrived with a parcel containing the doctor in frock coat and spectacles, an enormous hypodermic syringe, ready for action, in his hand. It was so old-fashioned and beautiful it made me laugh and eased my fear of the injections. I was very touched by Brian's thought."

Page 28

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 21, 196

### Stage and screen star Googie Withers, a gold charm bracelet.

RIENDS hear actress Googie Withers (Mrs. John McCallum) before they see her - the noise is the clanking and jangling of her gold charm bracelet which constantly dangles from her wrist.

"It was an engagement present from John in the summer of 1947 in Cornwall," the vivacious actress said. "He has bought most of the charms for it, including several Georgian seals. In fact, he has given me just about every piece of jewellery I own—this was for our second baby," she said, twisting a diamond ring.

Her bracelet is a diary for Googie, the charms a chronicle of events and people. There's a gold coin from a German baroness; a champagne bucket with a bottle her husband gave her on the opening night of "Champagne for Delilah" in London; an Australian gemstone from her son, Nicholas. A gold hand holding a ticket was a tribute from leading man Sir Michael Redgrave on the opening night of "The Complacent Lover" in New York.

"On the birth of our first baby (Joanna, now 16) John gave me a gold baby—it's the only charm I've lost," said Miss Withers, who when travelling by air wears her bracelet. It weighs two pounds and is too heavy to pack.

Choosing her dearest possession, she was torn between her bracelet and a small Tibetan disc of carved jade two inches in diameter, which her mother gave her as a good-luck symbol when she was going on the stage at 16. Googie always carries it on first nights — tucked in a handkerchief or handbag or discreetly holding it.



### Leslie Uggams, Graham's letters.

ESLIE UGGAMS, a TV delight deither singing or acting, has no hesitation about naming her most sentimental keepsake - the letters her Australian stockbroker husband, Graham Pratt, wrote her during their courtship, when they were separated by the Pacific

"They are the most beautiful letters," she said, "I read them over and over.

"One day in our New York apartment (so far all we have is a bed and a 400-year-old harpsichord), I read one, hidden a book, to Graham. He thought I was reading out of the book.

"He always says he is not sentimental, but he looked at me quite mistily and said, 'Les, that is really beautiful, who wrote it?' He was overcome when I told him it was one of his letters."

Leslie didn't bring the letters to Australia on her recent visit, but posed with this picture of her husband when he was three. She is so mad about it that Graham's mother, Mrs. Marguerite Pratt, of Denistone, N.S.W., had it copied so Leslie could take it back to America. to America.

Leslie's wedding and engagement rings are evidence of Graham's sentimentality, too. They each have the aircraft wings that carried them together, fashioned in diamonds, as the basic design.





Mrs. Arthur Calwell, a pearl-and-gold rosary.

T lies, still in its velvet case, as bright and undimmed as our very wonderful marriage," said Mrs. Arthur Calwell, whose husband has been Federal Opposition Leader for six years. "I have always kept my pearl-and-gold garland as a precious

The garland is a string of pearl rosary beads on a gold chain, which Arthur Calwell presented to his wife in their courting days 38 years

Arthur Calwell presented to his wife in their courting days 38 years ago.

"The rosary was meant as a parting gift," said Mrs, Calwell. "In Sydney in 1928, we had decided to go our separate ways. The morning after we said goodbye, I received a small parcel. It contained an exquisite set of rosary beads. Meant as a parting gift, it had the opposite effect of bringing us together again."

The Calwells were married four years later. Mrs. Calwell carried the rosary beads at her wedding and first showed them to her daughter, Mary Elizabeth, on the day of her silver wedding anniversary. "They'll be passed on to her some day," said Mrs. Calwell.

"My heads remind me of the song.

"My beads remind me of the song,

"Each hour a pearl Each pearl a prayer Does really mean something to me and mine."

# Murphy Hanlon, a gold harem ring.

MURPHY HANLON, wife of TV star Tommy Hanlon, has so many treasures she had to think twice about the most sentimental.

She decided on a gift from Tommy—a gold harem ring, set with emeralds, which he brought back from the East as an 18th wedding anniversary present.

"The ring is composed of five bands caught together at one point," said Murphy. "Each band is supposed to signify a wife. I don't quite know what Tommy had in mind when he gave it to me."

Each band is set with emeralds.
"Tommy knew I had emerald earrings and nothing to wear with them," said Murphy. "A harem ring is practical. It's so big, I can't wear gloves with it."

Tommy Hanlon enjoys buying presents for Murphy, particularly surprise ones, anything from a washing machine to a cocktail dress.

Murphy said, "Just after I returned Murphy said, "Just after I returned from America a while back, I had a birthday. Tommy said, 'There's a lot of dust under the bed, you'd better clean it up now that you're here.'
"Under the bed was a box containing an autumn-haze mink jacket, Some dust!"





MISS KAY BROWNBILL

# "I FEEL AS IF I'VE COME HOME"

# -says the new member

· Kay Brownbill, the first woman member of the Australian House of Representatives for 15 years and the third ever elected to that House, is well trained and prepared to do the job she has tackled, and faces the future calmly. "I feel as if I've come home," she says.

SHE won the South Australian seat of Kingston for the Liberal and Country League from the sitting Labor member, Mr. Pat Galvin.

Kay has provided herself with a valuable background for the position she will fill.

She has worked as a journalist, radio reporter and commentator, and public rela-tions and promotions officer. She spent six years in London and on the Continent.

She has Written many radio plays and radio and television features, and a novel.

Writing about Kay is almost like writing about my own sister, I've known her so long and so well. She is 52, and we first met 14 years ago when I had to do a broadcast about an appeal for pensioners. Kay, probably Adelaide's best-known radio personality, was to interview me.

I was terrified at the prospect, but Kay led me through the interview so calmly and efficiently that it was over before I knew it, and I left the studio feeling that a job had been well done

So it had. Kay had done it.

"Serene" is a good word for her. She has been described as "placid," but that word has an undertone of dullness which doesn't belong to the new MP.

She is vital, gay, witty; she is intense, thoughtful, considerate. When she isn't be-ing deadly serious about deadly serious matters—such as the worrying state of the

world today—she can be jolly good fun. She is never bored, so is never boring.

Kay Brownbill's novel "Blow the Wind Southerly," set in the Australian pioneering years, was well reviewed in all States.

Three years ago she began to gather material for a biography of Sir Hans Heysen, but, because she would have no time to get on with the work, she has handed her notes and tape-recordings to Colin Thiele, another South Australian author, who will write the

Sir Hans was one of the first people to nd Kay a message of congratulation on her election.

Among other goodwill messages from people known and unknown in all States was one from Dame Enid Lyons in Tas-mania, who was the last woman member in the House of Representatives (in 1951).

The telegram read: "My delighted congratulations. Trust you have tremendously successful and enjoyable term. Enid Lyons."

Kay is deputy president, South Australian division of the Public Relations Institute of Australia, an associate of the National Council of Women in South Australia, a delegate to the Good Neighbor Council, and a former vice-president of the Adelaide Soroptimists' Club.

She told a reporter after her election win, "Everyone knows I'll work hard, be-cause I've never done anything else."

I'm quite sure the gentlemen of the House will make her entirely welcome.

- RITA DUNSTAN

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT Mollie Lyon

ONE way of overcoming that Saturday night traffic problem — go by water.

And that is exactly what a group of partygoers from the Eastern Suburbs did on
Saturday night. Boarded a yacht at Rushcutters Bay and sailed across the harbor to
a barbecue at Balmoral. The trip made a
woorderful talking point at the party.

wonderful talking point at the party.

LOOKING forward to her first trip abroad is Mrs. Robert Scrivenor, who leaves by air on December 26 with Captain Scrivenor for Bangkok, where he will take up his appointment for two years as Australian Military Advisers Representative at SEATO headquarters. Their two children, Anne and Robert, won't go with them. Anne will board at Ascham and Robert is waiting for board at Ascham and Robert is waiting for his examination results to decide what he will do. On the way up, the Scrivenors will stop over at Manila and Hong Kong.

\* \*

KEEPING their fingers crossed for fine.

KEEPING their fingers crossed for fine weather on December 20 and 21 are the Hon. Humphrey Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, who have planned Christmas parties for 60 guests on both those nights. If it's fine guests will wander in the garden and on the patio overlooking the harbor. Mrs. Fisher will add a festive note to her bowls of orange-and-white flowers with gold twigs.

ALSO hoping for a fine day (but on ALSO hoping for a fine day (but on December 18) are the Ken Cohens, who have asked about 60 people for a buffet dinner which they plan to serve around the swimming-pool. Guests who take their costumes will be able to have a swim after the meal. Among those who will be there are Mr. Justice and Mrs. Paul Toose, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Assheton-Chin, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Reynolds.

\* \* \* \*

\* DR. and MRS. JOHN LASZLO will combine a Christmas champagne party and

bine a Christmas champagne party and a farewell party on December 17 for Dr. and Mrs. Charles Ross-Smith, who leave with their three children on January 2 for Manila, where they will make their home.

GUESTS have been asked to just "drop in" for cocktails at the casual afternoon party Mr. and Mrs. John Fox are having on December 18. Their guests will include the Richard Christians, the Eric Collinses, and the Max Burnhams.

and the Max Burnhams.

IT will be a happy family reunion at Christmas in the John Hendersons' household when their daughter and 'son-in-law Kerry and Trevor Spry come up from their home in Toorak, Melbourne, and their youngest daughter, Sally, comes home from her boarding-school at Bowral. Kerry and Trevor are sailing up in the Marconi and will arrive in Sydney on December 22 to stay with her parents before moving down to Palm Beach for several weeks.

I HEAR that the Bill Northams have wonderful blue spruce tree in the garden which this year will be decorate with colored lights, ornaments, and present as their Christmas tree. They will have the family party on Christmas Eve when the son Brian and his wife, Jan, and the daughter, Barbara, and her husband. Ju Graham, plus their six grandchildren whave a chicken-in-the-basket dinner on have a count the tree. The only missing the street work of the color will be treet. have a chicken-in-the-basket dinner on a lawns around the tree. The only must member of the family will be Rod, who we ring from Bonn, in Germany, where he staying with the Australian Trade Comm sioner, Mr. Wayne Young.

TWO bands will alternate with Caribbea TWO bands will alternate with Caribbea and Calypso music at the Calypso Carnival Revel at the Pacific Club at Palabeach on New Year's Eve. A delrion dinner—Trinidad Steak Rossini—will be served before the dancing, which will gon until dawn, when a breakfast of Jamaie Hot Dog Kabobs will be served out on the lawn. Members of the Ringaround Committee—made up from the Pacific and Cabbage Tree Clubs and the Palm Peach Surf Life Saving Club—have arranged the party, at which they expect 700 guests.

I THINK the most unusual Christmas gift I have heard of this year are the be-

I THINK the most unusual Christmas gib I have heard of this year are the behive four-year-old John Mills will get tro his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Mills, and the goat they will give his common Michael Fitzgerald. The Millses have chosen December 18 for their family Christma party at their holiday house at Elamon, where they will be staying during the Christmas holidays with the two children. The house looks right out over the ocean and they're hoping to fit in lots of swimming and sunbaking.

FOR their second son, born on November 22 at Crown Street Hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McFadyen have chosen the names David Gordon. Their elder son is called Tony.

I BELIEVE that Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jones, of "Manna," Forbes, will come to Sydney for the marriage of Stephen brother, Flight-Lieutenant Richard Jones, and Margaret Waters at St. Andrews Church, Manly, on December 17. Margard will have as her attendants her sister. Rosalind, and her cousin, Diana Waters, who will come from Newcastle for the wedding Another Newcastle visitor will be Margaret grandmother, Mrs. M. Cleaves.

DATES for your diary ... the 200 annual Christmas Party of Town Bearers for Legacy to be held at Legal House on December 14; and the Christmas Soiree to be held at the Workshop, 10 William Street, by the Younger Group the Art Gallery Society on December 17.



EXHIBITION: Mrs. George Prince (left) and Mrs. Stan De Teliga with artist Tom Gleghorn at his one-man painting exhibition which was held at the Hungry Horse Art Gallery in Paddington. The exhibition will remain open until December 22.



MARRIED. Mr, and Mrs. Ronald Charles with their attendants, Miss Elisabeth Eyers (left) and Miss Helen Hellicar, at the reception at the Royal Australian Automobile Club, which followed their marriage at Shore Chapel. The bride was Miss Nola Post, only daughter of Mr, and Mrs. Joseph Post, of Wollstonecraft. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr, and Mrs. Reginald Charles, of Mosman.

AT RICHT: Mr. and Mrs. Chris Bowden leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Cynthia Harwood, daughter of Mrs. Ena Harwood, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Dr. H. B. Harwood. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bowden.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lander outside St. Andrew's College Chapel, following their marriage, with their attendants (from left), best man Mr. Douglas Grice, Miss Dimity Dean, Miss Barbara Lander, and Mrs. David Wearn, The bride was Miss Prudence Dean, younger daughter of Mrs. N. G. Dean, of Killara, and of the late Mr. G. B. Dean, The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lander, of "Ercildonne," Darlington Point,



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Simon Cressick pictured at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Susan Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill. of Double Bay. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. Claudia Cressick, of Armadale, Victoria, and of Mr. Alec Cressick, of Ferntree Gully, Victoria.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. John Tonkin with flowergirl Susan Jane Fauchon and pageboy Jeremy Pike at the reception at the Hotel Australia which followed their marriage at St. Paul's College Chapel, The bride was Miss Susan Rush, daughter of the Rev. Canon F. W. Rush and Mrs. Rush, of Newcastle. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tonkin.



Page 3





# Girl in \$9 dress won

# ashion head's heart

■ On her first date with her husband, Leonie Sher-man (pictured above) wore a \$9 ready-made. Nothing unusual about that, except her "date" was Henry Sher-man, president of Christian Dior, New York.

"I was apartment-hunting in New York, and it was the only dress I had brought with me from home, on Long Island," said 24-year-old Leonie, in Australia recently with her husband, "It was an analysis of the control of emerald-green linen sheath, and quite smart, really!"

Mr. Sherman was oung" friend of her stock broker father, Leonie said, and wanted to take her out when he saw her photograph.

Only 48 hours after we met, I knew we would marry," she said. "It was a coup de foudre, as the French say—the real thing! We were engaged in three weeks and married in three

months.

Although . Leonie hails from a wealthy New York State family, the world of high fashion never interested her before marriage.

"Fashion was just a neces-sity," she said, at the same time loosening her fair hair because, she said, her hus-band thinks she looks like an early American farmer's wife with it tied back. "I

wasn't even interested enough to pick a brand I liked." The sophisticated social life of Long Island didn't appeal to her, either, and after majoring in French at

Manhattanville College, New

York, Leonie "escaped" to a tiny Mexican pueblo to teach the villagers hygiene. "They were a lovely, lovely people," she said, "but so apathetic that it was hard to

apathetic that it was hard to teach them anything.
"We lived in a small house near the priest's, and for the first week didn't have any water—we had to swish our mouths with a soft drink to keep them fresh."

There also was little food besides beans, Leonie said, but it was a most rewarding life and completely different

known.

Even when she went to Greece—this time on vacation — she didn't stay at luxury hotels: "I wanted to see the real Greece.

Leonie's very first Dior model still hangs in her wardrobe. first Dior

wardrobe.

"It's a grey flannel suit with tweed blouse, and still my favorite."

When she first visited the elegant dove-grey and white Dior showroom on Seventh Avenue, New York, she didn't know what to expect.

didn't know what to expect.

"I had never been in a fashion house before, and was real scared. I thought I would meet a big wall of glitter, but everyone was very nice."

That was two years ago. These days almost everything she wears, right down to her lingerie and hosiery, has the Dior label.

"I have one or two Dior

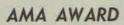


"I have one or two Dior New York originals," she said, "but most of my clothes are samples that have been worn-often four times-by the models at New York col-

There has even been a Dior New York design called "Leonie." "It was a white cocktail dress," she said, "but it flopped!"

In Leonie's opinion, once you start to wear "good" clothes you are never satis-fied with anything else. But she would never discard a favorite suit or dress because it was last season's

A close-up of skyscrapers on the moon? Or, perhaps, the work of some lost civilisation? No, they are handturned, handpainted vases, part of a new range of customware by an English pottery.



ENTRIES for the Australian Medical Association's National Press Award for 1966 will close on January 10 next year.

The award will be made for the most distinguished example of journalism deal-ing with medicine or health. First prize will be \$300, and there will be two \$50 prizes for merit

prizes for merit.

Internation can be obtained from the General Secretary, Australian Medical Association, 77-79 Arundel Street, Glebe, N.S.W.



WE came across this in-teresting flashback in a medical journal.

a medical journal.

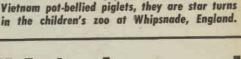
"You are sick, it is the 17th century, and your doctor is coming to your bedside . . . Now he is holding out some medicine for you to drink.

"It consists of antimony, sacred bitters, rock salt, mallow leaves, violets, beetroot, camomile flowers, fennel seed, linseed, cinnamon, cardamon seed, saffron, cochineal, and aloes.

"Now the physician raises a blister on your scalp and dresses it with

"Now the physician raises a blister on your scalp and dresses it with cowslip ointment. This is supposed to draw out the poison—the humor, as they called it — that plagues you. It doesn't help. So you are given a sneezing powder. That makes you sneeze, but it doesn't cure you. The physician shakes his head dubiously, applies a plaster of pitch and pigeon dung to your feet.

"This was the treatment given to King Charles II of England in 1685 just before he died. As the King breathed his last, the desperate doctors poured down his throat their final and most potent pharmaceutical: 40 drops of distillation of human skull."



These two little pigs DIDN'T go to market!

# (No) sluggard went to ant!

"Life is very short, so you must cram as much as you can into it." This is the philosophy of Michael Begg, 32, of Melbourne, who has crammed more into the past ten years of his life than most people do in a lifetime.

A couple of short snorts,

and he's out like a light!

"The only difference be-tween a rut and the grave is the depth," Michael says — and has gone all out to tear adventure from life,

Miner, game hunter, pilot, seaman—just name it and he has done it, while an urge to see the world has taken him to about 50 countries, hitch-hiking all over Europe and travelling overland across Cambodia, Thailand, and Malaysia. and Malaysia.

He has shot crocodiles and wild buffalo in the Northern Territory and steered a 6000freighter

America.
"I first took the helm of a ship when I went to Thursday Island," Michael said.
"I had heard people talking about this pearling port and wanted to see it for myself.
"As no planes were avail-

able, I worked my passage on an inter-island trading vessel, helping with the steer-

Michael's current role is that of businessman—making ant farms.

Through two clear plastic walls a child can watch different members of the ant colony in action, building tunnels and rooms and storing away supplies.

"These farms are an educa-tion in the work and patience of ants," Michael said. "And the box is completely escapeproof.

# Bright future

Michael has been in-terested in ants since boy-hood, when everything that swam, crawled, or walked fascinated him.

"But although I could see what the ant was doing above ground, I didn't know what was happening below. Countless children must be in the same position—so I decided to make ant farms."

Ants are like any other pets, he said, and have to be fed and given water. But as children have to find their own ants—about two dozen—he thinks this will encourage them to look after their tiny "pets."

His giant ant farm exhibit at the Royal Agricultural Show in Melbourne stirred a lot of interest, he said.

The switch from shooting wild game to building homes for ants is a big one, but Michael has taken it in his stride, and is restless to go on to something else.

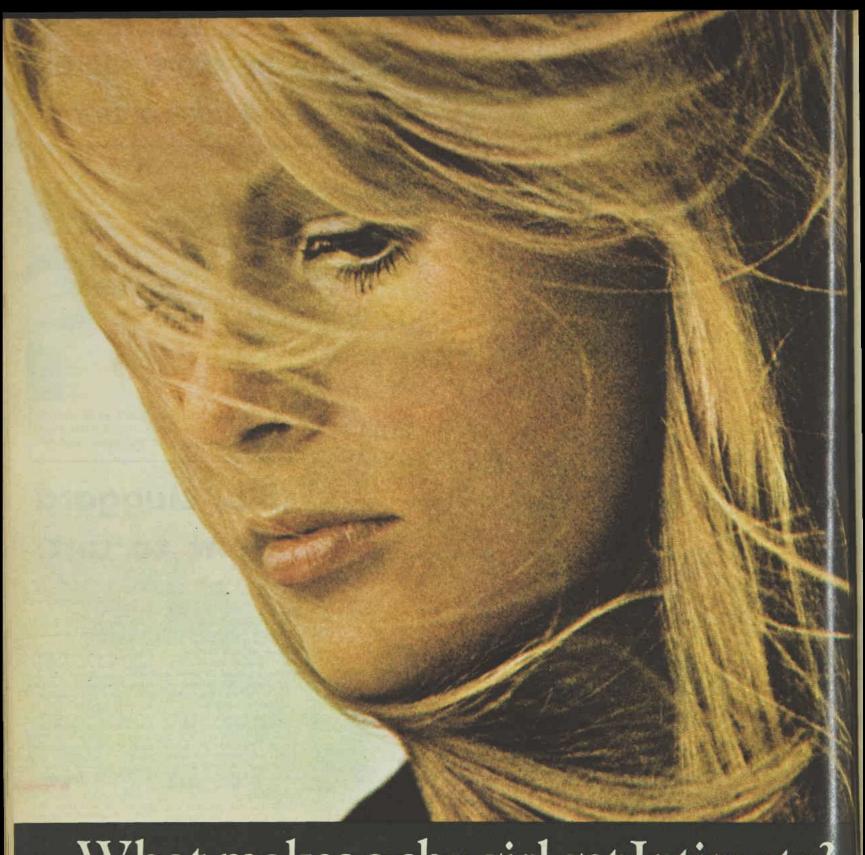
"I want to travel down the 3000 miles of the Amazon River from one side of South America to the other."





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966





# What makes a shy girl get Intimate?

It's the fragrance that does all the flirting for her. The uninhibited perfume that makes things happen. What kind of things? That's her affair.

Created by Revlon...Intimate Parfum, spray mist and bath accessories. Intimate...cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances.



# JILL PERRYMAN: SHE'S A **FUNNY GIRL IN TV SHOW**

By LEONIE NEWBERRY

Television

 Australia's Jill Perryman stars in a TV special titled "The BP Super Show Presents Jill Perryman," to be screened on TCN9 on Saturday, December 17, at 7.30 p.m.

JILL rocketed to fame as the result of her performance as Fanny Brice in "Funny the role that brought overnight success Barbra Streisand in America.

Watching her tape "Rat Tat Tat" from "Funny Girl" for the TV show, I sat athralled as Jill became Private Schwartz, the bumhing, gauche, overgrown Boy Scout type whose glasses became fogged with emotion when meeting Mademoiselle from Armentieres. In this number Jill is bestead by "scaldings" is

backed by "soldiers" in high-fitting gold lame suits and gold tin hats. One oldr nearby was heard to regretfully, "The army never like that in my As well as being able to put over a song with warmth and emotion, Jill is an accomplished actress and a fine comedienne, talents that are used to the best advantage in the show by Mel-bourne producer Rod Kin-

The program also features Bruce Barry, Tessa Mallos, and Neville Burns, from the cast of "Funny Girl."

Jill Perryman, 29, is mar-ried to actor-dancer Kevan Johnston, whom she met when they were both in "Call Me Madam."

Other musicals Jill has appeared in are "South Pacific," "Can-Can," "Carnival," "The Pajama Game,"

Fanny Brice in "Funny Girl" was her first lead role.

She is one of the few Australian actresses to succeed at home without having

to go abroad to earn a repu-

tion. Introduced and narrated by Tony Charlton, of GTV9 in Melbourne, "The BP Super Show Presents Jill Perryman" traces the star's career in song, featuring numbers from some of the hit shows in which she has appeared over the years.



"I'm Private Schwartz," sings Australia's stage star Jill Perryman.
It is one of the highlights of "The BP Super Show Presents Jill Perryman" on TCN9 on Saturday, December 17, at 7.30 p.m.



TCN9's Penny Spence, who presents "Holiday Carnival," a program specially devised for children during the school holidays.

# Holiday treat for mothers and children

By NAN MUSGROVE

 TCN9's Christmas holiday present for both mothers and children, which started on December 12, is "Holiday Carnival," a three-hour program presented by Penny Spence.

DESIGNED to amuse and so on, and how they can amuse themselves both on wet days and fine. leave mothers free to get on with Christmas preparations and other chores, the program starts at 9 a.m. with the kindergarten session "Play-

After "Playroom" there are competitions for the audience at home with rich prizes to be won, cartoons, Abbott and Costello films, the Texas Rangers, and Jet

Penny talks to the children from time to time, telling them what's on in town, what exhibitions and places uld be interesting to visit

It is a brilliant idea for busy mothers and children, and will continue through all the school holidays.

Penny is a pretty girl, with

a pretty personality to match. Her mannerisms always remind me of Tanya Halesworth's as they were in her early days as a presentation officer with the ABC.

Penny has the same poise and charm, and her head sits well on her shoulders. She has Tanya's old habit, too, of moving her head with un-selfconscious grace on

Channel 9 is really turning on the Christmas holiday treats for the kids. At 3 p.m.

there is a festival of adventhere is a testival of adven-ture films, mostly Westerns, like "Law of the Panhandle," "Outlaw Brand," and "Part-ners of the Sunset."

ners of the Sunset."

Starting on December 20,
TCN9 takes over the kids
again at 5 p.m., when they
show an hour pantomime each day until December 23.

First of the pantos is "Cinderella," then follows "Aladdin," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Dick Whit-

"THE Dangerous Christmas of Red Riding Hood" disappointed me. Maybe I have outgrown fairy stories, and I certainly think Cyril Ritchard should swear off them for life.

He is far too old to caper around got up as a wolf with a papiermache tail. Apart from looking ridiculous and rather pathetic, it was quite the wrong role for the Ritchard brand of sophistication.

By the end of "Red Riding Hood." I had decided I wouldn't bother to watch Cyril again, but time may soften my memory.

Liza Minelli, Judy Garland's daughter, was the interesting part of "Red Riding

Hood." She undoubtedly has inherited some of Mum's talent.

talent.

I had quite a macabre time switching between Channel 9 to see Liza and over to see Mum cavorting on Channel 2. I don't think Liza is as good-looking as fudy was at her age, but her young serenity and confidence made up for it.

These days I find watching Judy Garland too harrowing to classify as entertainment.

fuely Cartana too harrowing to classify as entertainment. It is shocking to see this nervous remnant of an entertainer, looking worn to a frazele, feverishly going through the motions of a great star.

I hope Liza looks at TV the way I did, and takes a vow not to let what happened to Mum, whatever did happen, happen to her.

# Cameras follow five surf boys

WATCH out for ABC-TV's "The Surfing Years" on Saturday, December 17, at 8 p.m., but don't expect a p.m., but don't expect how-to-surf documentary.

"The Surfing Years" was made by Peter Clifton, 25, a talented man at his job.

# Tommy Hanlon's

# Thought for the week

Momma once said: Everyone seems to be on this "Happiness is ..." kick today. You know, like "Happiness is having a \$200 watch stolen and you have it insured for \$400." I think happiness is having your child pass her exams, especially when she hadn't been doing too well in school earlier. But if you have a teenage daughter and she goes with a member of a rock-'n-roll group, then this is the true

MOMMA'S MORAL: Happiness is learning that your daughter's boyfriend just had his electric guitar repossessed.

I haven't seen the film, but Clifton tells me it is the story of the lives of five young Australians who love the surf.

Ball at the top of her list of the world's hard-working women.

Betty herself should be

They spent the winter of They spent the winter of 1966 on a surfing safari from Sydney to Queensland's Noosa Heads, and Clifton and cameras went along.

Clifton says the "surfing years" are the years between school and starting work when "you are trying to de-cide your future."

I didn't know there was this gap, but he tells me it about four years.

"'The Surfing Years' are the years before responsi-bility," he said.

I asked him what the kids, whose ages range from 17 to 21, used for money in this halcyon time:

"They get it from their parents in allowances and so on, and sometimes they get occasional jobs."

I can only think they must have parents who are both wealthy and indulgent.

Anyway, it is, I should think, quite a thought-provoking look at the way some teenagers live and their views on the basics. They answer, I believe, one vital question: "Does surf replace sex?" I'm sure all parents will be interested in their

# On the set with

Lucille Ball

BETTY STEWART, well known in Sydney show-biz circles for her public-relations work with famous overseas stars, puts Lucille

Betty herself should be fairly high on the list. She packed more work and study of the international TV scene into her six months overseas than seems possible.

"I spent quite a lot of time at the Desilu studios, where 'The Lucy Show' is made," Betty Stewart told

"Lucy is dynamic. She works from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. six days a week. Starting at the studio at 8 a.m. means the studio at 8 a.m. means she must get up not later than 6 a.m. to breakfast, get to the studio and get made-up. But she doesn't show any strain or tiredness.

"On the set, there absolutely no panic. Lucy knows exactly what she is doing, and sets about it like the great professional she is.

"She is a tiny little woman, better-looking than she is on TV.

"I couldn't get over how young she looks. Mind you, she takes care of herself. She is not a dining-out or nightclub type. It is home to early dinner and bed for her so she can keep up the six-day pace at the studio."

Betty, who promoted the Beatles' visit to Australia as well as the last super-successful visit of Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn, told me that Dame Margot Fonteyn is today considered to be the greatest drawcard in ballet in the world — greater than Nureyev.

"She always fills a theatre; he doesn't," she said.



The Gillette Slim Adjustable razor adjusts to nine different settings to suit every type of beard. Handsomely boxed with Super Stainless blades and a Gillette Shaving Brush, only

# On Christmas Day and every day... he'll be glad you gave him Gille

Here's one gift that won't be left at the back of the cupboard - a handsome shaving set from Gillette. He'll use it every day and love you for it, because there's nothing to equal a modern Gillette razor and Gillette Super Stainless blades. You couldn't buy him better shaving if you paid ten times as much. Look for Gillette gifts in attractive gift boxes next time you're shopping. The gifts you know he'll use









## "Alice in Wonderland"

TV's "Alice in Wonderland" is not Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" transferred to TV. It is a musical cartoon version adapted by a comedy writer into a show that even hidebound traditionalists should enjoy.

"Alice in Wonderland or What's a Nice Kid Like You Doing in a Place Like This?" is the full title of the TV version. TV's Alice gets into Wonderland when she sees her little dog, Fluff, jump through the family TV set. Alice looks in after him and falls down to Wonderland and the White Rabbit.

There is a pertness about TV's Alice that doesn't match the famous Tenniel illustrations of Lewis Carroll's classic, but she has charm, too. One thing I do think Carroll would approve is Sammy Davis as the voice of the Cheshire Cat. It is inspired casting.

-NAN MUSGROVE



THE MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY. Harvey Korman is the voice of the Hatter, Howard Morris the voice of the White Rabbit.

ALICE (right) as por-trayed by cartoonists Hanna and Barbera. "Alice in Wonderland" may be seen on Thurs-day, December 15, TCN9 Sydney and NWS9 Ade-laide, 7 p.m.; GTV9 Mel-bourne, 7.30 p.m.; QTQ9 Brisbane, 6.30 p.m.







FRED FLINTSTONE and Barney Rubble, of "The Flintstones," who play the front and rear end of a wild Blue Caterpillar.



ALICE (centre), whose voice is that of Janet Waldo; the Queen of Hearts (voice, Zsa Zsa Gabor); and her King (Daws Butler). THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966



SAMMY DAVIS, with the original Tenniel illustration of the Cheshire Cat and Alice. He enjoyed "more than most experiences" being the Cat's voice.

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated con-tent of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circula-tive, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

These Meyon Extract These Mevon Extract tablets quickly sweeten the breath, hasten digestive processes of all foods and contribute to a healthier, happier enjoyment of daily living. They are so easy to take and are sucked like a sweet. These Mevon Extract tablets do not need a doctablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.

MODEL PRAISES SILKYMIT



Get wise, leg wise, take a tip from the top models who find Silkymit fab for removing fuzz . without fuss . this magic mit rubs away hairs, but not your tan, in 3 minutes. From Chemists and cosmetic counters everywhere. Lovely legs love . . .

Silkymit HAIR REMOVING GLOVE 15c, 38c



The Bulletin

EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

Page 38

#### The for and against of charity

ORGANISED charities, Mrs. Thornicroft, also benefit the isolated, lonely, old, and sick. Don't underestimate the committee workers. Without them there would be no Spastic Centre, no Smith Family, no Talking Books for the Blind, no sheltered workshops for the mentally retarded. This is to mention just a few of the many who are served by the organised charity workers. A Mum who can feel the need of the unfor-tunate is a Mum full of turnate is a Mum full of sympathy and understanding. Her home may appear to be chaotic, but it is usually a wonderfully warm place, filled with the love which comes from giving.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Whittaker, Nowra, N.S.W.

FOR many it goes against the grain to have to ask for organised charity. The giver feels good, but the receiver hates having to be in the position of receiving. in the position of receiving, No, I do not like organised charity. Friendly, quiet, and unasked-for kindness is the best and most appreciated.

\$2 to Ann Melrose, Upper Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

PERHAPS the person who PERHAPS the person who puts duties and responsibilities first, and still has a little time to devote to helping and befriending those around her, does the greatest amount of good and achieves the most happiness, both for herself and all concerned.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Carpenter, Concord, N.S.W.

THERE is a distinction among charity workers. Some adore publicity and seeing their names in print, while others dislike both these things and prefer to remain anonymous but are ministering angels in their own districts. Therefore there is no question as to whom we admire most.

\$2 to Mrs. Jean Wilkinson, Burwood, N.S.W.

THE vote for doing the most good would, I think, go to the quiet sympathiser, for she gives of herself. There is nothing more com forting. Nevertheless, great praise must be given to the charity organisers, who do a great job, although dissension in the home through this work is unfortunate. A great number of splendid great number of splendid women give their time to charity work but manage so that their homelife that their homelife does not

\$2 to Mrs. D. Northbridge, N.S.W.

my way of thinking, both do a wonderful ser-To both do a wonderful service. Not everyone could do the work of organised charities or raise the money they do, while most of us can, in one way or another, show a kindness to those in need. I couldn't possibly do any of the work involved in an organised charity, but there are many ways I can show a kindness or give help to someone in need of it.

\$2 to "Friends in Need" (name supplied), Panania, N.S.W.



• We pay \$2 for letters published. Letten must be original, n previously published. Pro ference is given to letten with signatures.

#### The "good life" for two birds

ALTHOUGH I don't think birds should be kept in captivity, two given to the children aren't fitted for life in natural surroundings. We've tried to provide extra activities for them and they seem to be very happy. They enjoy sticks and twigs and a small branch with lots of green leaves standing in their cage. They have a bowl of tightly packed, hard, dry soil and one of loose sand, and they dig in each. The birds are free to fly around the house, and they make no mess, as all their activities and food are provided in their cage, where they centre most of their provided in their cage, where they centre most of their

attention.
\$2 to "Born Free" (name supplied), Norton Summit,
S.A.

#### They're "all at sea"

WE are a seafaring family. My grandfather and an uncle were captains, my other grandfather was apprenticed to the sea for three years, and I married a descendant of Fletcher Christian, mutineer of the Bounty. One of my sons has his ten-ton Master's Certificate and so has one of his cousins. My youngest son tried to get into the Navy but failed. Their father's uncle was a whaler and february.

\$2 to Mrs. O. A. Christian, Norfolk Island.

#### Not really a bargain

HOW many people, I wonder, when they see a bargain buy two of the article? I buy one for myself and one for my daughter. My friend buys one for herself and one for her daughter-in-law; my neighbor, one for herself and one for her sister-in-law. And so it goes on — not really a bargain at all. Still, a lot of pleasure is got out of it.

\$2 to V. E. Pockney, Bunbury, W.A.

#### Boronia scent escapes him

MY husband, a farmer, is a garden-lover and spends all his spare time in ours. He has a very keen sense of smell for all flowers, bar the lovely hrown scented boronia. When this is in flower, its perfume is wafting all over the garden, but my husband has never been able to smell it at all. Just how does one account for such a strange thing?

\$2 to "Perfume" (name supplied), Camperdown, Vic.

#### Getting toddlers to "eat up"

FAR too many parents expect their children to eat up their food "because it is good for them." Yet these same parents garnish their own food to make it more tempting to eye and palate. What, then, can be so wrong with applying the same strategy to food for the children? Using a few lures and a little camouflage isn't pampering them if it encourages them in the ways of proper eating. This is a case where the end justifies the means.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.



#### FREE IN THE SEA

When a 400lb. sunfish proved too clumsy for captivity in Manly Marineland (he couldn't reverse and kept bumping into things), he wareleased in the sea. To divers swam out to deep water with him to help him get his bearings.

Sometimes the sunfish wonders, did he dream? The endless circling in his concrete cage, Those goggling faces, curious eyes agleam, His nightmare desperation and his rage . . .

Now, savoring salty freedom, wreathed in smiles, (If sunfish smile, a point that isn't clear), He tells his wild adventure and beguiles Such fishy triends as lend a willing ear.

How, in the end, he met some decent blokes Who towed him out to sea and acted nurse A passing crab, who's heard it often, jokes:
"You're like a woman driver — can't reverse."

Emmunica management and the second

-Dorothy Drain

#### Mum gets the dregs

PERHAPS I'm an exception, but I always seem to be the "finisher-upper." The family uses the new cake of soap — I get the last out of the old. The toothpaste is discarded when a bit hard to press out—I go on using it, And so on with shampoo and talcum powder. At a meal, what is left of the bread? The crust, of course. Who's the "finisher-up"? It's me—Mother.

\$2 to P.J.C. (name supplied), North Geelong, Vic.

#### Teaching budget and banking

THE old "take-out-and-spend" urge has been solved for my children by giving them each two moneyboxes. One is the unopenable type, which sits on the bankbook, and the other can be opened. Copper coins are usually put in the "spending" box, and the silver "banked."

\$2 to Mrs. Margaret Chapman, Stroud, N.S.W.

#### Ross Campbell writes...

#### GOING CHEAP

HOW much is a woman's time worth when she is looking after a family?

I happen to know the official answer: 16 cents an hour.

To put it another way, she would be worth paying \$6.40 for a 40-hour week—if she worked a 40-hour

This is how I obtained the in-

In is how I obtained the information:

My wife happened to see a road accident. She offered to appear as a witness if the case came to court.

In due course she went to the court, and the visit took up 2½ hours of her time.

of her time.

While she was sitting beside another witness (a man), a court

official came up. He asked what sort of work they did, and how much they were paid for it.

The male witness said: "I'm an engineer. I earn \$5 a hour."

My wife said: "I keep house for a husband and four children. There's no definite rate of pay."

The official nodded and made

notes.

A week later my wife received a letter, signed by the Clerk of Petty Sessions. It said: "Dear Madam—herewith cheque



for 40 cents, which represents witness

"Please present the cheque for payment as soon as possible." She did a little arithmetic, and

found the rate of pay was 16 cents

At first she was merely downcast. She said: "That engineer on \$5 an

hour was lucky. I suppose he got \$12.50."

\$12.50."

2.50 muttered: "I was a fool to say I looked after my family. I should have said I was a fashion designer or something."

Then she began to get angry. "Sixteen cents an hour!" she said. "No wonder it's called the Court of

Petty Sessions. I'll say it's petty.

"I could have spent that morning making a shift for Baby Pip. It would have saved four dollars."

I tried to soothe her feelings.

"Of course you deserve more than 16 cents an hour," I said. "You're worth at least 25 cents an hour."

She stormed at me: "Just try hir-ing someone else to run this place! They'd want time and a half for weekends, and a margin for skill. It would cost a fortune."

I believe her grievance is justi-

It is time the courts gave house-wives a raise. Would a Clerk of Petty Sessions dare to tell his own wife she was worth 16 cents an hour?

But my wife is getting even. She is not presenting her cheque for 40

cents for payment.
"It's worth the money to annoy them," she says.

# This Christmas give DIA the freshest Christmas n



# Christmas nuts



Christmas without ETA wouldn't be Christmas. ETA nuts are as much fun to give as to receive.

Give ETA Giant Jars of freshest, crispest nuts. There's something to please everyone. These modern glass jars with airtight lids make perfect kitchen canisters. Each jar contains bright labels you stick on to identify the contents.



- 14 lb. Salted Pennuts
- 1 h. Salted Cashews
  1 h. Salted Mixed Nuts
- 11 lb. Sugar-coated Peanuts 11 lb. Vanilla Almonds 2 lb. Sugared Almonds
- 14 lb. Scorched Almonds 14 lb. Scorched Peanuts
- ETA Party Tray Re-usable ETA Party Tray Re-usane table tray with four separate serving dishes filled with Ginger, Muscatels, Sugared Almonds and Almond Kernels, Double wrapped to keep them fresh right to the moment of eating.

ETA Patio Pack Chrome carrier holds four elegant tumblers filled with nuts (Salted Peanuts, Salted Cashews, Vanilla Almonds and Mixed Nuts). Tumblers decorated with crests of Australian capital cities

#### Perfect to hand around ETA Fruit and Nuts

Exciting new packs of health-giving fruit. All gift-wrapped.

- 1 lb. De-Luxe Muscatel clusters
- 8 oz. Dates and Nuts 8 oz. Figs and Pecans

8 oz. Almonds and Raisins 8 oz. Muscatels and Almonds





Festive packs designed to make children even happier. Delightful presents on any Christmas table.

ETA Christmas Stars

Magic wands filled with colourful Jelly Beads.

ETA Santa Claus

of Jelly Beads

ETA Christmas Candles Add to the Christmas Joys of girls and boys—full





Come on and give FTA the freshest Christmas Nuts



 Eleanor Alliston was a British naval officer's young wife in an English country manor when her story opens.

# Escape to an island

IT was 1949. We were lunching at the Berkeley Grill, in London. It was oysters, caviar, and champagne, for this was a day of double celebration. We had spent the morning under the chandeliers at Buckingham Palace, where I had watched King George VI presenting war decorations. At this investiture John received a DSO, DSC and Bar. We were celebrating, too, our decision to leave the civilised world.

Incessant partings, so much a feature of life in the Navy, had made us want to cut loose and search, preferably to the ends of the earth, for somewhere permanent. We required continuity in a life spent together. We were determined to share some

We required continuity in a life spent to-gether. We were determined to share some self-appointed work, whose reward would be in proportion to effort. In rebellion against a bumper-to-bumper existence, we had often spoken, as people will, of "going to a desert island and getting away from it all." But that day we made our choice between Chile, Taswe made our choice between Chile, Tas-mania, and New Zealand, all on the 40th parallel, with a similar climate, one which was particularly favorable to living, loving,

and working.

"It's Tasmania," John had pronounced.
And Venetia, aged eight, and Robert, four,
were told the decision.

Before leaving England we ruthlessly
parted with all our possessions. The small
car and a few stocks and shares, innumerable dinner-sets, teasets, and crystal, a gold cocktail shaker, naval uniforms, tailored suits, jewellery, and fur coats — all were cocktail shaker, naval uniforms, tailored suits, jewellery, and fur coats — all were converted into money for camping equipment of superfine quality: sleeping-bags; capacious, featherlight and filled with Russian down; blow-up mattresses and pillows; beautiful gabardine ski-suits of bushland green. In fact, everything suitable for leading an outdoor existence when we should reach Tasmania.

For we intended to buy a horse caravan in which to tour the country and to find the ideal settlement for ourselves at our leisure. In the brochure issued by the Tasmanian Government there was land listed 6d an acre.

But our plans for going bush were to be

At Launceston we got as far as putting an advertisement in the paper for a horse caravan and had but one reply. Then we had a telephone call from Commander Jim Melrose, who, retired from the Royal Navy and a fellow member of the English Soil Association, owned "Barton," one of

those rich midland properties carved from the bush by the early pioneers.

Over luncheon he gave John a job as jackaroo. "You'll start at £2-10-0 a week for the first six months. The house, meat, milk, butter, and firewood all thrown in," ar debonair employer informed us.

Attached to the main homestead, our

Attached to the main homestead, our home was a luxury cottage, built without stint for Jim's in-laws, who had both recently died. Wonderful landscape windows looked out toward the often-snowcapped Western Tier mountains.

Mestern Tier mountains.

Although it takes at least thirty years to become a good sheep man, and heaven knows how long to become a cattle expert (and it is also a help if your father and grandfather have been sheep and cattle men before you), we nevertheless soon had the effrontery to be impatient to have our own property.

own property.

We had just begun the first holiday together in all our married life—on the northwest coast in 1951 (the year our second son, Warwick, was born)—when we met a very discerning man.

"I know just the place for you," he said. "There's this island for sale, about 40 miles off the north-west tip of Tasmania."

He did a sketch with his forefinger in the dust on the table-top at our rented cottage. "Three Hummock Island, it's called. It's sheep and cattle. Mostly cattle.

cottage. "Three Hummock Island, it's called. It's sheep and cattle. Mostly cattle. Why don't you take a look at it?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice the house as carefully as I should have. But the one being lived in now is a cream weather-board cottage. It looks over the sea. There's an immense wood stove with bread ovens, and the fire stays in all night, if you damp it down correctly." He added, "It's rather neglected."

He went on: "The island carries about

He went on: "The island carries about 400 breeding ewes and something in the vicinity of 150 breeding cows—beef cattle, of course. Quite a good living for us, even if wool goes down a bit. And I think you and I can manage the work between us. "I'm thinking of running Romney sheep. The cattle are Hereford and Durham cross. "I'm afraid it's not possible to buy the actual land. There's 23,000 acres of it, and one has to lease it from the Tasmanian Government." This was a blow.

"But, we shall have more than enough

"But, we shall have more than enough to spend our money on. The tenant owns to spend our money on. The tenant owns everything above ground, and, in this case, at least, the incoming people get no choice. We will be buying ourselves the three houses (complete with 'furniture' down to the last tin plate at 1/-); so many yards of fence, so many chains of bush track and drainage; water-holes, cleared or improved acres, bullock cart and team, mutton-birders' shacks, lick sheds, windmill, some pretty archaic machinery, and finally, but the most archaic machinery, and finally, but the most vital of all, the sheep and cattle." We arranged for Venetia to go to a

I'm afraid acted) as though it was exclu-

sively our kingdom.

Secretly, I was rather dismayed by my first impressions. But experience had taught me that the place one has just come from always seems to be the best

Somehow the vague group of figures lounging near the heavily yoked bullock team only accentuated the sense of lonelihere.

The rotund elderly woman who greeted The rotund elderly woman who greeted us so volubly, her snow-white pigtails jieging an accompaniment, was Mrs. Nichols — "Cissie," or "Ma" as she was known to the whole of Bass Strait. Although she had lived on the island for many years, she and her husband used to run a remarkable steamer service from Launceston to the Flinders Island group. Now he occupied himself with commercial crayfishing and carting livestock from the islands.

With a mistrustful look at our ivers and

With a mistrustful look at our ivory Cane bedroom furniture and baby's Hyde Park pram, she was soon directing four shady-looking youths, who had roll-your-owns dangling from loose lips, to load our things on to the wagon.

They turned out to be ox-like in strength as they tassed tremendous weights.

as they tossed tremendous weights up on to the top of the load, with much joking and general cheerfulness. The pram they hooked on behind the bullock cart and, to the cackling of our crated white Sussex fowls, we set off to walk behind the strange

procession.

Granite boulders, some igloo-shaped, some weirdly terraced and carved by wind and water, strewed this corner of the long curved beach. Green creeping grass came to the edge of the sandy cliffs. Blue-green salt-bush clung in rock crevices. A sandy track led up to the homestead beside a single row of macrocarpa pines. "An old white weatherboard. Rather neglected, but could be nice," John had reported.

I had visualised from that a tiny, pictur-

I had visualised from that a tiny, pictu I had visualised from that a tiny, picturesque Cape Cod cottage which we should be able to make over on the long winter evenings. Just a few clever touches here and there to get things to our liking.

Yes, white weatherboard it was. But inside there was such a conglomeration of murky furniture, articles of farm equipment, dark layers of linoleum and a general air-

dark layers of linoleum, and a general air-lessness that my heart sank. I could not see where I should begin, if I were to retain the essentials and discard the rubbish. This was my inheritance. Two wallaby carcases hung from the ceiling. Flies abounded. hung from the ceiling. Flies abounded. Some plates of warm iced cakes and an

immense teapot were on the table.

That night the house was alive with people. "Ma" and the four youths were

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

#### ". . . A mistrustful look at our ivory-and-cane bedroom furniture and the Hyde Park pram"

John did at the first opportunity, and he reported back to me: "You'll simply love it. There are wonderful white sandy beaches, perhaps 50 of them, around 37 miles of coastline. And everywhere little rock pools for the children to explore.

"At the south-west corner there's the wharf. There are three houses, a wool-shed, some rough stockyards, and a few fields fenced off. The rest of it is rough country, with a few cart tracks, but mostly just cattle trails. Much of it is impene-

If you think of the island roughly as a triangle, you have sand-dunes forming two of the sides, with the working head-quarters contained in the angle of them. The third side is mostly rocky cliffs, with just one isolated pocket of good land. In the centre I was amazed at the number of

deep lagoons.
"What about the house?"

boarding-school, and a few months later, with Robert and Warwick and our few with Robert and Warwick and our few worldly possessions, we were disembarking from the ketch Jean Nichols at Chimney Corner, that south-westernmost cove of Three Hummock Island.

the property for ourselves, for by the time we had gathered together the purchase money we were told that "a Mr. Williams" had bought it.

"We're determined, though, aren't we?" John had said. "We'll go and call on this man Williams and tell him he wants us to

man Williams and tell him he wants us to manage the place for him!"

This we did, and this he agreed to let us do. In fact, from that very moment, when our belongings were being unloaded at the picturesque old silver-grey wharf, with the wreckage from the Aristides be-side the stone landing steps, we felt (and

By . Eleanor Alliston



 John Alliston herding cattle on his island, off Tasmania. Much of the area is dense bush.

still with us, housed I knew not where. "Ma," a born organiser, was going on organising all through the night, it seemed to me. She was issuing her instructions through wooden walls for the following day. Percy Williams had engaged her to stay on for a few days to show John the ropes.

AFTER what seemed like a completely sleepless night, I got up and crept over to the window, just before the sun appeared over the hills. Baby Warwick, aged seven months, was awake and restless. Perhaps he, too, was overexcited by our strange new situation. I took him up; but he utterly rejected my prof-fered bosom. I held him in my arms while took my first look at the island — my

A ribbon of beach, colored pink by the dawn, stretched away like satin for two or more miles; and just below our windows a crowd of gulls squabbled and whistled over some tasty morsels at the freshwater streamlet. The wind came in gently from the south-west, and that fact was to mean the life of one of us before the day was

With their long tails streaming gently in the wind were the eight island horses, sil-houetted against the pink sandhills. I chose my mount there and then: a lovely little bay mare with a hint of Arab about her arched neck. There were two piebalds which gave the group a Wild West air. They were cropping the marram grass that grew along the dunes. "Warwick doesn't look well, darling. He's terribly pale," I whispered a little later. "Perhaps he's getting teeth." But John was instantly alert.

I runmaged in one of my trunks and With their long tails streaming gently

I rummaged in one of my trunks and hauled out "Dr. Bartlett," my second Bible. I had barely found "Teething" in the index when Warwick began to scream; his legs were drawn up alarmingly, and his face was blue. Obviously he was in agony. I put him down tenderly, and he continued to scream without a break for more than a few seconds. To touch him gave him agony.

More freewied resenting to "Dr. Bartlett"

More frenzied resorting to "Dr. Bartlett" revealed that this must be intussusception of the bowels. "A physician must be called immediately, for within a few hours this can prove fatal," the book said. "What about the wireless transmitter?" John reminded me. "We'll have to get a boat or a plane to come and take him to the doctor."

On the inventory was "I wireless transmitter." Thanking Heaven for that, I rushed away to find "Ma" Nichols.

"Could we radio for a boat to come, please? Or possibly for a plane? Warwick is really ill, I . . ."

please? Or possibly for a plane? Warwick is really ill, I . . . "
Noting a certain blankness about her expression, I paused for her to say, "That wireless, er . . . it don't go. It needs a few things doing to it. It's a good set, mind you. Real good. But out of order, see?"
Noting my horrified expression, she went on hastily, "There's only one hope for you."
Her quick brain was working. Here was an emergency. She was in her element.
"Bill's over there at Cave Bay, lifting cattle from Hunter Island, in the Jean. You're lucky. If it'd been an easterly he'd've been away fishing. But it's seven mile across the water. We'll have to get three fires going on Signal Hill, Mrs. Alliston. Three fires, mind you. That's the distress signal round these parts. It's your only chance."

So at 7 a.m. began that fateful game of destiny. A strange man, with the look of a powerful and competent bushman, materialised from nowhere. He was to prove a tower of strength throughout that

still the ocean was empty. The bullock team was either coming or going. At last, through John's powerful service binoculars, the ketch was seen leaving the distant bay. Now all the old motor tyres, and ting

Now all the old motor tyres, and tins of hardened paint, in fact anything off the rubbish tip which had any hope of burning, was brought to bear. Old "Ma" was helping like a Trojan, with tears streaming down her face on to her old jodhpurs that were mended with string and blackened with smoke. But the ketch passed on away toward Stanley.

At last—"Ten more minutes and she'll be out of sight," Mrs. Nichols confirmed my fears.

be out of agint, Mrs. Nichols confirmed my fears.

"The kerosine," I remembered. "Let's put the whole lot on . . . all at once. Let's each have a bucket of it, and throw!"

And so they were soon bringing it, in five-gallon drums. As if to mock us, a magnificent blazing-orange sunset was forming a fiery background to dwarf our puny efforts at the critical moment.

#### "On the ketch, baby's screams were joined by uneasy bellows from the cattle amidships"

fearful day. He was the wallaby snarer who had been camping on the island for the usual six weeks of the snaring season. Thousands of sleek skins were piled high on racks in the old black barn, awaiting shipment. But for that day he gave himself to our cause unstintingly. Time and time area in I heard him "Yinying" to the bulleck

to our cause unstintingly. Time and time again I heard him "Yipping" to the bullock team which he drove with such skill, as they dragged immense piles of teatrees he had cut for the conflagration on the hill.

At about ten o'clock, with the smell of the smoke wafting in at the bedroom window, I could bear my part in the piece no longer. I had to find out when relief for those piteous screams might be even remotely possible.

I moved Warwick on to our bed, banked with rolled blankets, and left him.

I moved Warwick on to our bed, banked with rolled blankets, and left him.

I labored up to where John stood, piling brushwood on the fires.

"I think you ought to stay with Warwick," he almost accused.

"Yes," I murmured, "but if I'm here I feel that they will see us. I must be doing something. That fire, it's not big enough," I complained, as Mrs. Nichols joined us. "What about that 44-gallon drum of kerosine we brought? Can't we use that?"

"You go back to Warwick," John merely replied.

The day wore on. Every time I ran up to Signal Hill there were bigger fires. And

"Now, ready, steady. Go." We all stepped forward together and flung the liquid.

Soon I heard the words, "She's altering

course!" I also heard poor Warwick's screams. They had never ceased or altered all day. But they no longer spelt death. Not for certain. Now we had some sort of

chance.

Not long afterward, looking down toward the wharf, I thought that I had never seen anything more beautiful than the emerald and the ruby of the navigation lights as the ketch glided in.

In the pale yellow gleam from the masthead light, we passed the precious cradile aboard. And as I stepped after it the engine revved up and we began to move out, round the end of the stone breakwater, into the open sea. The baby's screams were joined by uneasy bellows from the cattle amidships.

"You make yourself at home." The cap-tain was a sympathetic man. "You'll get a cup of tea in a minute."

BACK on the island once again, after a successful operation — it had been an obstruction — our isolation seemed magnified, and danger threatened everywhere. Mrs. Nichols, now waiting to leave, was on such complacent terms with tragedy.

"We heard," she said, "that you weren't coming back to the island after your ex-perience with the baby. I'll be leaving you this needle and some good strong white thread here," she offered. "And then when the kiddies gash themselves open you'll have to stitch them up. I've done it time and time again," she relished. "You don't want to be afraid."

But I must have looked afraid. Such uselessness and timidity drew from her something further for me to think about. "And never forget, Mrs. Alliston, any one of youse could go missing in the bush, not five chain from the house, and never be heard of again.

five chain from the house, and never be heard of again.

"You'll get your fair share of sickness, of course. But I'm willing to leave you this," she said, handing me a much-thumbed volume, a "Home Doctor" of early vintage, crammed with unnerving illustrations in bold color of the various diseases. The children loved it.

children loved it.

Perhaps by way of further initiating us, she left with us Tony, an enormous youth for whom she had undertaken to be responsible. "Anyway, he'll be useful to heat and carry the bathwater on Saturday nights. And to tie down the windmill. And to make the butter. I expect you'll sell butter to the fishermen. But," she warned, "his language is not always the best. You must speak to him about it if it gets real bad. He don't mind a bit."

Trying to establish a nightly bath routine

bad. He don't mind a bit."

Trying to establish a nightly bath routine was hopeless. During the first week after Mrs. Nichols had departed, Tony cut himself off, mocking our ineptitude.

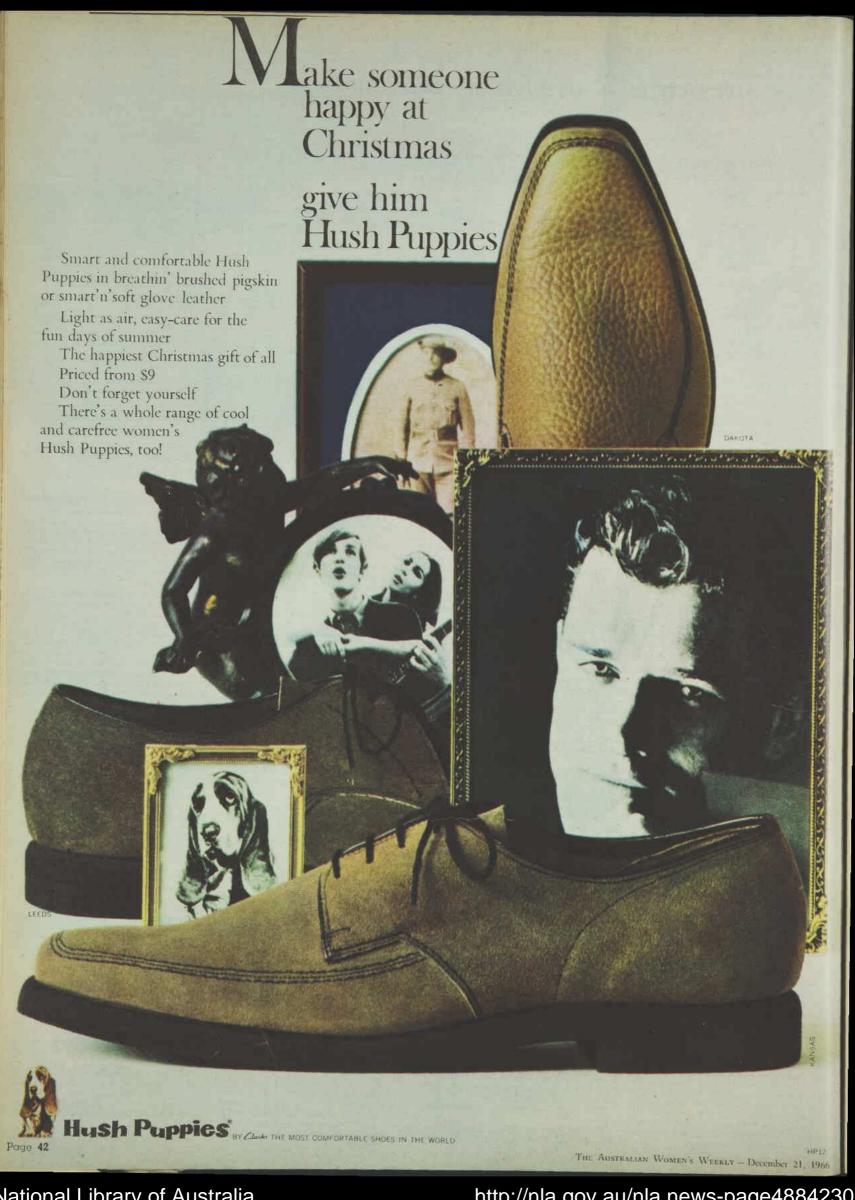
He knew about everything, but he would not tell us. He rebuffed any attempts at conversation. He was never to be found in any of his known haunts when a gale blew up and the mill required attention. He stopped work when a fishing-boat nudged in to the wharf, even if he was just in the act of handing John the pliers on a fencing job, milking the cow, or making the butter.

Sometimes he could be seen talking to

Sometimes he could be seen talking to Robert. And the final drama came when Robert electrified us with such a frightful string of expletives that I turned to the great oaf of a boy and began, "Now, Tony. "Ma' Nich—" But only his broad, sinister, black-clad back, fast retreating, met my gaze. I was never again to see that embittered

For then began a period of three weeks when, although he was still lurking about, and obtaining his food from larder and safe and store-room, we neither saw nor heard him. An eerie feeling for me, who,

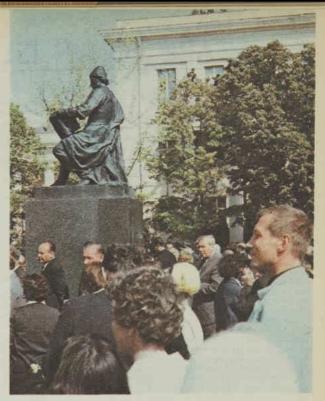
To page 44





CHILDREN IN GEORGIA, one of the U.S.S.R.'s southern republics, cheer the busloads of writers. Russians venerate poetry and greatly respect poets.

AT AKHALTSIKHE (right) the poets stopped to attend the unveiling of a statue of the Georgian poet Roustaveli. At right is Russian writer Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who visited Australia this year for the Adelaide Festival of Arts.



## IN RUSSIA-FOR A POETRY FESTIVAL

CABLE arrived in-A viting my husband to be a guest of the Soviet Union at a poetry conference in Georgia, one of the southernmost republics of Russia,

He had been instrumental He had been instrumental in bringing Yevgeny Yevtush-enko, the eminent Russian poet, to Australia for the Adelaide Festival of Arts, so they were hospitably return-ing the invitation.

Some days later a letter arrived, including me in the

I quickly applied myself to learning a few words of Russian (very little in three weeks—all the time I had), and we were soon flying over the immense harshness of Alchanites words. Afghanistan, next stop Mos-

At the airport Yevtush-At the airport Yevtush-enko met us with Oksana Krugerskaya, the brilliant in-terpreter who had visited Australia, and Anatoly Sofonov, editor of the weekly

Immediately we were caught up. We were off to a cacer match at once — the Soccer match at once — the first I had seen. We sat elbow to elbow with 18,000 fans in the cold dusk of the stadium. I was soon yelling "Davai, davai" (let's go) with my neighbors.

Later that evening we dined with our friends at heatrical students. At about a.m. we reluctantly left.

Our adventure had started on a high note, and this was sustained for the whole visit.

A few days later we flew to Sochume, a resort town on the Black Sea. We were greeted by three or four poets, who drove us with great hilarity from the airport into the busy town. Like any Mediterranean town, it was all white arcades, cypresses, oleanders.

After three days we flew to Tbilisi (Tiflis), capital of Georgia, where the poetry festival was being held. Tbilisi is an elegant city almost exactly the size of Adelaide. Five hundred writers from all over the world were gathered to celebrate the 800th anniversary of the Georgian epic poet of the Georgian epic poet Shota Roustaveli.

We were greeted at the We were greeted at the airport by posies of roses and a troupe of radio and TV interviewers and journalists. Having done our best to express a few thoughts we went to our hotel and early to bed — the only time during the trip.

We were no scoper asleep

We were no sooner asleep than there was a banging on the door. Some poets still dining downstairs thought Australia should be represented there. There was nothing to do but dress and join in the fun. After that attempt at orderly living we abandoned ourselves to the tide of hospitality.

#### Gay cavalcade

Georgians have no sense of time. They see no reason to interrupt anything interesting merely to conform to routine. Some days we had four enormous meals in company with our friends; on bad only two. If others we had only two. If you were in the midst of an interesting discussion or go-ing on an expedition, food was only a nuisance,

Such an expedition was one of the most remarkable experiences of my life. We were all taken 150 miles across country to see some monastic ancient caves carved out of rock high up on a cliff above a river.

We made the trip in a provoy of 16 buses, 30 cars, convoy of 16 buses, 30 cars, a police escort, and even an ambulance. All traffic pulled off the road in our honor; side roads were closed.

Every time we passed

 Author of this story, Mrs. Geof-frey Dutton, of Kapunda, S.A., frey Dutton, of Kapunda, S.A., answers Russian children's ques-tions about Aus-tralia, helped by (left) interpreter Oksana Krugerskaya.



through a village during the last 70 miles people came out to line the roads and cheer. School children had bunches of flowers — asters cockscomb, cosmos, dahlias which they threw in the win-dows. Soon posies decorated our bus at every possible point, inside and out.

Our cavalcade wound through miles of vineyards and orchards. Along the road grew walnut trees, and maize was ripening in the fields, the canes often interspersed with a bean crop.

The terrain was moun The terrain was mountainous, and in every valley was the bed of a good-sized river, low now at the end of summer, the grey waterworn stones exposed to the bleaching sun.

At about midday we drew up in Akhaltsikhe, a town about the size of Mount Gambier, S.A. It was today unveiling a bronze statue of Roustaveli.

Near the centre of town Near the centre of town our buses could scarcely move because of the cheering crowds. When we finally stopped opposite a bus station (the slogan on the wall read, "Raise Your Level of Culture"), our buses were immediately surrounded.

James Aldridge, the only other Australian on the expe-dition, whose books are very popular in the Soviet Union, was recognised as he alighted by someone in the far distance with a microphone.
"And here is James Aldridge arriving," cried a voice, Cheers and clapping shook the whole crowd.

In the crowd of the microphone in the far distance is the microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the far distance in the microphone.

The microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the far distance in the microphone.

The microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the microphone.

The microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the microphone.

The microphone in the far distance in the microphone in the microphone.

In the centre of the main square a dais had been built square a dats nad been outli-round the statue of Rousta-veli, elevated on its stone plinth, and draped in a white cloth. Every inch of standing room in the square was jammed. People stood on roofs, hung out of win dows, sat up trees.

This was a grand day and everyone was enjoying it.

A path was quickly made for us through the crowd and we were led to the dais.

When the speeches were over and the white draping round the statue pulled aside, we scrambled back into our flower-decked buses and travelled into harsher, more mountainous country up the gorge of a great river, head-ing for Varzia, site of the cave dwellings.

When we reached there bout mid-afternoon we about about mid-afternoon we found a marquee with open sides had been put up on the grassy sward beside the river. But before the meal (which we were beginning to discuss eagerly, having left our hotel at 10 a.m.) we all climbed up the vertical cliff path to the caves.

Halfway up we were cheered on by singers and

dancers who stood on a rocky

promontory where we stopped to draw breath. The women wore long white blue-sashed dresses, with kerchiefs holding their plaits. The men wore the costume of horseriding warriors (which these people once were) — maroon full-skirted jackets with silver belts and cartridge holders across the chest.

Strengthened to continue our climb we went on up. Way below us was the marquee on the green beside the rocky river.

We climbed along narrow ledges outside the rock cells and through low tunnels between the chambers. (which these peop

tween the chambers.

In these caves — about 700 in all — a colony of people had lived, pursuing their religion in impregnable religion in impregnable safety many centuries ago.

The most magnificent chamber of all was the church, decorated all over church, decorated all over—
walls, ceilings, window embrasures — with frescoes of
Queen Tamara of Georgia
and her father, depicting incidents in their lives, with
holy spirits blessing each
action.

We stooned in our descent

We stopped in our descent of the path to watch the dancers again, and when we reached the marquee the feast was set and ready.

#### Giant feast

Meals are ceremonial occasions here.

A president of the table, the Tamadar, is elected, and all must obey him. He is partly chosen for his ability as an orator, because one of his duties is to toast each important guest with a well-turned speech. After the per-sonal toasting is finished, general toasts are proposed.

The Tamadar may start with a praise of poetry. Everyone drinks to this. Then he passes the toast, so to speak, to another man, who must develop his thought,

enlarge it, and change the toast slightly, perhaps to poets this time. He again passes on the toast. This may continue as long as there are good speakers. The dull ones are quickly shouted down.

shouted down.

This being a great occasion there were plenty of speeches. Red and white wine went up

and down.
Set before us were innumerable dishes to which we helped ourselves: sucking pig, helped ourselves: sucking pig, goose, chicken; sauces; eggplant highly spiced, full of garlic; salads, chopped beans with walnuts and herbs; plates of herbs — parsley, mint, dill, and others, to nibble; cheese tarts and dishes of chopped entrails.

Then, hot boiled beat

Then hot boiled beef shanks appeared, then grilled kebabs, and finally a whole ibex roast on a spit.

To finish we had sweet-

To finish we had sweetcorn, then grapes, pears,
apples, and melons. One
must fast all day to appreciate such a meal.

When we had eaten all we
could, and more, we danced
on the grass. The band and
professional dancers had
descended from their eyrie,
and we all joined in together. and we all joined in together.

The full moon came up as

we started for home, so bright that the mountain tops were reflected in the still river surface. First there was the lovely melancholy Russian singing in our bus; then they asked us to sing some Australian folksongs, which we did.

which we did.

We were at Thilisi just over a week. There were official functions and poetry discussions. We also visited people in their homes.

We came to like the people very much. Their warmth and generosity, their unstituted.

very much. Their warmth and generosity, their un-stimed praise for anyone or anything they admire are qualities which went straight to our hearts.

Roustaveli was a great poet. For us it was a great poetry festival.

#### **ESCAPE TO AN ISLAND**

#### From page 41

at that stage, hardly knew the way to the

at that stage,
dairy.

Then, one day when John was seven
miles away on the other end of the island,
a fishing-boat came in and took him away.
At least that unnerving sensation of being
that he unseen eyes was ended. John, a maning-poat came in and took him away. At least that unnerving sensation of being watched by unseen eyes was ended. John, with 250 head of cattle and 700 sheep to look after, was away at dawn and home only after dark.

THE big commercial planes used to fly high, but their route lay directly over our homestead. At that stage we had no liaison with the pilots. But, however high they flew, the children and I always waved excitedly. And in the same way my eyes seemed to ache from eternally watching the horizon for a boat. Any link

watching the horizon for a boat. Any link with other people was quite thrilling.

One evening, in the stillness of sunset time, a Tiger Moth circled briefly overhead; the tide was out, and it came in to land on the great smooth expanse of the home beach. We raced across the sands just in time to see the large fair-headed pilot removing his helimet and gloves. He greeted us in an Irish brogue, and introduced an Englishman, Ted Benham, a "high-up" in the Agricultural Department. Neither had been on the island before. And they could stay only for about ten minutes, as the light was failing.

was failing.

But this was the beginning of a long and beautiful friendship with John Kennedy, and with his family. And Ted Benham has since spent several weeks here with us, giving

since spent several weeks here with us, giving us help and advice.

A knock at the door one night brought another visitor. I called "Come in" as a real hostess (in Bass Strait) would.

A man stood there, with the water forming in small pools about his plimsolls, off his navy jersey, down his brown corduroys. His reddish-gold curls were rivulets. His blue eyes twinkled. He was completely at home.

home.

"I'm Anna's cousin Michael, I'm on loan to the RAN," he explained, grasping the towel off the hook at the side of the range and drying his face and the back of his neck happily. Anna was an English friend of ours. "We're in Gladstone," he mumbled the folds of the towel. through the folds of the towel.

through the folds of the towel.

"We've been ashore in the whaler, looking for this house over there on the other side. I didn't imagine they'd build the homestead right in the teeth of the prevailing south-westerlies," he criticised.

"Can they come inside?" He opened the door again and cocked his head in the direction of the flagged path. He called out something. In trooped six more dripning sailors.

ping sailors.
As introductions took place, Michael relieved them of the cartons they were carry-ing. "We've brought you some stores, in case you were getting short," he explained as pound after pound of butter and loaf after loaf of fresh bread emerged on to the

"You cut and butter, and I'll construct the coffee," he half ordered me. "And one of you fatherly chaps can hold the baby." of you fatherly chaps can hold the baby."
He began getting out cup and saucers and teaspoons unerringly from my dresser, as though he had been studying a master plan of the kitchen in his cabin beforehand.
Now, all this was to me absolute heaven.
This I understood. Michael was, I felt, my cousin, too.
"Anna reports that you have no trans-

"Anna reports that you have no transmitter," he accused. He turned to one of the men: "Just buzz along and have a of the men: "Just buzz along and have a look at this broken-down transceiver set. Give it the once-over, Affleck. We'll have your coffee ready in a few minutes." He was poking the fire purposefully. The kettle was beginning to sing.

Affleck returned with his report. "It's no good, sir, she's had it; she's all corroded to glory." He went into further technicalities in connection with the ancient trans-

in connection with the ancient trans-

"I'll see that you get a really first-class transmitter delivered as smartly as pos-sible." Michael had out his little notebook, already filled with other requirements

he had invented for us.

Of equal joy and of equal unexpectedness was the visit we had at about eleven

o'clock one night, a few days after the Gladstone's visit. We were just considering going to bed when there came a knock at the door. I opened up, but could see no one. "Who's there?" we called.
"Gerald Haynes, and a band of ruffians," came a very pleasant, deep voice out of the daybors.

Four men filed into the lamplight. Each Four men filed into the lamplight. Each carried a sack or an enormous carton. "Just a few trifling stores, in case you are running short," Gerald laughed them off. He then introduced his crew of Father

Christmases.

"My ship's Argonaut — we're anchored here for the night," Gerry Haynes told us. "We thought we'd just drop in on you."

Cups of tea were produced and naval reminiscences bandied with gusto. Gerry was mainly famous as a Fleet Air Arm pilot for his brilliant attack on Taranto, John told me afterward. He now owned a small fleet of trading ships, and had built much of the Argonaut with his own hands.

So that night we picked up another thread of gold to weave into this shadowy tapestry of our lives; we all sat talking, keeping the kitchen fire blazing, and then we strolled down at about 2 a.m. to see the visitors into their motor boat. Phosphorece were propriet with time see phorescence was popping with tiny explosions in the still water of the bay. Each star was reflected. A scented zephyr wafted fabulous essence of flower and fern perfume right across the mass of island, down to us of Three Hummock Island. Perhaps a week later the little craft would appear again. And the next day the ragged voyager would be in the bar buying only the best.

Although he died without revealing his secret, other treasure seekers showed eager-ness to take up where he left off. A faded map, reputed to have been surreptitiously sketched by the ship's boy on the immigrant essel, was in existence at Launceston

It was just after World War I when two men appeared at Stanley, urgently re-quiring a boat to charter "for the islands." But they gave no further information. They offered very good payment and seemed in an almighty hurry. The truth was that they had "borrowed" the map without the knowledge of the owner, a Launceston trader.

Arriving at the landing stage at Chimney Corner, they gave no reason for their coming. But later that moonlit night they went to the other side of the island and began furiously to dig a deep drain, in order to empty the lagoon.

They were still at it at dawn.

But nothing was found, either by the intruders, who soon left, or by the hired man, who enthusiastically continued the search the minute they were out of sight.

On three occasions strangers, who seemed most keen for us to seek the treasure, wrote, sending various instructions. I cannot define the reasons for our negative reactions. Except that one day when I reactions. Except that one day when I wandered into the spongy green arena and

on our wharf to meet her. To a woman accustomed to the attentions of servant, with a house in a perpetual state of ascptic cleanliness, our "black hole" would seen doubly terrible.

We had prepared a room for her, it is true. The only one at all feasible was that recently occupied by the youth of the lurid vocabulary. I felt truly heroic when I embarked upon the initial business of removing the first layer of accumulating and bones (yes, bones) from that room. Ancient trousers concertinaed stiffly rags and bones (yes, bones) from marroom. Ancient trousers concertinaed stiffly, underwear of prehistoric vintage, an old fur mat were carted down to the rubbish tip and thrown among the pink poppies that bloomed there. Buckets, boxes, strings of battered saucepan lids and many myster

a roistering youth who had lumbered up-stairs from the bar and attempted to occup, the vacant half of her double bed.

It was with awful misgivings that I waited on our wharf to meet her. To a woman

ous unidentified objects were put away there. Finally John brought a bucket of whitewash from the dairy, and the trans-Not long after 75-year-old Gran was installed in the room, I was not over-joyed to be awakened at four one morning by a lusty shout at our bedroom window, It was "Ma" Nichols. She was wanting to borrow "the Fowler's Outfit"; she was bound for Trefoil Island, their little mutton-bird island beyond the south end of Hunter's, and this year she intended to bottle an extra thousand birds.

I had not the faintest idea where the thing was. But "Ma" knew. From the kitchen she walked purposely toward Gran's room and flung the door open. The pristine state of the room, with its crossed muslin curtains, its Persian-silk rug (which had opportunely arrived from my mother in the last mail), and the highly polished

Gran — brought "Ma" to a halt.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Nichols," I faltered. "I can't think where we put it."

But "Ma" had meanwhile been thinking up something else. "Well, I wonder if you could just let me have that nice little fur rug I left behind by mistake, Mts. Alliston."

The rosy dawn was not rosier than my face as I pictured its present whereabout—on the rubbish dump with all the other debris. There was simply nothing to do

debris. There was simply not but admit the truth ...

With Gran to keep an eye on things at the homestead, I was able for the first time to accompany John on the musterings, and so to discover what lay beyond the ring of hills surrounding the home stelement.

One morning we got up at three, and while I collected sandwiches, cold coffee, raisins, and cheese, John saddled the horse, ready for a muster which would take us right round the island. I did a quick tour by torchlight of the sleeping children. By departing at this time we should be away for fewer of their waking hours. The things that could happen to them haunted me.

Gradually I was to lose that consuming fear of accidents and sickness in the wilds, though I became aware of the possibility of several accidents which nobody who had not lived here could possibly dream up. But already I was beginning to believe that I would be given strength to deal with

Bathed in that priceless, exciting per-Bathed in that priceless, exciting perfume that an easterly in the early morning brings, we mounted and set off. John shut the last gate behind us, and we dropped down along the cliff-path into Peacock Valley. The stars were fading and, through the mist, eight great peacocks winged upward, clumsily, to settle in the boobiallatrees on the far bank. Before we entered into the dark pass we watched two wallabies hopping away in a leisurely manner at hopping away in a leisurely manner at our approach. Red-capped rosella parrots skimmed, unafraid, low over the pricked ears of our horses, uttering in strict tempo their glad cry.

John and I linked hands until the horses

decreed otherwise.

Through six miles of eucalyptus forest silently over a carpet of damp, sweet-

To page 46

AT must have been confusing for both John's family and mine to try to fathom what prompted us to come to such a lonely place, cut off from the world. And John's mother, who had already sailed from Tilbury under the impression that she was to enjoy a visit to us under the comparatively civilised conditions at "Barton," must have received a rude shock when she reached Port Said. For waiting for her there was our letter directing her to pursue us to our small, storm-lashed island However, not for nothing had she fought her way through two world wars at the head of a women's organisation. She was coming. Coming to see what we were up to. Her arrival in Launceston coincided with

stood encircled by the jade-green belt of teatree, I saw what was treasure enough for me; and it left me gasping. A great flock of emerald-green budgerigars (a complete rarity before and since) were settled like a living carpet on the chocolate-colored bank. In chorus they were chirruping; then suddenly the carpet rose, undulated, and flashed the yellow undersides of myriads of wings before soaring away beyond my sight.

Her arrival in Launceston coincided with 12-year-old Venetia's speech night at the boarding-school and together they were to make their first trip to the island. During the night they spent in the pub at Stanley, Gran found herself obliged to reprimand



• The homestead corner of Three Hummock Island, with wharf at left. Another Bass Strait island, Hunter, lies beyond.

at the water's edge. We stood talking for another half hour before the engine was started up and away they spun into the

Other visitors talked about our Buried Treasure, which has attracted a motley collection of characters to the island.

In the 1870s an immigrant ship was wrecked off Green Point, not ten minutes' walk from where the homestead now stands. Before she sank the captain apparently ordered some members of the crew to get away in the ship's boat with four heavy barrels, which he obviously valued above all else in the cargo.

Ultimately, as the survivors were settling down for a wait of maybe years in the then unoccupied island, he ordered some then unoccupied island, he ordered some trusted members of the crew to bury the barrels; it is said that this was done, in the dead of night, in the teatree hollow now known as Spier's Nook.

Finally the whole party were rescued by a passing schooner. And it is thought that the captain never again caught up with his buried treasure.

The plot thickens slightly when about

The plot thickens slightly when, about 1900, a man who used to frequent the wicked waterfront bars of Stanley, clad in rags and known to occupy a little bark humpy by the creek, began paying for his rinks in gold pieces. He owned a small, leaky boat, and every

few months would disappear in the direction

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966



#### **ESCAPE TO AN ISLAND**

#### From page 44

smelling brown gum leaves, we rode. Prickly mimosa, like a thick hedge, lined the track, which suddenly turned to finest white gravel, like a suburban garden path, and on either side were heaths, creamy, red, and luscious rose-pink, among the acid greens of the bottlebrush. A family of quail, a single wood pigeon, a fat thrush were put up by the sound of the horses' hoofs. And all the while a wedgetail eagle with a wing span of eight feet hovered inexorably, keep-

span of eight feet hovered inexorably, keeping pace.

On our right towered the Big Hummock, with its satellite, both heavily timbered. Finally, after we had topped the ninth rise and had forded the eighth gushing stream, with its tangle of fragrant ferns and reeds, we came to East Telegraph Bay—so called because the cable joining Tasmania to the main continent had been laid across the island at this point.

mania to the main continent had been laid across the island at this point.

We entered a glade where the soil was a rich red. Two giant-man ferns stood beside a rushing stream. The eternal granite was replaced here by small brown, volcanic-looking basalt rocks. Tree lucerne abounded.

"There could be 300 acres of this soil here," John told me. "It's the best on

"There could be 300 acres of this soil here," John told me. "It's the best on the island. They say that years ago potatoes were grown here by a family who squatted on the island and grew them for a living. They built their own boats at Chimney Corner and sailed the harvest to sell in Tasmania. A pretty good effort!"

Down the almost vertical cliff-path and off for a canter along the two-mile beach we went. Then, taking to the cliffs again, we jogged on past one inlet and to another.

"Dead Man's Guich." John told me. We

we jogged on past one inlet and to another.

"Dead Man's Guich," John told me. We observed large quantities of molten glass and twisted metal, rusted now. "In about 1920 one of the Burgesses brought a German scientist over here from Victoria in his sailing-boat. And the man set himself up in his camp and asked to be called for three weeks later, when he would have completed his experiments—something to do with missiles. And when Burgess arrived back, all he found was—this."

Later we saw our first bunch of cattle

Later we saw our first bunch of cattle grazing in the next gully. Four cows, two yearlings, and one tiny calf. These were to be taken along with us on the rest of the 20-mile ride.

The sun sank red behind Hunter Island. We had passed the lighthouse, which had been just as John said—a huge revolving globe flashing weakly in the dull daylight. Past countless freshwater streams and along the track that wove its way between giant boulders of granite, covered with orange lichen.

Finally we came to West Telegraph (the other end of the now rusted-away cable) and the four-mile beach for the homeward

From the bullock paddock we could glimpse home fires burning, and never was there such a lovely sight.

"Everything went perfectly, Mummy," Venetia reported. "And I cooked the pea-cock. Gran let me do that." Roast peacock.

cock. Gran let me do that." Roast peacock. The final ecstasy!

One day I noticed Gran looking speculative. My heart lifted.

"Would you ever consider coming to live here? We would adore it, you know." For a moment I thought she might be considering it. "I could bring some of my furniture out from London," she mused. But then she shook her head and regarded me apploagatically.

me apologetically.
"Well, what?"
"It's only this," she said quietly. "If you two dears are ready to leave the world

well, I'm not!"
By way of a palliative she took me down By way of a palliative she took me down to her room and brought out the family silver, the Georgian set complete, and presented it to us, each perfect piece in its own chamois bag. "Of course you'll never be able to use it here," she sighed. "But it might do for the future."

Gran dear, need I confess that the very day after the Jean had come and taken you away from us, that silver came out of the cupboard. And we have used it constantly, like a talisman to see us through

like a talisman to see us through

dark days as well as happy ones.

Shortly after that, we were linked by radio with Hobart, where a station is main-

tained for the use of ships, fishing boats, and other isolated folk such as ourselves. Our friend Michael appeared again in Gladstone with an all-wave receiver and a transmitter which he had strongmindedly purchased on our behalf

He even brought along the mechanic from the Melbourne firm where he had bought it. And two telegraphists from on board were pressed into service to get it installed, which took a couple of days; meanwhile the remainder of the ship's company enjoyed beach picnics, games of softball on the so-called airstrip, and regattas in the

Gerry Haynes, in his lovely three-masted Argonaut, appeared, too, and just in time to accompany John into the bush and help fell and bring home two 35ft. gum poles to take the aerial. The spot where they cut them has since been called "Gerry's Wood." cut the

With two ships in port, the whole place back at the homestead area was reminiscent of Piccadilly Circus. Small boats hurried to and from the naval vessel, bringing men equipped with walkie-talkie sets, fishing gear, and crates of food. I shuffled eternal cups of tea and fresh-baked scones into the dark, meaningless centre room in the house, where for some reason unknown the wireless was being set up.

There was a particularly beautierus look.

There was a particularly beauteous-looking young man who was testing the valves on the set. I could not refrain from restlessness had always haunted me. I wanted

The stress had always handed the I wanted to try myself out to the utmost.

But also we both wanted a large family.

Now it was being illustrated quite vividly that these two desires must always be at loggerheads. As our second Christmas approached and with the arrival of our fourth baby imminent, John was still struggling on without my promised help in the field, with a badly overstocked and underdeveloped property. This must be our last child, I resolved.

One afternoon in early December, the young captain of the motor vessel Rawlinna came ashore in his ship's boat, and introduced himself and his engineer, the inevitable "Mac."

"I really came in to find out if there's anything you want in the way of stores. Anything I can get you from the mainland," George McCarthy, the 23-year-old skipper,

I nearly wept with joy, because I was irrationally resolved to make Venetia's dress for speech night, a fairylike garment of yards and yards of white organdie, for which I had ordered the pattern and the material two months earlier. Only we had received no mail since then.

"I'll call for your mail-bags and bring them out," George offered. "Then, let me think. Yes, we'll be passing again on the afternoon of the 17th. So if you've managed to get the frock made I'll take it to Venetia." ever to be heard. Again, "About 17 miles north of Three Hummock Island," but is a full southerly gale. Almost as he talked his vessel, Willwatch, went down, with all

his vessel, Willwatch, went down, with all hands, and without trace.)

In December, 1952, John wrote to Pere Williams asking whether he would consider selling out to us. And that afternoon we walked along the beautiful summer sands collecting driftwood with the children. In the evening we went fishing off the flat rocks near Golden Beach, a large blue-head and two parrot fish being the result

For the next few days we waited nervously for Perc's reply. On our wedding anniversary, December 18, when we were expecting Venetia to come home, we saw the Jean Nichols, but she was passing well to the south'ard, to Hunter Island to unload bulls.

But at 9 a mean content of the result.

But at 9 a.m. we got our anniversary pre-sent, after all. For the Jean pulled in to the wharf and Venetia stepped ashore. She brought mail and stores. And even Per-arrived, to talk about selling us the island. He stayed for a day or two, working-hard with John, and all the family knew that "we might be able to buy the island."

On December 23 on the radio I took a telegram which sent me and the children almost wild with joy. "Accept your offer for the island, Regards, Perc." To Robert, who had only just come in from a hard ride out to West Telegraph with John, was given the important mission of going up to the horse-yards and delivering the text to the new

ON Christmas Day, after a turkey dinner, almost dazed by our good fortune, John and I walked along the beach through a thick, rose-pink mist that left me breathless. And afterwards the children and I had a delicious swim, still enveloped in this pink fog, which we soon learned to associate with a certain type of easterly weather. weather.

Later, by lamplight, John sat in the kitchen amid his admiring family, pro-ducing from an old map a detailed one

of "out" property.

And on the last day of the old year he went forth alone, taking the tractor and plough, to begin on that glorious little pocket of rich and hopeful soil at East Telegraph. This was six miles along a badly overgrown track which he scarcely knew, with many a stop to chop away fallen trees; but he did get there. And he struck a blow for our future.

First he paced out the good land. If the gods had looked down that day they might have smiled at this little ant-man with his tiny grey tractor, alone on that small pocket of grassland isolated by impenetrable teatrees and gum forests. It was impossible to tell how far the rich wall extended But he received at every large tracks. soil extended. But he pegged out an uneven rectangle with sides of 400 and 300 yards and with ends of 150 and 200 yards, and began to work on that.

At last, and cutting matters rather fine, I flew to Launceston to have my baby. Two days after Ingrid was born, on January 21, 1953, upstairs in the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital, there came a knock on

maternity riospital, there came a knock on my half-open door:
"That Dutch lady, she says will you go along and talk to her."

Ah, I rejoiced, "that Dutch lady" would be my new-made friend of the evening before last; almost simultaneously we had recluded any dealing the same land to the same land to the same land.

fore last; almost simultaneously we had produced our darling daughters.

After we had swopped daughter stories, and recalled some of the brighter moments during the bearing of them, my Dutch friend put forward her idea. It was not the one I had hoped for, that she and her husband might contemplate joining us on the island, but it sounded as though it had possibilities: possibilities:

possibilities:
"There is a family at Georgetown, a Dutch family. Real workers they are Farmers. There are three men."
"Three men," I said faintly.
"It is the wages for the three men you worry about, no?"
"Value of the control of th

"You are quite right. We have very little oney," I replied.
"But all Dutch people they like to work there." Plane "



Robert and Venetia snorkelling in a rock pool.

asking him a silly question: "Well, what do you think of it here?"

"Ah," he intoned, "give me Melbourne, any day! A nice little city flat with all mod coms. But," he continued patronisingly, "I wouldn't mind coming here for a holiday sometime."

With 150 calves waiting to be marked after all this jollity was over I replied primly that we were so hard pressed by work that—"Oh," he cut me short, slicking back his ebony hair with a pale pink comb, and pressing in the waves with exquisitely manicured fingertips, "of course I wouldn't stop with you people. But I suppose some of these other places take boarders, don't they? In the township, I mean.

"Nobody else lives on the island but ourselves," I explained. "Island?" he looked blank. "Actually where are we?"

WHEN we had planned our life in the wilds John and I had visua-lised a vivacious partnership in which we would work side by side outdoors and (as little as could possibly be arranged) indoors,

I knew that I had vast reserves of energy that had so far been untapped. A certain Everything went according to plan, Except that on December 17, at 5.30 p.m., a south-westerly gale was blowing. I had listened-in to the Rawlinna replying to Melbourne Radio Small Ships Service, stating himself to be "17 miles north of Three Hummock Island."

John assured me that it was only mad-ness to think that they would lower a boat and come in for the dress. As the lamps were lit, I remarked despondently, "Well, I'll wrap it up anyway, just in case!'

Suddenly at the back door there came a hearty shout. "Are you there, Mrs. Alliston! Is your daughter's dress ready?"

The wind beyold Que in the boy or

The wind howled. Out in the bay, as George and John disappeared together down the path, I saw the port and starboard lights of the waiting Rawlinna dancing unceasingly up and down

(It was just six years later, to the very day, that George McCarthy's cheery voice came over the radio for the last time it was

The gist of the arrangement was that the Dutch family provide two experienced potato-growers and pay their third man half his wage. And we, the "home" side throw in John as a the "home" side throw in John as a full-time working owner. We put up the money for seed, superphosphate, fuel, specialised machinery for the potato venture, repairs, replacements, and freight. And we provided the house, meat, milk, butter, and vegetables, and, of course, the land which would grow the golden potatoes.

"In 'Olland ve grow perhaps tventy ton to acre," I was told. 'Maybe 'ere, too." As early potatoes had been £100 a ton the previous Christmas, we felt lubilant, too.

"Ve vill make yoos rich!"

They brushed aside the fact that they were to share equally with us the returns from the sale of wool, lambs, and yearling steers. The potatoes were going to be the thing!

Before John ever dreamt of a Dutch invasion, he had been working on the East Telegraph project with tractor, temperamental rotary hoe, and a great variety of tools which he was learning to use with surprising skill.

By the time the Dutch people came e had camped out there for several

Now, a word we began to hear was kaput. Heinrich, who was the machinery man, was accustomed to using heavy-duty machinery and to having repair gangs and replacement shops at hand.

Surprisingly expensive, the seed potatoes finally arrived. And John offered to help the Dutchmen cut them up to hurry the job on. They looked blank, "Cut?" they echoed looked blank. "Cut?" they echoed finally. "Cut? We plant all potato." Quickly Caspar dug a hole with the toe of his clog, and popped a whole potato in it, covering it swiftly. "Like rat, In 'Olland ve not cut, Never."

They surveyed the twenty bags of seed which had come. "Ven you think all seed come, Mr. Alliston?"

"That's it. That's all." John lifted out one of the beautiful big tubers. "This one should cut into four. As long as there are two or three eyes, in Australia we—"

He got no further, "Cut! Cut!" The Dutchmen stamped their clogs vehem-ently, "In 'Olland ve cut nevaire."

And finally, "If ve cut, ve go, Mr. Alliston.

They did not cut and they did not go. And fifty more bags of seed pota-loes arrived next week, and the plantings started in earnest.

We had great faith in their know-ledge, and on the whole these were fairly happy times, with everyone united in the common endeavor.

At last, in mid-November, the Dutchmen pronounced the potatoes ready to dig. And "Reg Munro is going to fly them out so that we'll catch the very early market," John announced after the plane had called text day.

Six bags of potatoes went off in the first plane-load. Furiously we worked to fill the next six.

But this time when Reg flew over he did not land. And we paused for a moment to watch him swoop low over James Horse Paddock, where the diggers were. Then he sped away back to the mainland.

Ten minutes later a small pant-g figure arrived on the scene. "Daddy says the potatoes are poor and aren't set enough to sell," Robert gasped out. "We've stopped digging. You needn't wash any more." He showed us the bit of board Reg had dropped with the message written on

But the time soon came when they were set and could be sold. And when shipping became available for

the yearly draft of young stock to go off the island, too.

In this part of the world, the owner In this part of the world, the owner usually travels with his stock, and so it was that John set off (leaving the island for the first time in a year) in the Margaret Thwaites for Launceston. The Three Hummock Island produce on board that time consisted of 99 bags of potatoes, 99 sucker lambs, 13 bales of wool, and 26 head of cattle. John was at the wheel most of the calm and beautiful moonlight night, he told us afterwards.

But siter a day or true the Dutch

But after a day or two the Dutch people seemed to be worrying over something.

something.

"'E will be 'ome tomorrow, eh?" they asked me. "Oh, no, not quite as soon as that." "Ven he come, zen?" "Oh, well, you know how far away Launceston is. It's about 150 miles, much farther than Georgetown (the one place they knew). I expect he'll be here at the end of the week, if he can get a boat. He's got to bring all those things you ordered, too."

But next day, a Tuesday, they

But next day, a Tuesday, they stopped work, and appeared in best black corduroys, smoking Sunday cheroots, outside my windows.

#### "Snakes," said the two small boys, "are extremely nice, really, Mum."

"Ve vood like he to fly 'ere, with ze moneys." I backed away from the intensity of their gaze.

It is so easy to steer clear of dis-ruption in a purely family paradise. But mistrust, animosity, or misunder-standings can flare up almost barbarically in a set-up such as we shared with the Dutch family.

Of course, the real disappointment which was affecting everybody was that the potatoes were a failure. They did not even pay back the money spent on seed and manure and petrol. There were NO tons to the acre. But half the profits from the livestock and the wool was to reimburse the Dutchmen to the extent of a pretty mean wage throughout the ten months they were on the island. We ran at a crippling loss that year, of cour

"Ve go," they decided early in De-

If they had stayed on the island they would have reaped the long-term benefits from work done in the pas-tures. And had they tried potatoes again, we all should have benefited from their added knowledge of potato-required they are the stayed conditions. growing under island conditions

ONCE alone again after the departure of our Dutch share-farmers, we seemed to be given a special strength to deal with whatever difficulties came. We worked like happy galley slaves to keep the place going ahead. Our pressure-lamps made it possible for us to go on until ten or eleven at night in the sheepyards or woolsheds. For weeks we did not even seem to have time to wind the clocks; we seldom knew for certain the day of the week.

While Venetia was still at home

While Venetia was still at home for the long Christmas holidays, she looked after the children, and John and I were free to work and plan as we had meant originally, spending long days on end in the saddle mustering all the stock and getting cattle and sheep ready for shipment.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - December 21, 1966

We spent days in the bush, each on one end of the cross-cut saw, getting 200 posts ready for a fence that was to go right across the island, pioneer-ing its way from north to south. This would mean that neither wallabies nor the cattle and sheep put out on the distant unfenced runs could get back to the vicinity of the rich home pad-

The absolute sense of oneness which The absolute sense of oneness which our two small boys had with the island wildlife was for us a wonderful and unexpected dividend. With their fresh minds and no preconceived ideas, their sympathies were equally with bird, beast, fish, and, somewhat alarming for us, with reptiles,

"Snakes are extremely nice, really, Mum," they kept-reiterating.

Whenever the fishermen from Stan-Whenever the fishermen from Stan-ley came ashore they carried firearms and used them grimly on every snake they came across, leaving the dead trophy hanging odoriferously on the fence. John and I went on killing them, too, though somewhat halfthem, too, though somewhat he heartedly, and I did notice that snake ever seemed to put up any kind of resistance. It waited frozen with terror for the blow to fall. To the children, it was useless destruc

"Furthermore, it's far better if Big Pup doesn't see snakes at all," Robert explained earnestly. "She's got this idea about protecting us, I think. But she only gets the snakes upset. We put our hands over her eyes and lead her past, so's to leave them in peace."

past, so's to leave them in peace."

One afternoon I somehow got my lines crossed with the lighthouse ship Cape York on the short-wave radio. "We've been catching snakes on Three Hummock Island," I heard the skipper say. "And last night after tea Mr. Tanner let 'em go on the deck in the wheelhouse. They were all over the place. Never showed a sign of fight. They're harmless if you treat 'em right."

My interest quickened, and through Hobart Radio I was able to get Mr. Tanner's Melbourne address, and in answer to my inquiries he wrote me a full and painstaking reply.

After enumerating the varieties to be found on the island, he told us that the same rules applied to tiger snakes and copperheads, the two poisonous varieties. "They are extremely timid creatures and would always try to get away if you come along, and would only bite if cornered or handled wrongly. Of course, you must never take risks with them, though."

Then he added, "There is no special time of year when they are danger-ous, such as at mating time. If ous, such as at mating time. If treated gently they are very docile. In fact, my difficulty is to get them to bite to produce poison so that I can extract it for anti-snakebite venom."

We read this letter to the children We read this letter to the children, though certainly it was no news to them, and gradually John and I, too, lost that feeling of unease which we had formerly experienced on seeing the glistening sinuous body, either black or golden brown, slithering over the track under the horse's next foot-

"There's a snake. Get a stick! Get "There's a snake, Get a stick! Get him or he'll get you!" is the procedure laid down locally, and most people go into the attack with relish not unmixed with terror. But as Mr. Tanner pointed out, when perhaps your child is trying to kill a snake with a stick, that snake automatically becomes a menace. An angry snake or a wounded one might be year, danger, wounded one might be very danger ous. But a snake which is allowed t go on its way seldom is,

TO BE CONTINUED

Anyone can take perfect pictures every time

# **NEW Minolta**



**AUTOMATIC EXPOSURE AUTOMATIC FLASH** 

AUTOMATIC LOADING

No shutter speed to set! No lens opening to guess!

No separate flash gun to buy. Flash cube fits into top of camera.

Instant loading, no threading of film on spools.

#### DOES EVERYTHING FOR YOU

- Set the needle to symbols in the life-size viewfinder. Then shoot! Re-cock and shoot! As fast as you like.
- If there is not enough light to ensure a perfect picture a bright red light in the viewfinder warns you.
- Then pop on a flash cube which rotates automatically as you shoot. Under poor light conditions the flash fires automatically.
- The flash will not fire if there is sufficient light.

  Autopak 500 with ultra-sharp ROKKOR 12.8 coated lens \$49.90

ensuring full natural colour slides or crisp black and white

Autopak 700 - same style of camera but with 3-way automatic, semi matic and manual operation coupled rangefinder. \$76 (£38).

#### MINOLTINA P



The smallest, lightest full frame 35 mm. camera you've ever seen. Just the right size for milady's handbag. Semi-automatic "matchthe-needle" exposure meter sets shutter speed and aperture automatically. Rokkor 12.8 lens. Shutter speeds 1/30ter speeds 1/30-1/250 plus B and \$52.50

self-timer. Flash

(£26.5.0)

(E24,19.0)

Available from camera shops, department stores and chemists Photimport Pty. Ltd., 153 Barkly Street, Brunswick, Victoria. 38 6922

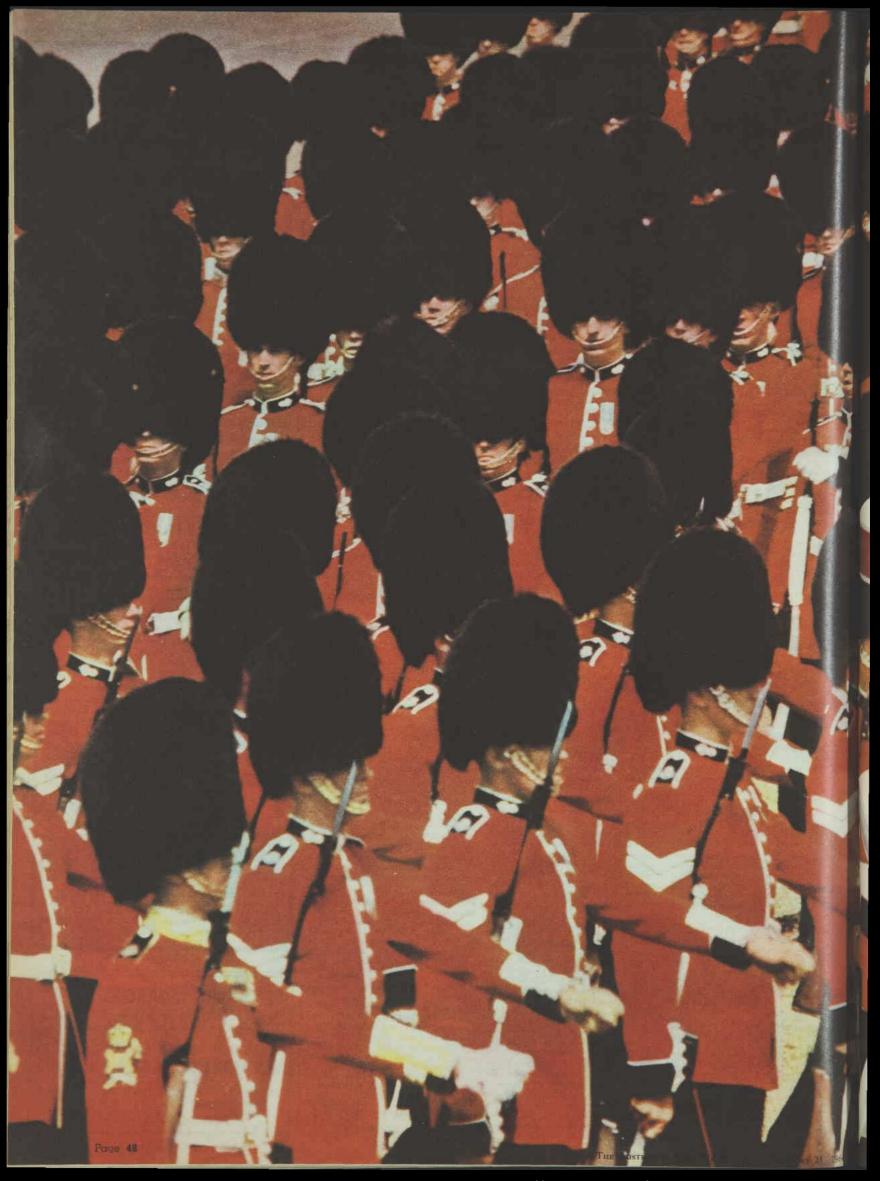
#### MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal solution to all your gift problems for friends in Australia or overseas is a gift subscription to

The Australian

#### WOMEN'S WEEKLY

N.Z. BRIT. DOMS. FOREIGN 1/2 YEAR 53.45 54.55 52.07(5) 15.25 (6.75%) 1.2 YEAR 53.45 54.55 52.07(5) 15.25 (6.75%) 1.2 YEAR 56.90 58.70 58.70 50.50 51.3 13.10 50 51.3 YEAR 56.90 14.7 (2.15.47) 15.3 YEAR 56.90 14.7 YEAR 56.90 14.7 YEAR 56.90 14.



National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4884236







# HERE COME THE BRIDES

Second instalment of our romantic three-part serial

> By GERALDINE NAPIER



D'Arcy waited breathlessly as Alice swept in and paraded before Mr. Brown and Lucy.

ON her twenty-seventh birthday, D'ARCY EVANS, temporarily in charge of the Bridal Lounge at Fellowes, a New York department store, finds a busy day awaiting her. First, LINDA LORRAINE, a famous film star, rings cancelling her wedding trousseau, then word comes that MISS CASWELL, one of her most efficient consultants, will be away for the day. This is disastrous, as Miss Caswell has been looking after MISS ALBACINI and her ten bridesmaids, who have a collective appointment that day for fittings, SUZANNE BANVILLE, another consultant, is late, and, worst of all, a new floor manager has been appointed. He is RUSSELL KIRKPATRICK, a retired submarine officer, who wants to run everything to a tight schedule.

Chaos reigns when the Albacini order cannot be found before the bride and her attendants arrive. Finally it is found, but to everyone's horror it has been wrongly executed by the maker. Kirkpatrick

is appalled and gives D'Arcy an official reprimand. Her troubles increase when another bride, NINA HAYSMILL, suddenly changes her mind and falls in love with TOMMY LEEMAN, the store's bridal photographer. Kirkpatrick hands out another official reprimand.

Others in charge of various departments under Kirkpatrick have resigned, and now D'Arcy tells MR. CAVANAUGH, the merchandising manager, she will have to do the same if Kirkpatrick is left on her floor. He is sympathetic, but explains Kirkpatrick is a brother-in-law to MR. DETRICH, a vice-president of Fellowes, and is being trained for higher things.

Kirkpatrick then joins them, and D'Arey tells him she is resigning because she cannot stand by and see him destroy her department. He realises he has gone a shade too far and apologises slightly. D'Arcy decides to stay on. NOW READ ON:

THE following day, Friday, was my day off. Suzanne Banville was coming to dinner, and I wanted my apartment to be absolutely shining. I dusted, and shook cushions, and vacuumed, and polished silver to my heart's content. Then, at eleven o'clock, I went out to the laundromat, and discovered that it was Kirkpatrick's day off, too.

as Kirkpatrick's day off, too.

I met him first on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street. He was wearing a tweed suit and leading his huge doberman pinscher. They were travelling south. He nodded at me courteously, and strode on. An hour later, as I came out of the laundromat, there he was again with the doberman; but this time they were travelling north. He nodded again, with a polite smile.

Then, at about two o'clock, I went to the supermarket to buy food for dinner; and I hadn't been there ten minutes before Kirkpatrick marched in, heading for the meat counter — to buy half a steer for his pet, no doubt. At four o'clock I decided I had time for a short stroll in Washington Square Park; and there, sure enough, on an otherwise empty bench, he sat, accompanied by his drooling hound.

He gave me another of his polite smiles as I cane abreast of him, and began to rise. "Hello, Miss Evans. We seem to be bumping into each other today. You live in the Village?"

Could he have forgotten so soon encountering me at midnight in the arms of an Olympic skier? I won-

dered - but surely not. I said, "On Tenth Street."

"Ah, yes." He hadn't forgotten; I could tell by the way his eyes became hooded. "I'm quite nearby, too. At the Brevoort."

"How nice."

"It's convenient."

I dare say we could have parted on this note, but suddenly it seemed to me that my radar was picking up an infinitesimal signal that suggested he might be lonely sitting on this park bench. Ridiculous!

I couldn't resist lingering for a few moments longer, purely to see what would happen, and I decided a comment about his four-legged companion might be in order, especially since it, like me, was a female. "Your doberman is beautiful. What is her name?"

"Gypsy," he answered, with a touch of pride.

Her ears twitched. She turned her head and gazed up at him adorungly.

"She looks so intelligent," I said.

"Oh, yes. She's an intelligent creature. Aren't you, Gypsy?" He rubbed her ears affectionately. Then he looked up at me in a most curious way, and this time my radar really beeped, because without any possibility of doubt he was about to say to me, Why don't you sit down, Miss Evans?

To page 53

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

# SIASON ELEGANIA ELEGANIA





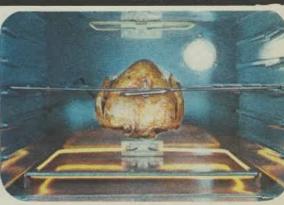
AMBASSADOR DELUXE



BELLEVUE







#### FAST TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING!

Gleaming porcelain enamel cooking tops, recessed for simple wiping up of any boilovers. Beautiful control panels on all models. Two round hotplates, big griller-boiler hotplate, most with divided control. All hotplates with infinite heat-control switches for perfectly controlled cooking. "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have miracle non-stick griddle plates, for wipe-clean, no-fat cooking. Big, separate grill

#### MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES!

compartments, smokeless covers and infinitely variable height "grillevators." Ovens are all big family size, with rounded corners, integral shelf runners for easy cleaning. Big, look-in windows, full oven equipment, "Bellevue," "Belmont," "Ambassador" have rotisseries for perfect cooking of roasts and poultry. They even think for you! "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have time-of-day clocks coupled

#### OVENS THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

with an oven timer—just set the dial, and Simpson switches on, cooks for the appointed time—then switches itself off! So convenient for every-day modern living. See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

# LEWISTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY OF HOME APPLIANCES





# Nobody ever returned a Remington Shaver after Christmas because it didn't fit.

This Remington Selectric fits any man because it adjusts. To sensitive faces. Or medium beards. Or heavy, thick stubble. See the dial?

Setting 1 is for light beards. Setting 2 elevates the head slightly for heavier beards. Setting 3 is for men with even tougher beards. Setting 4 is for really black, thick beards. The dial controls

trimming and cleaning, too. Setting 5 elevates the head in a big jump, giving two straight edges for trimming side-levers or moustache. When through, he turns to 6. Two doors fly open, and he blows or taps the whiskers out.

At our new low price, you can at last afford to give any man on your list a deluxe shaver: husband, son, boyfriend,

brother, uncle, father. (This shaver will even adjust to suit in-laws).

Give him a Remington Selectric for Christmas.

Let him dial himself a Happy New Year.

#### LANGE CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

Suggested list price: \$29.95 (but retailers get pretty generous at Christmas).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

But, at the critical instant, he choked up; the words remained unsaid. I suppose I could have said it for him— Do you mind if I sit down for a moment?— and encouraged him to come out of his shell. To what end? For what purpose? He was, after all, the brother-in-law of Mr. Dietrich, executive unce-president of Fellowes, while I was merely an incompetent assistant buyer. "Well, I'm afraid I have to run along," I said. "Goodbye, Gypsy, Good-bye, Mr. Kirkpatrick," and without waiting for a response from waiting for a response from

either of them I walked on.
Suzanne arrived at six
o'clock, chic as always and
bursting with news that the
wouldn't divulge until I had
fixed her a drink. "Now: get
ready for a shock," she said.
"Mrs. Downley in Corsets has
resigned."
It was a letdown, I said,
"Oh, really?"
"Her assistant, Patti Patter.

"Oh, really?"
"Her assistant, Patti Patterson, has also resigned. Miss Caswell was called up to see Mr. Carroll, and she was asked if she would take charge of Corsets Department."

THIS really floored me. "But that's terrible! We rely on Miss Caswell; we'd be lost without her."

"She has not yet accepted," Suzanne said. "Meanwhile, there are rumors that Miss Kramer in Better Hats is going to resign; Miss Babette, the designer in Better Hats, says that Mr. Kirkpatrick has insulted her, and she is going to look for another job; and there are rumblings in Shoes and Negligees."

"Is that all?"

"What more do you want?" Suzanne said. "The fifth floor of Fellowes will soon be a desert, if this man continues as he has started. — Ah, there is something more. Do you remember my pretty Miss Haysmill, who had her pichare taken yesterday?"

I most certainly remembered pretty Nina Haysmill. "She has changed the place of her wedding. Do you know where she has decided to get married now? Accapulco, if you please. She telephoned this morning. Kindly send my trousseau by jet air freight, special delivery, she said, to the Hotel Archduke Maximilian. Acapulco, Mexico. Immediately. Right away."

"I haven't heard of the Hotel Archduke Maximilian."

"Oh, I suppose it is one of those fabulous new hotels they have in Acapulco, \$100 a day per room, no doubt."

Saturday is always our busiest day in Bridal Department, except during July and August, when the store is closed all weekend. This Saturday I arrived at nine o'clock, full of vim and snap after my day off; and, for a change, everybody in the department arrived early, leaving Mr. Kirkpatrick looking rather foolish as he stood beside the reception desk with his stopwatch in his hot, little hand,

At nine-thirty the bridesto-be began to surge in.
All the consultants were
working like beavers, and even
fittle Alice Pye became a temporary consultant to help ease
the pressure. I stood by the
scrolled ironwork arch taking
the girls names, assigning a
consultant to each, and putting them through a screening
process to save time.

Ing them through a screening process to save time.

Then, at half past ten, Kirkpatrick broke through the line of brides and said in a low voice, "Miss Evans, didn't I ask you to report all your activities to me?"

"Is something wrong?"

"Please come with me."

"Mr. Kirkpatrick, it's impossible for me to leave the department now. We're extremely busy. You can see for yourself—"

"Miss Evans, kindly come with me."

I couldn't argue. I wanted to call one of the consultants, Mrs. Hazel or Miss Greene, to take my place at the entrance to the Lounge, but I didn't have a chance. Kirkpatrick strode away, and I had to hurry after him—I had to run, in fact, because he was going so fast. On and on, past Better Hats, Shoes, Negligees, Corsets, he led and I followed. I hurried into an elevator with him; and, as I should have expected, we rode up to the twelfth floor and walked unhesitatingly into the office of Mr. Carroll, our vice-president in charge of Customer Relations.

Mr. Carroll sat at his eight-foot mehogsany desk-

itions.

Mr. Carroll sat at his eight-foot mahogany desk looking a trifle pale, but dignified. Beside him stood Miss Martin, outrageously beautiful and as icy as a glacier; and beside Miss Martin stood Mr. Tompkins, who was in charge of security.

There were four stranger.

There were four strangers sitting in front of Mr. Carrill's desk, and he explained to them, "Miss Evans is, at present, in charge of Bridal Department," emphasising the words at present. Then he introduced the four strangers. They were Mr. and Mrs. Haysmill, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Donald Watkins. Mr. Haysmill and Mr. Watkins were similar in appearance—elderly, sombre men wearing dark, sombre suits with dark neckties; Mrs. Haysmill was a little gaudy, wearing a \$25 spring hat that clashed hideously with her \$10,000 cerulean mink coat; and Mr. Donald Watkins was a sort of oversized Apollo, one of the handsomest men I have ever seen.

The n a m e s suddenly clicked into place. Mr. Haysmill and Mrs. Haysmill were, of course, the parents of Nina Haysmill. Mr. Watkins was the father of Donald Furnieux Watkins, 3rd, who was Nina Haysmill's fiance. "Now, Miss Evans, perhaps you can help us," Mr. Carroll said. "You are aware, I assume, that Mr. Donald Watkins is engaged to Miss Nina Haysmill, and that they were to be married in a week's time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are aware, furthermore, that Miss Haysmill yisted your department at about ten o'clock on Wednesday morning?"

"Yes, she came in for photographs."

"Ah! She came in for photographs."

"Ah! She came in for photographs."

"Tommy — Thomas Leeman. He specialises in bridal photographs And who took these photographs, if they were actually taken?"

"Tommy — Thomas Leeman. He specialises in bridal photographs. In fact, he is considered one of the best."

"Miss Evans," Mr. Carroll said, "let me explain briefly what this is all about. After her photographic session on Thursday morning, Miss Haysmill's movements for the rest of the day seem to be very obscure. Nobody has been able to say what she did not arrive back at her parents' apartment on Park Avenue until after midnight. Do you have any idea where, or how, Miss Haysmill spent the day."

"The following morning," Mr. Carroll continued, "Miss."

Ine following morning,"
Mr. Carroll continued, "Miss
Haysmill left her parents'
apartment at about nine
o'clock, carrying a mediumsized suitcase. She explained
to one of the maids that she
was going to stay with a

# 心的等位器 151条(0)以

By ROBERTA YATES

It was a game of pretence, but she was not sure she could carry on with it

WHEN Brenda Beeman turned 30, two things happened. First, she felt older than she would ever feel again. Second, she received \$1000 from her rich Uncle Charlie with a note asking her to spend it on a good time, since, obviously, she had never had one.

had never had one.

Uncle Charlie was right. After her mother had died, Brenda had taken care of two younger sisters, both of whom were now married, had children, and expected her to baby-sit. Currently, she took care of her father, who was thinking of marrying a middle-aged widow.

Between these duties she had be-

Between these duties, she had be-ome a librarian. The head of the library board was a widower with two children who needed a house-keeper. He also, Brenda thought, needed more chin and a sense of

So, on her 30th birthday, Brenda So, on her 30th Dirthday, Drenda Beeman, old maid, took stock. On the plus side was her hair, still sunny gold, and her figure, still trim. On the minus side was her mouth, which smiled primly and seldom laughed, and her eyes, which had a resigned

She picked up a travel magazine She picked up a travel magazine which she had read before in frustration. She knew that honeymoon couples go to Bermuda and retired people go to Florida, but the magazine did not designate where old maids go.

But there was a map called "Vacation Spots." Brenda closed her eyes, moved her finger, and came down on a spot. It was Tucson, Arizona.

Arizona

Arizona.

A week later she took a bus to Chicago and a plane to Tucson. In the powder-room on board she applied false eyelashes, pale pink make-up, and put on a wedding ring. She went to the dude ranch where she had wired for a reservation and which had promised many gay activities, but the guer's who roamed about all seemed older and were in couples. were in couples.

Brenda registered as Mrs. Beeman. That evening she looked over the ranch guests again and they were still older and married to each other. They were, however, interested in the fact that she was a divorcee from Chicago.

from Chicago.

Next day, Brenda, feeling that she had wasted Uncle Charlie's money, took a walk across the cactus-riddled landscape. She headed for a cabin up a hill as the only logical goal. It was a neat cabin with a vine over the door. She was so interested that she stepped into a hole. turned her ankle, and sat a hole, turned her ankle, and sat down to rub it. The cabin door opened and a tall man looked down at her, frowning. He was well over 30 and homely in an interesting way, with a mouth that would be nice if

"I'm sorry, but this is off limits for ranch visitors," he said. Brenda scrambled up. "I didn't mean to interrupt if you want to be left alone," she snapped. He grinned and his mouth was nice. "I teach at the university



Brenda smiled as John and Mrs. Richards left them to dance

and I'm busy correcting term papers. The name's John Mallory."

"The name's Mrs. Brenda Beeman," Brenda said.

"You and your husband are at the ranch?"

"No husband," Brenda said in the flippant way she had practised.
"I lost him by the legal route in Chicago. He went back to his oil wells in Texas. I took a settlement wells in Texas. I took a settlement and came to Arizona."

"Will you come in and have a beer? I was just about to have one myself."

myself."
"Wouldn't your wife mind?"
"No wife," he said. "I didn't lose
her — just never had her."
The cabin had a giant fireplace
and book-lined walls. It reminded
Brenda of the library.
"Fancy reading all those," she
said as though she had never before
seen a book

seen a book.
"I don't read all the time."
He disappeared out to the kitchen and returned with two frosted

glasses.
"This is more like it," she said.
"Pd decided everybody in Arizona
was over 60. Are there any night
spots around here?"

That was the beginning of a week of magic. She had started out determined to have one fling on Uncle Charlie's money by impersonating a Chicago divorcee. She ended by fall-

ing in love.

John Mallory had a pint-sized sports car, and Tucson, it turned out, sports car, and Tucson, it turned out, had numerous nightclubs and dance bands. John danced well. They are Mexican food and then drove part way up the road to Mount Lemon, where the moon was bright and the air sparkled with sudden chill.

That was the night John kissed her, a long kiss. Then he drew away and said: "Sorry. I didn't mean to, but the moon ..."

but the moon

If she had only a few weeks more, but Uncle Charlie's money was almost gone. The ranch was expen-sive and the day after tomorrow she must fly back to Chicago, and then

on by bus in defeat back to Tipton.
On her last night they went to a large restaurant with a dance floor, a place especially popular with tourists, and it was there the blow fell. A loud friendly voice rang through the room.

"Harry, I tell you that is Brenda Beeman. Brenda, honey, hello." There was no escape. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richards, of Tipton,

Mrs. Harry Richards, of Tipton, bore down upon them.

"Brenda, when we decided to come out here I asked your father where you were and he said he didn't know, but I called half the motels anyway."

"I'm at a ranch," Brenda said weakly and murmured an introduction for John.

"What a nice young man," Mrs.

"What a nice young man," Mrs. Richards beamed. "Would you mind dancing with an old lady? I do enjoy dancing and I'm sure Brenda won't mind, will you, dear?"

Mrs. Richards babbled away right

Mrs. Richards babbled away right through the dance and Brenda knew what she was saying. When they returned to the table, Mrs. Richards cried: "I've been telling him that you're the nicest librarian Tipton ever had."

Later John drove her silently to the ranch

Later John utove he.
the ranch.
"All right," she said, "so I'm not
a divorcee. I'm just an old maid
from Tipton, Indiana."
She went in and slammed the
door. The next day she packed.
The ranch wagon would take her to
the airport. But the little sports car
was outside. John put her bags in.

the airport. But the little sports car was outside. John put her bags in. She got in beside him. He did not take the highway to Tucson. He took the dirt road to his cabin. "I'll miss my plane," Brenda said. "I'l want to show you something," he said. They went into the cabin and he pointed to the book-lined walls. "A poor college teacher can't make love to a rich divorcee," he said. "But I'm in need of a good he said. "But I'm in need of a good librarian. Take off those false eyelashes and kiss me, you phony."

(Copyright)

friend overnight. This caused no surprise, since Miss Haysmill frequently visited this particular friend whom she had known at college. However, late that evening, at approximately eleven o'clock, Mrs. Haysmill received a telegram from Nina, which was sent from Kennedy Airport." He glanced down at his desk. "The telegram read: Am marrying Tommy Leeman stop Love him dearly stop Don't worry stop Nina." Mr. Carroll coughed politely behind his hand, raised his head, and looked at me inquiringly.

"But, Mr. Carroll," I cried, "that's impossible!"

"Did you have the impression that Miss Haysmill and this man Leeman had met before? That they were already acquainted?"

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

"In that case, they met for the first time on Thursday morning in your department?" "Yes, I assume so."

"Yes, I assume so."
"Now, as acting head of the department, you were responsible for supervising this photographic session. Am I right? Very well: please tell us in your own words what transpired."
"It was all perfectly routine."

what transpired."

"It was all perfectly routine. The appointment was for ten o'clock. Miss Haysmill changed into her bridal gown. Mr. Leeman set up his cameras and lights in the big fitting room. When Miss Haysmill was ready, Mr. Leeman took the photographs." I made a wild effort to change the subject. "The Albacinis were com-

ing in at noon. I'm sure you remember the Albacinis—"

"I do indeed," Mr. Carroll said.
"But what I am trying to establish is: What occurred during the taking of the photographs? How long were Miss Haysmill and Leeman together?"

"About an hour and a half."

"And you looked in several times to see how the session was progressing?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't look in?" he said in amazement. "You left Miss Haysmill with this man, unchaperoned? Why didn't you look in? Did you forget? Or were you busy with other duties?"

"No, sir. It was because Mr.

Leeman doesn't want to be dis-turbed when he's doing his portraits."

Miss Martin said: "Mr. Carroll, Miss Martin said: "Mr. Carroll, for the record, I wish to state that I do not share Miss Evans' attitude. I tried my utmost to stay with my friend Miss Haysmill while the photographs were taken. But that oaf of a photographer was so rude, and so offensive, that I couldn't get anywhere with him. And his clothes! He was wearing the shabbiest coat—"
Mr. Carroll said with some heat.

Mr. Carroll said with some heat

asked that her trousseau be sent there immediately. It was dispatched by jet air freight, express, special delivery."

"Where was the trousseau sent?"

Mr. Carroll cried.

"The Hotel Archduke Maximilian, Acapulco."

"Acapulco." Mrs. Haysmill sighed and began to faint. But she wasn't a bride, and thus she wasn't my responsibility. Miss Martin, representing Public Relations, went to her aid.

to her aid.
Mr. Haysmill said, "May I make a call?"
"By all means," Mr. Carroll

"By all means," Mr. Carroll said.

Everybody watched as Mr. Haysmill murmored a number to the operator. Then, a few moments later, he said, "Charles? This is Mr. Haysmill. How are you, Charles?"

I strained my ears to listen. All I could hear was a slight sibilance coming out of the earpiece.

Mr. Haysmill laughed, then he said: "Charles, I wonder if you can help me. A matter of great importance has arisen, and I have to set to Acapulco as soon as possible. Yes, today. No, there will be two of us going: young Donald W. ukins and myself."

Mr. Haysmill listened attentively, and smiled. "Thank you so much, Charles. Two other passengers will be disappointed? How distressing. In two hours, you say? Splendid. We can make it comfortably."

He put the telephone down and leaked at us calmly. "There," he

He put the telephone down and oked at us calmly, "There," he looked at us calmly, "There," he said, "It's perfectly simple, you see. Donald and I will be in Acapulco this afternoon."

THE brides continued to pour in when I returned to my floor. I chaired to them as they arrived. I diverted them politely, or assigned them to a consultant. Then, at about three o'clock, I found myself bloking down at the cutest little girl, about eleven years old. Her hair was tied in a ponytail, and she wore a crumpled old raincoat pulled tight at the waist, sneakers, and white cotton socks.

"Hello," I said. "And what can I do for you?"

She stared around at the crowded Lounge and at the girls parading in front of the two long mirrors, and she said with a gulp, "Can I please see the person who is in charge of Bridal Department?"

"The reyes popped open, "You are? Would you please tell me your name, please?"

"Miss Evans. And what's your name?"

"Lucy Brown."

She was so cute, standing there and staring up at me with her

"Lucy Brown."

She was so cute, standing there and staring up at me with her big blue innocent eyes, that I hadn't the heart to be impatient with her.

"Well, Lucy, what can I do to help you?"

"Please, Miss Evans, I would like to look at a wedding dresa."

"How old are you, Lucy?"

"I'll be twelve in August, Miss Evans."

Evans."

"Aren't you just a little young to think of getting married?"
She giggled. "I'm not getting married, Miss Evans. My sister is getting married. She's twenty-one and her name is Helen."

"Lucy, I would love to show you a wedding gown, but do you think you could come back sometime when we aren't so busy?"

"Like when, Miss Evans?"

"Like on a Monday," I said. "That's our least busy day."

"OK, Miss Evans. Thank you very much." She turned and ran out as if a dozen devils were pursuing her.

out as if a dozen devils were pursuing her.

Then I saw Kirkpatrick a few feet away, watching me. He came closer and said, "You seem to get along very well with the younger set, Miss Evans."

"Mr. Kirkpatrick, that little girl is the next generation of brides. In six or seven years she'll be back here in earnest. We have to treat these young ladies with a lot of respect."

Kirkpatrick opened his mouth to make some comment as I picked up the telephone to call Margot, but he changed his mind and strode away.

To page 55

Mr. Carroll said with some near:
"Please, please, let us keep to the
point. What we really want to get
from Miss Evans, if possible, is some
clue as to the destination of Miss
Haysmill and Thomas Leeman,
where they might have gone from
Kennedy Airport—"
"Mestica". I said "Miss Hays
"Mestica". I said "Miss Hays." "Mexico," I said. "Miss Hays-mill telephoned us yesterday and

0000000 The Swiss Handkerchief 000000

At a quarter past five, Alice took my place at the desk, h instructions not to admit my office to prepare the tally the day. I sat scribbling down as I was congratulating myon the result, in came myon the result, in came myond Mr. Trouble, with a hallar look in his eyes. I said happily, trying to beat a to the punch, "Mr. Kirkmick, I've just finished doing tally. We've had a record

"Have we?" he said, and his office was so unenthusiastic that shrank back into my shell.

I sighed. "Well, Mr. Kirk-atrick, what have I done this me?"

"Miss Evans, I've been asked by Mr. Carroll to give you an ifficial reprimand. This your econd since Wednesday."

I jumped up. "An official reprisand! Another one! For what? on saw yourself how I've been orking all day, since nine o'clock his morning — I didn't even take me off for lunch! And look at hese figures! Look at what my dearment is doing! Why should I to another official reprimand?

me another official reprimand?

Why?"

"The Haysmill affair."

"Well, Mr. Kirkpatrick, I'm

stry, You can tell Mr. Carroll I

efue to accept a reprimand on

ecount of the Haysmill affair. You

ant hold me responsible for a

strict changing her mind and run
ing away with another man. I

fair tarrange it! I didn't talk her

to it! If she decided she loved

forminy Leeman more than Donald

turnieux Watkins 3rd, that's her

miness, not mine and not yours

and not Mr. Carroll's —"

HE said coldly, "Mr.

aroll and I discussed this aspect the case—"
The case! It isn't a case! The fell in love with a boy and a way with him, that's all."
"Kindly let me finish," he said by "Mr. Carroll and I agreed at you could not justifiably be used for Miss Haysmill's actions, are reprimand is for not checking a facts. Miss Evans, for your ormation, there is no Hotel chuke Maximilian in apulco."

All the breath went out of my dy in a great whoosh. I said, here isn't?"

No."
cried, "Then Mr. Haysmill and
nald Furnieux Watkins 3rd
down there on a wild-goose

Exactly."

Oh, how marvellous! How moderful! Oh, that Nina! She at them! And we all thought didn't have a brain in her d. Why, the girl is a genius!"

Mr. Kirkpatrick made no commit. He stood watching me in his all way, as if he simply couldn't toom what made me tick. Then said abruptly, "Good night, a Evans."

Good night, Mr. Kirkpatrick— i, incidentally, about this repri-

"Yes?"
"Am I supposed to resign or od in my badge or something?"
"Not yet," he said; and so we

laving in Greenwich Village poses a peculiar problem on Sundays, because it really is village in the sense that when you take a walk you're likely to encounter a sumber of your friends and neighbors. That's what happened as soon at I left my apartment. First I an into Molly Berger, who works in the tenth floor at Fellowes. We techanged greetings; and then walking down Fifth Avenue toward Washington Square I ran into Mrs. Hazel, who lives on Ninth Street. We chatted for a few moments. Then, as I left her—of course, I should have known—I ran into the one person I had no desire to run into—Russell Kirkpatrick, lastmaster of the fifth floor. His monater dog was with him, as succept and the sum of th

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

small, polite smile in return. I didn't have an opportunity to look closely at Mrs. Kirkpatrick, but I saw enough. She appeared to have nice features, soft auburn hair, a good figure, and—of all things—a bright, open, happy expression. She glanced at me with interest, noticing that I had smiled at her spouse; and he must have uttered some comment as I walked on, because I was aware that she turned and stared at me.

This little encounter upset me. I

This little encounter upset me. I had planned to spend the afternoon looking at pictures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and as I rode in a bus up Fifth Avenue I was cross and disturbed. There was Kirkpatrick — married. There

was Mrs. Kirkpatrick — married. And here I was, unmarried and without a prospect in the world except Sam Hickock in far-distant Moberly.

All around me, in the bus and strolling along the sunny side-walks, were couples, young and old, married, or engaged to be married, or in love, or simply enjoying each other's company; and here I sat alone, unloved and unwanted, a spinater whom life was passing by in no uncertain manner and at a most unseemly speed.

On Monday morning the rou-tine started as usual. I opened the department at nine o'clock, made

several calls to the manufacturers, including a long call to Mr. Giachino, to re-establish relations with him; and then went out to the Bride's Lounge to see what was happening. I expected to see Kirkpatrick standing beside the reception desk with his silly stopwatch in his hand, glowering at the late-comers, but Alice Pye informed me that he was clocking in the wage slaves in Corsets and Negligees.

I stayed out in the Lounge until the chimes sounded at nine thirty, chatting to Alice and any of the consultants who drifted by, and somehow the place looked sunnier and brighter than I had ever seen it before. The flowers were prettier; the mirrors sparkled as if they were magic mirrors in a Hans Christian Andersen fairytale;

To page 56







With Tampax you sail through life. Nothing hampers you, nothing hinders you. Tampax is invisible, unfelt in place . . . wonderful!

With Tampax you're always at ease. Nothing can show, no one can know. Slender fashions become you. You feel confidence, security

You feel so cool, so clean, so fresh with TAMPAX Worn internally, it's the modern way

and there was a delicious fragrance in the air, as if we'd suddenly been trans-ported to a mountainside in Switzerland. I returned to my office feeling positively re-freshed.

freshed.

Five minutes later the telephone rang. It was Alice Pye. She sounded slightly hysterical. "Miss Evans, could you come out to the Lounge, please. There's a Mr. Harris here to see you."

"A Mr. Harris?" I searched my memory, and found nothing. "I don't know any Mr. Harris. What does he want? Does he have an appointment?"

"Please, Miss Evans, please come out."

I repeated I didn't know

repeated I didn't know Mr. Harris. he exclaimed, "Miss

Evans, you must come. He's crying. He's sitting on one of the settees crying his eyes

I marched out to the Lounge. Alice, with a furtive gesture, pointed him out to me. He sat on a settee with his face turned to the wall.

Two of our white-and-gold Bridal Department boxes stood on the floor, and he pressed them against his legs with one hand as if he were afraid he might lose them.

I took a deep breath and walked over to the man, "Mr. Harris, I'm Miss Evans, the assistant buyer here. Can I help you?"

He turned his head slowly and looked up at me.
"Natalie," he said, "My daughter."

"Not getting married," he d, and touched the two

boxes.
"Mr. Harris, I wonder if you wouldn't care to come to my office? It's much quieter there; we won't be disturbed."

When we entered my office I pulled a chair up for him, and then locked my door to make sure nobody burst in without knocking and, fortunately, my telephone rang. It was a call from one of our manufacturers, and we chatted for about three minutes. When I put the receiver down

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

He said thickly, "Natalie R. Harris." Then, suddenly wehement, he said, "Life! Life! How can life be so crue! to the young?" Tears came to his eyes again.

Obviously, something tragic had taken place and it had shattered him, but what? Had she been hurt in an accident? Had she run away, like Nina Haysmill?

I said, "Can you tell me

can't get her to come out. She won't budge. She's still there." He brushed away some new tears, and mumbled, "Excuse me. I guess I'm a little upset."

He shook his head and reached into a pocket, took out a square parchment envelope, and handed it to me. The note inside was a me. The note inside was a wild scribble and difficult to

Father and Mother— We are not getting married.

Repeat not.
It is all off, for ever.
Just leave me alone. I
don't want to see anybody or
talk to anybody.

Take my wedding dress back to Fellowes first thing Monday morning and get a

fund. Tell them I'm dead. Natalie.

I replaced the note in the square envelope and handed it back to Mr. Harris, but before I could speak we were interrupted. Somebody tried to open my door—somebody began to rattle the handle savagely—somebody tried to break my door down; and I knew only one person who had that special kind of persistence. "Excuse me, please," I said to Mr. Harris, and went to the door, unlocked it, and opened it a couple of and opened it a couple of

Kirkpatrick said angrily,
"Miss Evans, how many times
have I told you not to close
your door? And not to lock
it?"

I was furious with him. "I have a visitor, Mr. Kirk-patrick."

"Is that so?" he said; and "Is that so?" he saud; and then, unexpectedly, he calmed down. He stared at me; he stared past me and presum-ably saw Mr. Harris, tear-stained and disconsolate; and he said in a strangled voice, "What on earth is going on here?"

"What on earth is going on here?"

I stepped out into the corridor and closed the door behind me so that Mr. Harris wouldn't overhear. I said, "The man in there is very disturbed—"

Kirkpatrick didn't wait for an answer, "Tll speak to you later, Miss Evans," he said, and left me: I re-entered my office and closed the door again. I didn't lock it, because Mr. Harris was standing up, ready to leave.

He said, "Young lady, I'm sorry I've taken up so much of your time."

"We'll hold your daughter's

of your time."

"We'll hold your daughter's bridal outfit for ten days. We won't consider that it has been returned yet. It's happened before, Mr. Harris—a bride and her fiance have a spat, and the bride sends her trousseau back. But then, as often as not, they realise they love each other and they go through with the wedding as if nothing had ever come between them. It's true."

He shook his head, "I don't

He shook his head. "I don't believe in miracles any more."

I opened the door for him. "If I don't hear from you within two weeks I'll let you know about the refund."

"No hurry," he said bleakly. The world had come to an end as far as he was concerned; nobody could help him.

I was just on the control of the said the said.

him.

I was just on the point of turning back into my office when I saw Mrs. Hatfield gesturing somewhat frantically, trying to attract my attention. She was sitting in a corner talking to a darkhaired girl, who looked familiar, and a young man with a crewcut whom I hadn't seen before.

She said, sounding quite flustered: "I feel I need your help. A most peculiar problem has arisen with these two nice young people, and I

nem has arisen with these two
nice young people, and I
don't have any idea what to
tell them. Could you spare
a moment?"
"Of course."
The young man stood up

politely; the girl gave me a wan smile. They were both about the same age, nineteen or twenty. Mrs. Hatfield introduced them in a hushed voice, as if she didn't want to be overheard: "Miss Evans—Mr. and Mrs. Lannon," and she added confidentially to the girl: "Miss Evans is in charge of Bridal Department. I'm sure she will give you the best possible advice."

I suppose this was intended.

I suppose this was intended to reassure Mrs. Lannon, but it had little effect. She tried to smile, but she was too frightened.

I said, "Mrs. Lannon, haven't we met before?"

She answered timidly, "Yes."

She
"Yes."
"Didn't I see you last
Saturday afternoon? With
your mother?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."
A Pris-

"You ordered a wedding gown, didn't you? A Pris-cilla model, in white peau de soie?"
"Yes"

"Yes." I asked, "Have you come in to cancel the order?" She shook her head. "But you're married," I said. "Were you married over the weekend?"

SHE broke down and put her hands over her eyes, weeping bitterly. What a morning! Nothing but tears, tears, tears.

The young man said awk-wardly, "We were married secretly, Miss Evans, just a year ago."

"Where have you been living since you were mar-ried?"

"Annie has been living at home with her folks. I've been living at home with my folks."

been living at home with my folks."

"Some fun," I said.

"That's exactly right: some fun'." He went on bitterly: "Well, a couple of weeks ago, her folks and mine got together at a party. It seems they got to talking about Annie and me, and they decided not to stop us getting married — thinking we were still waiting for their permission. They came to the brilliant conclusion that since we were in love, why shouldn't we be married after all. And Annie has to come to none other than Fellowes, Fifth Avenue, for a \$500 wedding dress—"

"It's only \$475," Mrs. Languer of the standard of th

"It's only \$475," Mrs. Lannon cried. "Not \$500."
"OK, \$475," he said. He looked at me angrily. "But we're married already. We've been married for a year. How can we get married again."

"And how can I wear white?" Mrs. Lannon sobbed. "I can't wear white. But how can I get married in anything else, with all those people looking on?"

I said "And you want my

I said, "And you want my advice?"

They were watching me as To page 57

#### THE BOYFRIEND



"I think I'll give you a ring for Christmas-what's your telephone number?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - December 21, 1966

I saw that my visitor was smoking a cigarette and staring blankly out the window. He seemed to have forgotten my existence.

I said: "Mr. Harris, I assume you're returning a bridal outfit that was purchased here. Is that correct?"

He nodded.
"If you would tell me the name of the bride, sir, it would help me to identify the order." A little upset, How true, I said, "Do you have any idea why she locked herself in her room?"

Haysmill?
I said, "Can you tell me what happened?"
"She locked herself in her room Saturday night, and we



#### For babies going places... Chix Disposable Nappies

(no panty needed!)

Baby loves his outings. You will, too, when you take along Chix Disposable Nappies. Change-time is no-fuss time with Chix. They're disposable. Just throw them away! Super-absorbent, downy-soft Chix are medicated to check nappy rash. Waterproof. No panty needed. For outings. Rainy days. Holidays. Chix Disposable Nappies. A baby's dozen in every packet.

Also available - work-saving Chix Nappy LINERS.

Easy to use. Lie Chix Disposable Nappy lengthwise. Fold up bottom ends of nappy between baby's legs and pin corners together at sides.

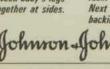
Each nappy has three layers. A soft fabric, medicated to check nappy rash. Then a super-absorbent layer. Next — a polythene water-proof backing.

DISPOSABLE NAPPIES

12 DISPOSABLE NAPPIES

Johnson-Johnson

Johnson Johnson







#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

if they were sure I could solve all their problems.

solve all their problems.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lannon, you're married. In other words, you're adult. The time has now come for you to act like adults. Sooner or later you'll have to tell your parents that you're married. Don't put it off. Tell them tonight."

They were silent.

I said, "Do you think you can do that?"

Mr. Lannon said grimly.

can do that?"

Mr. Lannon said grimly,
"Yes. I guess we can." He
held his wife's hand tightly.
I said, "Perhaps you should
speak to your minister first.
Go to see him and tell him
the story you've just told me.
He'll advise you about a new
marriage ceremony. Then,
when you speak to your parents, you'll know exactly
where you stand. All right?"
I added a technical note

I added a technical note for the girl's benefit. "You know, we can order that Pris-cilla model in ice-blue, if you wish. It will still look beauti-

She brightened, "Oh, that's wonderful idea!"

a wonderful idea!"

I said goodbye to them, and turned to go. Kirkpatrick was standing beside the reception desk, watching us. I tried to ignore him, but he caught up with me before I reached the entrance to the fitting rooms.

fitting rooms.
"Miss Evans. Could I have
a word with you? In your
office."

I walked on, and he fol-lowed me.

THE first thing he did when we reached my office was to break his own rule: he closed my door. Then he sat down on the chair by the window and stared at me. He said quietly: "Miss Evans, a little while ago you had a man in here. He was crying. You were crying. Why?"

"He was terribly upset. His daughter had cancelled her wedding, and he was returning her bridal outfit."
"I see. And you were trying to console him?"

"No. I had a call from our receptionist to say that a man was crying in the Lounge. I went out and found that he was completely distraught, and embarrassing other customers. I couldn't leave him there, so I brought him in here. He told me why he was returning his daughter's gown; it was an unhappy story; I felt sorry for him. That's all."

Kirkpatrick said, "I saw

for him. That's all."

Kirkpatrick said, "I saw you again a minute ago in the Lounge. Another crying party. What was happening this time?"

party. What was happening this time?"
"One of our brides came in with a problem."
"And you were giving her advice?"
"Yes, for what it was worth."

Worth."
He sighed. "Miss Evans, are we running a marriage clinic?"

are we running a marriage clinic?"

I didn't answer.

He said: "Let me explain the facts of life to you. Fellowes is a business enterprise. We have obligations to our stockholders. Each department in this store is expected to show a profit. You are paid a salary to run this particular department as efficiently as possible. It is not a part of your duties to console unhappy fathers or to advise brides with problems. We don't expect you to be a marriage counsellor. We expect you simply to do the job you're paid to do, and nothing else."

I looked at him. "It's ob-vious that you're dissatisfied with my work. I'll be happy to write out my resignation."

He said, trying to sound reasonable: "I didn't ask for

your resignation. I merely asked you to stop handing our free advice to everyone who comes in here. I don't want you to encourage people crying all over the place."

"You also want me to stop brides from fainting in the fitting rooms, and brides running off with photographers, and brides having hysterics because their gowns have been mistaid, Mr. Kirkpatrick, why don't you close down Bridal Department completely and be finished with it?"

pletely and be finished with it?"

"Now you're being impertinent, Miss Evans."

"I don't wish to be impertinent, But you just explained the facts of my life to me. Let me explain the facts of life to you from my angle, Do you know how many bridal outfits we supplied last year?"

"That has nothing to do—"

"It has everything to do with what we're talking about. Last year we supplied outfits for more than two thousand brides. Mr. Kirkpatrick, look at it this way: let's suppose 90 percent of our brides are normal females. That's a high percentage, isn't it, for normal females? They buy their bridal outfits, go away and get married, without giving us any trouble whatever. That leaves us with ten percent who might be emotionally upset. And ten percent of two thousand is what?"

He looked at me vaguely.

"Two hundred." I said.

thousand is what?"

He looked at me vaguely.
"Two hundred," I said.
"That's what we have to cope with, at a bare minimum. Two hundreds girls, or approximately four a week, like Nina Haysmill, or the girl in the Lounge this morning, or the girl whose father came in crying, or the girl ast month who swore she was going to commit suicide on her wedding night..."

He looked horrified, But I

might—"

He looked horrified. But I couldn't continue with more examples because somebody tapped at my door.

"Come in," I called, and in walked Miss Caswell. She immediately prepared to walk out again, saying, "I'm sorry, Miss Evans, I didn't know you were busy."

"Is it anything important?" She smiled. "I only wanted to let you know that we've just had a call from Lorinda Lorraine. She's in Madrid, and all is well again. She's going to marry her handsome Spaniard next week, after all."

"I'm so glad." I turned to Kirkpatrick. "Miss Lorraine ordered her bridal outfit here. But she called me from Paris last Wednesday to say that her wedding was off, and would we please burn her bridal gown."

Kirkpatrick flinched, "Burn Kirkpatrick, "Burn Kirkpatr

Kirkpatrick flinched, "Burn

"Yes. As a matter of fact I intended to consult you because I don't really know how to go about getting a bridal gown incinerated—" And, again, I was interrupted, this time by Mrs. Hazel, who walked into the office crying. "Oh, dear," she said, "I didn't know you were having a conference, Miss Evans. I can come back—"
"No. no. What happened?

"No, no, What happened? Why are you upset?"
"My new bride, Miss Evans. Did you meet her?"
"I don't think so. What

"I don't think so. What was her name?"
"Miss Lambert. Such a lovely girl. You couldn't have missed her, Miss Evans. Or you, Mr. Kirkpatrick. A tall, sweet, beautiful girl. On crutches."

"Grutches?" I said.
"Yes, poor thing. She has a broken back. Actually, she spends nearly all her time in a wheelchair. That is, when she isn't in bed."

I didn't even turn my head in Kirkpatrick's direction.

To page 59

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

#### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 508—DRESS

No. 50



bibs are traced ready to pink, white, or lemon e with fiannelette inter-Price is \$1.75 for set of Postage and dispatch 10 cents extra.





#### End Dry Skin

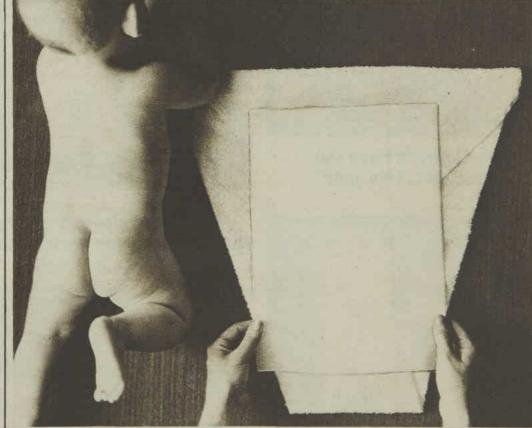
There's nothing lovelier than a satin smooth skin that has been tanned by the that has been tanned by the summer sun to a golden bloom, but take care that the skin's natural fluids have not been depleted by expo-sure to sunshine and warm, drying breezes. Before drying breezes. Before making-up, stroke a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck to maintain the oil and moismaintain the oil and mois-ture balance of the skin cells. This beautifying Ulan oil will nourish skin tissues and banish every trace of wrinkle-dryness.

. . . Margaret Merril

NAPPY LINERS

Johnson Johnson

### For about (1) (1 cent) a nappy change, see how Chix\* Liners cut nappy washing time in



See! The liner gets soiled-not the nappy! Changing is quicker, less fuss. Washing is cut by half. No messy rinsing necessary. No stains to remove. Chix\* Liners are soft, medicated fabric-not paper-comfortable and non-chafing both dry and wet. Just put a Chix\* Nappy Liner inside regular nappy and take the fuss out of change-time! 50 liners for 59 cents.

Johnson Johnson

# three Kowers **Christmas gifts for young women**



have flower

hrase blowe hand

three flowers

three Howers

talcum powder



of all ages

"Three flowers have the loveliest gifts this year"



"...Yes, if Bob doesn't give me **Three Flowers for Christmas** I will go buy some myself."





three flowers for young women of all ages

AVAILABLE AT CHEMISTS AND STORES - GIFTS FROM 39c TO \$1.25

Page 58

When is she getting mar-

"Isn't that marvellous!"
Miss Caswell said.

Miss Caswell said.

Mrs. Hazel dabbed at her gars. "I assure you, it's the most touching story I've ever heard. I had to come and tell you. Imagine, Mr. Kirkpatrick: Until last Christmas the doctors said she would never walk again. Then, by a miracle, she found a new doctor. He operated on her, and he was able to walk again! And not only that—he fell in love with her! And she fell in love with him! Now they're getting married! Ian't it absolutely wonderful?"

Kirkpatrick made a chok-

Kirkpatrick made a choking sound, but Mrs. Hazel patled on. "She's radiant. He's promised that by September she'll be able to walk down the aisle without crutches!"

"Did she place an order?"
"Oh, yes. She wants Giachino's model 804, in embroidered silk organdie."
"Did she leave a deposit?"
"Two hundred dollars,"
Mrs. Hazel said, and handed
me the cheque.

me the cheque.

You have her measure-

ents?" Mrs. Hazel handed me the

Mrs. Hazel handed me the measurements form.

I said, "Miss Lawrence's brace is included in these measurements?"
"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hazel said. She turned to Kirkpatrick. Fresh tears gushed out behind her rimless glasses. "Mr. Kirkpatrick, did you ever hear anything so moving?"

"Never," he said, and stood up. He gave me a hard look, as if he suspected I had planned this little interlude for his benefit. "I'll see you later, Miss Evans," he muttered.

Passed quietly, without any wild incidents. HE

Then, at a quarter past four, my telephone rang, and Alice Pye said, "Miss Evans, Lucy is here to see you."

"Lucy?-Lucy who?"

I heard Alice murmuring to whoever was there. Then the said, "Miss Evans, her name is Lucy Brown."

Lucy Brown. It was vaguely familiar. "What does the want, Alice?"

"She says you made an pointment with her for this

afternoon."
"I made an appointment with her?"

"That's what she says."
I couldn't recall making an appointment with anyone named Brown, but there was every chance that my brain was softening in my old age. I said I'd be out in a minute.

I said I'd be out in a minute.

When I went out I recognised her at once. Lucy Brown was the little girl who had spoken to me on Saturday afternoon—eleven years old, with golden hair in a pittail and big blue innocent eyes. This afternoon she was very demure in a black hat with a blue ribbon around it, a blue wool overcoat, kneelength white stockings, and black leather shoes. She must have come directly from whool.

She was sitting on one of our gold-and-white chairs when I entered the Lounge. She jumped up, smiling delightedly.

"Miss Evans, you look so nice today. You look wonder-

ful."

She was starting rather young with this kind of approach, but when she had refined her technique in the next few years she would undoubtedly be able to charm the birds out of the trees. I said: "You're looking nice, too, Is this your school uniform?" "Yes. It's loathesome, isn't

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

"Oh, it isn't as bad as all that. Sit down, Lucy, and tell me what I can do for you." She wriggled back on to the

She wriggled back on to the chair and sat very upright, her knees together, her hands clasped in her lap. "Miss Evans, I came in on Saturday when there were a lot of people here, and you were terribly kind and told me to come in today when when you

people here, and you were terribly kind and told me to come in today when you weren't so busy. Remember?"
"Yes, I remember."
"So," Lucy said, "could I see the dress?"
"Which dress, Lucy?"
"For my sister Helen."
"I'm sorry, I don't quite understand. Are you trying to choose a dress for your sister?"
"Oh, no! It's been chosen already! I found out from Sally Ann Greer, She's Helen's best friend. She's going to be the maid-of-honor at Helen's wedding. In fact, she's going to be practically the only person at Helen's wedding, except for Helen, and Andrew, and Andrew's mother and father and aunt."
"Won't you be there?"

"Won't you be there?"
"I'm not allowed to go. Perhaps I'd better start from the haps I'd better start from the very beginning. You see, Helen ian't like other girls. She's terribly serious-minded. That's why she went to work in this hospital. She was a White Lady, or a Grey Lady, or something; and she used to read to people who were sick in bed, and roll bandages, and do all that kind of stuff. So that's how she met Andrew in the first place. He was one of the doctors in the hospital."

"I see."

"Well provingly he fell."

the first place. He was one of the doctors in the hospital."
"I see."
"Well, naturally, he fell in love with her, because she's so beautiful and serious-minded. And naturally she fell in love with him. But poor Andrew doesn't have a dime to his name — you know how young doctors are, Miss Evans."
I nodded.
"Of course, when my father heard what was going on, he threw a fit. He said Andrew was just a fortune hunter, and he put his foot down and told Helen she was never to see Andrew again. So, the only thing she could do was run away to marry Andrew. — Do you happen to know my father, Miss Evans?"
"I'm afraid I don't."
"His name is O. B. Brown. If you knew him," Lucy said emphatically, "you'd understand the situation at once. Personally, I don't think Andrew is a fortune hunter-Helen's money is all tied up, anyway, so Andrew couldn't possibly touch it. The trouble is, my father is so stubborn; once he gets an idea into his head nothing can make him change it. And he's so mad at Helen for running away, he's laid down the law that nobody in our family is to go to the wedding, and that includes me."
"That's a shame," I said.

to the wedding, and that includes me."

"That's a shame," I said.

"Thank you, So, now you know why I came to speak to you. Would it be possible to see Helen's wedding dress?"

"Did she order it here?"

"That's what I've been trying to explain to you, Miss Evans. Sally Ann Greer told me. If I can't go to her wedding, at least I want to be able to imagine how she'll look when she and Andrew are married."

I might have known the day

look when she and Andrew are married."

I might have known the day would end like this. There were tears in her young eyes: there were tears in her young eyes: there were tears in my old eyes. I said: "Let me check. Lucy. Til be right back," and I returned to my office emotionally shattered. In my files I found the duplicate order form for Helen Brown's bridal outfit. It was all quite straightforward. The gown was one of Mr. Bruno's simpler designs, a white taffeta model priced at \$110. The headpiece was \$45, and it had come out of stock, which

meant that it had been specially created Margot.

There was a notation on the card that Miss Brown was coming in for her final fitting on Thursday afternoon; and another notation that the gown another notation that the gown had already been delivered. Miss Caswell was the consultant, which explained why this order had left only the vaguest impression on my memory: there was nothing spectacular about it and Miss Caswell had handled it all in her usual effortless way.

I went to the Cooler and identified the gown and head-piece without any trouble. Then I took them out to the

Lounge and hung them out to the Lounge and hung them on a T-stand for Lucy's benefit. She stood gazing at the gown for several seconds. Her eyes were blank. She said at last, in a quiet voice, "It's pretty,"

"Yes, it's a very pretty little model." I took the gown off the stand and held it against myself so that she could judge the effect more exists.

myself so that she could judge the effect more easily.

She turned, looking at Alice. "That young lady sit-ting at the desk—could she try it on for me? She's like Helen—the same coloring and the same kind of figure."

"I'm sorry. She could

"I'm sorry. She can't leave the desk."
"I guess it doesn't matter,"
Lucy said. She stared at the dress again. "Miss Evans, did it cost an awful let of money? Like, a thousand dollars?"
"Oh no."

"Oh, no."
"Five hundred?"
"No, no, not as much as

No, no, not as much as that."

She pursed her lips and turned to the headpiece perched on top of the T-stand. She said, "And that's what Helen will wear on her

Yes." I replaced the dress took down the headpiece that she could examine

"How nice," she said politely. "Was it very expensive?"

"Not too expensive."
Her eyes were distant and impersonal. She said: "I can imagine how Helen will look now. Thank you so much, Miss Evans, it was very kind of you."

of you."
"You're welcome, Lucy. She gave me a grave smile and walked quickly out of the Lounge. Kirkpatrick said, almost in my ear, "Well, Miss Evans? Don't you think that was rather a waste of time?"

"Frankly," I said, "it was a complete waste of time. But when a girl comes in and asks to see her sister's wedding.

"We?"

"Bridal Department," I said. "Or Fellowes for that matter. We try to be human occasionally. I hope you don't object?"

I had forgotten that he was the brother-in-law of Mr. Dietrich: and furthermore I didn't give a hoot. He was just another floor manager, making a nuisance of himself, interfering with my work. I said irritably, "Excuse me. I have to return these things." and I took Helen Brown's gown and headpiece back to the Cooler, where they belonged.

To wind up everything and to make it a perfect day of its own special kind, there was an airmail letter from Sam Hickock waiting for me when I arrived back at my apartment on Tenth Street. It covered about six pages, and Sam had obviously been struggling with himself when he wrote it, and his feelings showed through every line.

To page 62



 This sleeveless, high-necked, one-piece maternity dress with a smocked yoke is my design choice for a young mother-to-be.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to her request:

"Could you design me a maternity dress for a 36-inch bust size? I want the dress to be sleeveless and to have a smacked yoke. My material is dark navy crepe.

The design I have chosen (shown pove) includes the fashion points menadover includes the lashion points men-tioned in your letter. A paper pattern is available. Also in the pattern is a design finished with a peter pan collar and long sleeves. Beside the illustration are further details.

"Please tell me what color a woman who has grey hair and fair skin should wear.

You can wear all shades of blue, a strong grey, and rose-pink. Unless you have a high color, avoid dark brown and black.

"What is the correct way to

Silk crepe needs a moderately hot iron and should be pressed on the wrong side. It must not be pressed with any moisture — don't use a damp cloth.

"I have made an A-line, ankle-length shift in a cotton printed in a fruit motif in pink and green on a white ground. Could you suggest a trim for sleeves and hem?"

My choice would be a cotton braid in white or pink.

"I have bought a pastel blue linen frock, and as I only have good black accessories I would like to buy a set in a light color. What color would be best?"

I think the prettiest shoe color to wear with a pastel is pale beige. If you wear a hat, it should be in the same color as

"Is it correct for a bride in formal dress to carry a very small bouquet?

I am very small. What
flowers would you recommend?"

A very small nosegay of flowers for a bridal bouquet is quite correct. In fact, I will go further and say that elaborate flower arrangements are going out of fashion. Lily of the valley would be my

"I'm going north on a bus tour and wondered if you could advise me about suitable garments for motoring. The weather will be hot."

Drip-dry cotton or a crease-resisting blend would be the best material choice. An easy-fit one-piece dress that bypasses the waistline is a comfortable garment for

"In which month is it correct to start wearing white shoes and open sandals?"

In my opinion, the correct time to wear summer shoes is when it is warm enough to wear summer dreases.



#### New 25" turntable Norseman: perfect TV from any angle

Terrific idea | Terrific TV1 Philips new 25" Norseman pivots on its own handsome table for complete allangle viewing. Plus all these great Philips features! Automatic fine tuning takes care of adjustment on every channel. Automatic sound compensator en-

sures crisp, undistorted sound, at all times. Automatic picture stabiliser controls stability and brightness. Elegant Danish-inspired cabinet in lustrous satin-finish maple or walnut at a real "gift" price Looking for the special one? Look for Philips 25" Norseman!

# looking for the special one?

# look for Philips!



#### New 'Music Studio' stereogram

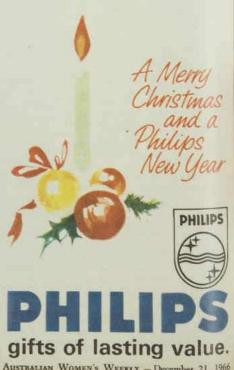
Now! The astonishing realism of Novasonic sound in a new beautifully-styledstereogram with solid state circuitry and our largest total loudspeaker area ever. Professional input panel means you can plug in a microphone, tape recorder—any electronic instrument and play your favourite disc at the same time. New 'Music Studio'! It's a must—to see and hear.



#### **Automate Portable**

doubles as a car radio too!

The versatile new Automate —8 transistor portable is specially designed for simple in-or-under dash installation. Packed with power from exclusive Philips Mini-Module power chassis.



Page 60



#### Choose the world's finest shaver. New Philishave

These are the eight great features that make it so. New microgroove heads for 35% closer shaving. Pop-up trimmer for neater cleaner grooming. Floating heads that follow every facial contour—exactly. Rotary blades never grab or nick. World-wide voltage selec-

tor. Flip-open cleaning. On/off switch. New improved motor. Looking for the special one? Look for Philishave in its slim all-metal gift case. Philishave Cordless too—for today's man on the move! Philishave, world's biggest selling shaver; it's a real 'smoothie'!



#### New 61/2lb. Lightweight

Only Philips lightweight changes balance to make cleaning so easy. A 'first' for flats—complete with every attachment for high-low cleaning. Hangs in a cupboard. Thoughtful gift? Look for Philips Lightweight!



#### Philadelphia Table Radio

The furniture look is in! Philadelphia gives you the rich timber finish of teak, maple or walnut. Mini-Module power chassis. Input socket for your record player too! Looking for the special one? Look for Philips Philadelphia!



#### **Electronic Engineers' Kits**

Make up to 20 different working models. Hours of fun for boys and girls from 9 years up. Full instructions and circuit diagrams. Genuine Philips components. No need for tools or soldering. Two sizes to choose from, also complementary kits!



#### **New record player**

"Carnaby" Brilliant styling in newest fashion colours. Large hi-fi speaker. Ample storage for your favourite discs. Four-speed selector. Big 8" elliptical Speaker for Superlative Sound. Look for "Carnaby"—the most "in" record player around.



#### **New Beauty Sets**

Five personal beauty aids in one compact presentation case. Two superb shaving heads (leg and underarm). Three massage attachments for muscle toning and skin beauty care.



#### **New Popmaster Portable**

A mere 15 ounces, sensational new Philips Popmaster has detachable carrying case, personal listening earpiece, slide-out base for battery replacement. Philips"Popmaster"Supervalue\$33.95.



#### **New Continental '58**

guaranteed perfect recordings.
The only low-priced tape recorder
with Automatic Modulation control.
The true look of teak. Two speed. Four
track. Exceptional performance.



#### **New Philips Fans**

Modern new squareline styling
—silent performance—and fingerproof too! Choose from 12"
or 16" oscillating models—or
8" with conventional guard

36,3752

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

# \*\*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 14.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
Lucky number this week 4
ambling colors, red, illac,
ucky days, Priday, Tuesday,

\* Cupid is in one of his best monds leth, but rest of week is not in a festive mood. There's delay and upset. Plan is to use care, and start no new thing, especially on the 17th.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 ty number this week, ng colors, orange, tar days, Wed. Monday

JULY 23-AUG. 22 Lucky number this week, 2 imbling colors, green, red cky days, Wed. Sunday.

VIRGO AUG. 22-SEFT. 28
Lucky number this week,
ambling colors, green, blocky days, Thurs., Sunday

LIBRA

SCORPIO

SAGITTARIUS

CAPRICORN

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FER. 19
\* Lucky number this week. 7
Gambling colors, brown, green
Lucky days, Sat., Monday

FEB. 20-MAR. 26 ky number this week, 4. ing colors, blue, green, days, Wed., Monday.

\* You could benefit by the generosity of friends, and condi-tions for marriage and marriage folk are very good 14th. Later the stars get allergic to love and romance.

\* Anything could happen to your career and status from big uperts to lucky moves. The good influ-ences come early, so make the most of them. But tread water from the 15th.

\* 14th is a lucky day—more so than usual for many. It's good to take a chance from house to horses. Good also for legal matters. But the sodiac gra-tunco-operative. Beware of falls.

The 14th has been tailor-made r you and there should be ex-naion in personal affairs and lood luck in romance. However cold wind blows on the 15th. here are upheavals 16th-18th.

The 14th is lucky for finance, od to launch a new project nich could pay-olf beyond excitation. However, rest of week adverse—but you come out of better than most.

It's the last phase of your new-how and can-do cycle, but all adds up to consolidation gins rather than any fresh venera. The lith is for enterprise, the coutine — particularly if wed.

Perhaps a long-cherished wish fulfilled beyond your hopes— d a friend benefits on the 14th, it your ruling star gets in a of of trouble—and there are changes.

Tuesday morning opened in great style. My telephone rang at nine twenty-five, before the store had even opened officially, and Miss Keeler's cold, remote voice said, "Miss Evans? Could you come up to Mr. Carroll's office, nlease?" \* A trying week for many especially if born 15th-18th Sep-tember, but compensation is more than given on the 14th. But it's best to avoid trouble. Big changes indicated. My blood froze, "Now, Miss

"Yes" Click. She hung up.
"Well, here it was. The final complaint must have been lodged, the last straw piled on Mr. Carroll's back. I had received two formal. I had received two formal reprimands, and I couldn't possibly survive another.

What it amounted to was that he appreciated how important my career was to me; but since he didn't want to wait

any longer to settle down and raise a family, he had asked Mary Privett to marry him, and she had accepted. Mary Privett was a rather mousy girl whose father owned a chain of hardware

I couldn't help wondering how long Sam had been courting Mary Privett and at the same time writing his weekly letters declaring his

weekly letters declaring his unending love and devotion to me. But after a while I was rather glad that the weight of Sam was off my shoulders; I would never have to write him another letter; and at ten-thirty I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

possibly survive another.

I went up to the executive floor, and Miss Keeler said, "Go in, Miss Evans. Mr. Carroll is waiting for you." I squared my shoulders, metaphorically, and walked into his office; and to my astonishment he stood up and gave me a big, warm, welcoming smile.

"Ah!" he said, as if I were the apple of his eye, "how nice of you to come up so speedily. I appreciate it. Do sit down. I just wanted a word with you about a personal matter."

I sat down cautiously, watching him.

I sat down cautiously, watching him.
"You know," he said con-identially, "Bridal Depart-ment has a tremendous repu-tation. Tremendous! People tation. Tremendous! People say the nicest things about it. And about your staff. You'd be surprised. Of course, you have your little difficulties. But then, who doesn't?" He besmed at me. "Let me come to the point. I need your help. You see, my daughter Marion became engaged over the weekend."

At last I knew what I was doing here. "Oh, Mr. Carroll! How wonderful! You must be "I am C

How wonderful! You must be very excited."

"I am. Of course. You understand. My only child."
He blinked several times. "And she's picked herself a fine young fellow. One of our most brilliant young lawyers. Brilliant. Upstanding."

"Isn't that splendid."

"Well, now," he said, "she's in a hurry, like all the young people today, and she's made up her mind to get married in June. Naturally, she wants to get her bridal clothes herewhere else? So I thought I would ask you if you'd be kind enough to take care of her."

"I'll be delighted, Mr. Car-

"I'll be delighted, Mr. Car-roll. When do you think she could come in to see us?"

"That's another thing I wanted to discuss with you. She's in town today, with the girls who are going to be her bridesmaids. Eight, no less. Ian't that rather excessive?"

"Oh me not at all. Miss.

Ian't that rather excessive?"

"Oh, no, not at all. Miss Albacini, if you remember, is having ten bridesmaids."

He laughed. "I do remember, indeed, now that you mention it." He went on: "The point is, they're all having lunch together — the girls are giving some sort of shower for Marion; and I wondered—could you possibly see them after lunch? Say, at about two thirty?"

only meant rearranging my day completely, but tha wasn't important. I said, "Cer

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

Marion is going to call me during the course of the morning, and I'll tell her that you'll be expecting her and her confederates." He twinkled his eyes at me. "Can you handle the whole mob yourself?"

"I'll ask Mrs. Buckingham

"Mrs. Buckingham! Just the person! I have the utmost admiration for her. That's splendid, Miss Evans. I shall now leave it all in your capable hands."

able hands."

I stood up.

"Oh, there's one other thing. When my daughter arrives, will you let me know? I'd like to drop down and see her. Extend an official welcome. I expect Miss Martin would like to say hello to her and the girls, too."

"I'll call you as soon as she comes in, Mr. Carroll."

Mr. Carroll's daughter would undoubtedly be married in high style, and since Mrs. Buckingham knew more about affairs of this kind than I would ever know I called her into my office for a conference.

We decided that when Miss Carroll and her eight brides-maids arrived we would usher them directly into the big fitting room instead of trying to talk to them in the Lounge. I made a note in my daily diary to this effect.

I went out to the Lounge and Alice hissed, "Miss Evans. Look who's here."

SITTING decorously on one of the settees, her ankles crossed, knees together, was my little friend Lucy Brown. She was wearing her school uniform. Beside her was a man with a sallow face and black hair, wearing a rather dirty tan raincoat and unpolished black shoes.

Alice whispered, "The man is her father. They're waiting for you, Miss Evans."

Trouble. It was undoubtedly

for you, Miss Evans."

Trouble. It was undoubtedly trouble. I braced myself and went ferward so meet it with a smile. Trouble, after all, was my daily dish. It was practically my profession.

Lucy bounced off her chair and said gaily, "Miss Evans! I would like you to meet my father. Daddy, this is Miss Evans, who was so sweet to me yesterday."

I said, "Good morning, Mr. Brown."

Brown

He looked me up and down contemotuously, and remained seated. "You're kind of sloppy around here, aren't you?" he

said.

I stared down at him in surprise. "Sir?"
He looked at his wristwatch. "We've been waiting twenty minutes. That's no way to win popularity contests."

My hackles rose. "I'm sorry. I was working in another part of the building. I had no idea you were here. Your daughter didn't inform Your daughter didn't intorn me that you were coming in.

"Oh, Daddy!" Lucy laughed. "Don't make a scene.

laughed. "Don't make a scene. You enjoy watching the pretty girls. Miss Evans, I wonder if you would do me a great big favor?"

"If I can, Lucy."

"I told Daddy about how you showed me Helen's wedding dress yesterday, and I thought how nice it would be if he saw it, too, So, please, would you show it to him?"

I looked at the man His

I looked at the man. His expression was cold and scornful. I had a feeling that he despised everybody and everything, except the child who had brought him here.

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I don't think I can do that."

Mr. Brown smiled. It was in unpleasant smile, and it not cold shivers down my oine. "You can't show it to

me? Or you won't show it to me? Exactly which is it?"

"I'm sure you will under-stand, sir. I can't show it to anybody without first getting permission from Miss Brown— 

Lucy cried, showed it to me!"

"Be quiet, Lucy," Mr. Brown said. He smiled at me again, in the same contemp-tuous way. "And may I ask tuous way. "And may I ask why you have to get Helen's permission?"

"If I didn't she might con-sider it an invasion of her privacy." I don't know what made me say that, but as I said it I knew it was true.

"Let's not waste any more time. I understand that Helen bought a cheap wedding dress here—"

I interrupted, "It isn't cheap, Mr. Brown. It cost \$110. It's a charming dress."

"And a cheap veil-" "No, sir. It's priced at \$45. Not at all cheap. We sell a great many of them."

I must have touched a nerve. He suddenly flew into a rage. "What do you mean, you sell a great many of them? I don't give a damn how many you sell. Lucy tells me it's cheap, shoddy stuff. So let me see if Lucy is right. Bring it out, Miss Evans."

Bring it out, Miss Evans."

I was trapped. I glanced around me in desperation, and there, as usual, was Mr. Kirkpatrick standing at the reception desk and regarding me with a disapproving eye. I had never dreamed that a time would come when the sight of him would make my heart leap with joy. I said wildly to Mr. Brown, "Excuse me for one moment," and went flying over to him.

"Mr. Kirkpatrick. I need."

flying over to him.

"Mr. Kirkpatrick, I need your help. This man's daughter ran away from home to get married. She ordered a bridal outfit here. I showed it to the little girl yesterday, and she went home and told her father it was too cheap. Now the father is demanding to see it, but I'm not inclined to show it to him. The bride might be terribly upset. She is paying for the dress, and in my opinion her father has no right to interfere in any way." fere in any way.

He seemed a bit over-whelmed; but he nodded. To my surprise he said, "I think you're acting correctly.

"Mr. Kirkpatrick, the man won't listen to me. He's something of a bully, and I'm afraid of a scene here in the Lounge, Will you please talk to him?"

"Yes," he said calmly. He walked over to Lucy and her father, and I followed him. He seemed absolutely sure of himself. "Good morning," he said courteously to Brown, "Miss Evans tells

"And who the hell are ou?" Mr. Brown snapped. Kirkpatrick stiffened. "I'm to manager of this floor."

the manager of this floor."

Mr. Brown sprang from
the settee in black, uncontrollable fury. "I don't deal
with lousy little floor managers," he yelled.

The Brides' Lounge was
suddenly deathly quiet. I
saw Kirkpatrick's face become
white.

white.

"Who runs this dump?"

Mr. Brown demanded. "Dietrich, isn't it? John Dietrich?" He pointed a finger at Kirkpatrick. "You. Go and call Dietrich. Tell him I want to see him right away."

Kirkpatrick didn't move. He didn't say a word. He was having a terrible struggle trying to keep his temper.

Mr. Brown's eves narrowed.

Mr. Brown's eyes narrowed. Then, in an explosion of anger, he pushed between Kirkpatrick and me, stormed over to the telephone on

Alice's desk, picked it up, and roared at the operator, "Get me John Dietrich. And

"He's insane," Kirkpatrick

"He really isn't imane,"
Lucy murmured. "It's just
that he's used to getting his
own way. He hates to be
crossed."

Mr. Brown was roaring into the telephone again. "Mr. Dietrich's office? This is O. B. Brown. Put me on to Mr. Dietrich. —Dietrich? O. B. Brown. Listen. I'm having trouble with your hired help in the Bridal Gown Department. —Yes, a woman named Evans, and a ginger-haired floorwalker. I don't know his name, and what's more I don't give a damn. —Can you spare a minute? Good. I'll be here."

He put the receiver down with a crash, and returned, passing between Kirkpatrick and me as if we didn't exist. He said to Lucy: "Relax, sweetheart. Everything will be all right."

be all right."
"Yes, Daddy." But she
didn't need to relax. She sat
there quietly, her knees together, her ankles crossed, a
blue-eyed doll. She was as
tough as her father, I realised.
She scared me to death.

walked around Lounge, trying to reassure everybody who needed re-assuring that the fireworks were over. Then I went to the reception desk, where Kirkpatrick was standing

again.

He said very quietly, "You didn't tell me he was O B.

Brown."
"I'm sorry. The name didn't mean, anything. It still doesn't."
"He owns a few square miles of real estate in and around New York. Including

miles of real estate in and around New York. Including an interest in the real estate directly under your feet."

I said weakly, "Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?"

"It isn't important, Miss Evans. You were perfectly right in what you did."

"Thank you, sir."

I had never called him "sir" before. Apparently I had developed respect for him in the past few minutes. He was prickly and difficult but he acted like a man, and he was fair. "You were perfectly right in what you did"—he couldn't have made me feel better if he'd handed me an orchid. an orchid.

an orchid.

We didn't have to wait long, which was an indication of Mr. Brown's mysterious power. Mr. Dietrich came striding in—a big, cheerful

To page 63

(Advertisement) Your

#### Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the com-plexion a look of youthful beauty.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

#### Ready to wear or cut out ready to make "ILSA." - Charming

Fashion FROCKS

sleeveless design with permanently pleated skirt is available in green/ royal/turquoise/lime, pink/r o y a l/gold/chocolate, or royal/blue/turquoise/old gold crepe

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in, bust, \$14.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$14.95.

Cut Out To Make: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$10.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$10.85. Postage and dispatch 60

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 57. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

Page 62

National Library of Australia

man so full of energy that he gave the impression that he'd solved the secret of perpetual motion. He glanced inquiringly at Kirkpatrick; he gave me a slight frown; and, without pausing, strode over to Mr. Brown, greeting him with (I thought) a little too much zest. "Hello, O.B.! Good to see you! How have you been? You look great! And this is your daughter? Hello, young lady! And how are you? Don't tell me you have come to choose a wedding dres! Ha, ha, ha."

Mr. Brown wasn't im-pressed. He said in a gritty voice: "Look, Dietrich, why the hell don't you train your saff better? Why the hell can't I get some service around here?"

"Come, come, O.B.," Mr. Dietrich said pleasantly. "We pride ourselves on our staff. The best service in New York. You know that. There must be some misunderstanding. What's your complaint? We'll soon clear it up."

I couldn't hear what Mr. Brown said: he had turned his back on me. Mr. Dietrich listened to him intently; and then suddenly called, "Russ."

Kirkpatrick left me quietly ad joined him.

Mr. Dietrich said, "O.B., o you know my brother-in-ww, Russell Kirkpatrick?"

"Kirkpatrick!" Mr. Brown said, momentarily surprised.

"That's right," Mr. Diet-ch said. "Alicia's brother."

"I know your sister Alicia," Mr. Brown said to Kirkpatrick, as if this were a great point in his favor.

"You do?" Kirkpatrick said icily, as if he would never forgive his sister for bringing such a disgrace on the family.

Mr. Dietrich said hastily; Russ, there's some stupid isunderstanding here. What it all about?"

Kirkpatrick kept his voice low. Mr. Brown interrupted angrily several times, but Mr. Dietrich managed to keep them apart. Finally, Mr. Dietrich called, "Miss Evans, would you be kind enough to come here for a moment?"

I walked over to the roup, "Now, Miss Evans," fr. Dietrich said jovially group. "Now, Miss Evans,"
Mr. Dietrich said jovially,
'this is just what I thought.
There has been a slight misunderstanding. I don't really
see any reason why Mr.
Brown should not be shown
his daughter's wedding dress,
do you? Of course, it's your
duty to protect your customer;
but Mr. Brown is the bride's
father. Therefore he has every
right to see her wedding
dress. Bring it in, will you?
—Sit down, O.B. Make yourself comfortable."

I went to the Cooler feel-

self comfortable."

I went to the Gooler feeling utterly wretched. I found the dress and the headpiece, and took them out to the Brides' Lounge. Mr. Dietrich was sitting on the settee with Mr. Brown, talking with great animation. Kirkpatrick walked to the nearest T-stand and brought it back to where I stood. "Thank you," I said, but he didn't reply.

I arranged the dress care-

I arranged the dress carefully, I arranged the head-piece above it; and then I tepped aside. Mr. Dietrich d a worried expression w, as if he had no idea

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

what the outcome of this strange scene was going to be. Mr. Brown stood up, and walked slowly around, inspecting the dress closely.

"It's a rag," he said, "and I say she can't wear it, and that's definite. I don't have all day, so let's get down to hard tacks. What's the most expensive dress you have in the place?"

I took a deep breath. "The 1 took a deep breath. "The most expensive gown at present in our collection is an imported French original in re-embroidered Alencon lace, hand-jewelled—"

Mr. Brown said: "I didn't ask for the technical specifications. What's the price tag on this item?"

I took another deep breath. "Two thousand five hundred dollars, sir."

"Let me take a look at it." I glanced at Kirkpatrick again; and again I received a slight nod. I said, "Yes, Mr. Brown, I'll bring it out."

"You can't tell, just seeing it," Lucy said. "Have
someone model it for you.—
Miss Evans, the pretty young
lady sitting at the desk: she's
the same size as Helen, and
a blonde, too. Couldn't she
try on the dress for my
father?"

WANTED to wring Lucy's little neck, especially as Mr. Brown said, "What about it, Dietrich?"

"That's a wonderful idea,"
Mr. Dietrich said enthusiastically. He gave Lucy a
dazzling smile. "You're very
smart, my dear. You can
come and be one of my managers any time you like." I
dare say he would have been
happy to wring her little
neck, also.

"All right," Mr. Brown said, looking at his watch. "I don't have all day, so let's get the show on the road."

get the show on the road."

Alice was terrified, poor child, She had never modelled a wedding gown before, and she was ready to collapse. I rounded up Mrs. Buckingham, and we dressed Alice in the big fitting room because the gown simply wouldn't go into any of the regular fitting rooms. She pleaded all the time we were working on her, "Please, please, Miss Evans, please find somebody else," but I absolutely refused to listen to her. She was a wage-slave like me. She had to obey orders like me.

That gown was something.

That gown was something.
To start with, I couldn't carry it out of the stock-room. Estelle and Mrs. Buckingham had to help me. It wasn't merely enormous in size. It weighed thirty pounds, and it would have served admirably as a suit of armor for Joan of Arc.

I called in Margot Barry.

for Joan of Arc.

I called in Margot Barry and persuaded her to produce a suitable headpiece, and she came up with a Dior crown that we practically nailed to Alice's skull. There wasn't time to get the right foundation, but since Alice's upper anatomy was rather meagre

we had to pad her with large wads of cotton. She was almost hipless, too, so we had to pad her with yards and yards of bombast. She was deathly pale—anything made Alice turn pale—and we had to scream at her to put on more and more rouge so that she would look more like a bride, a little less like a corpse.

Finally, Mrs. Docherty tried

less like a corpse.

Finally, Mrs. Docherty tried to give her a lesson in how to walk — she was a l most anchored to the floor with so much weight hanging on her frail body, and at this point he suddenly caught sight of herself in the mirrors and, like any bride, she gave a loud shriek and proceeded to faint. Estelle, Mrs. Buckingham, and Mrs. Docherty supported her while I tore out to my office for the smelling salts. We revived her; we spoke to her in soft, loving tones.

I said, "Alice, you look gorgeous" (she did, too), and she moaned, "Miss Evans, I just want to lie down and die."

"You can lie down and die later. Now, let's go. Remember, now: Walk slowly, slowly, and stand up straight." She nodded, trembling like a leaf, and we led her in. Finally, Mrs. Docherty tried to give her a lesson in how to walk — she was almost

and we led her in.

She really stopped the traffic. She was a lovely little creature, sweet, young, unsophisticated, and that \$2500 gown made her look like an angel. It billowed around her; it glistened and shimmered; it rustled softly; it tricked the eye in a dozen different ways so that she appeared to be slender, virginal, and at the same time deliciously voluptuous.

The other girls in the Lounge stared at her. in silent envy. Even the consultants were impressed. When we reached Lucy and the three men, the silence was almost alarming. Kirkpatrick seemed stupefied. Could this enchanting creature be the little receptionist he growled at six times a day? Mr. Dietrich was completely baffled. But the show was essentially for Mr. O. B. Brown's benefit; and as I watched him I saw his sallow face suddenly flush; the knuckles of his hands became white, and he looked up at Alice in disbelief.

"Oh, Daddy!" Lucy said,

at Alice in disbellef.

"Oh, Daddy!" Lucy said, awed and excited, "isn't it beautiful? Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," he said currly and stood up, "Throw the other thing out. This is my wedding present to Helen. Send the bill to my office." He turned and said acidly, "Dietrich, thanks a lot for your help."

"A sense." "A Dietrich.

"A pleasure," Mr. Dietrich said. He was shaken, but he managed to sound as cheerful as ever.

"Veils, flowers, any extras," Mr. Brown said, "Just add them to the bill."

Mr. Dietrich said, "We'll leave it to Miss Evans. Miss Evans, you will take care of Miss Brown personally from now on, won't you?"

"Yes, air." I stood in despair as Mr. Brown led Lucy away, Mr. Dietrich escorting them to the elevators as if they were royalty. I turned to Kirkpatrick and exploded.

To page 65

FOR THE CHILDREN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

## AT HOME ...

### with Margaret Sydney

 An interesting development in the best-known English girls' schools is the new trend toward pupils doing a very fair part of the everyday domestic chores.

AT Benenden, where Princess Anne is a pupil, the girls now lay and clear the tables in the dining hall. At famous Roedean, they do the dayby-day housework in the dormitories sweeping, dusting, and keeping the bathrooms in order.

At Wycombe, where the headmistress believes that "cleaning is the lesser evil com-pared with washing-up," the girls dust and mop their own cubicles and take it in turns to do the heavier cleaning

to do the heavier cleaning.

I suppose some parents may feel that this is a bit rough when they're paying heavy fees for their daughters, but school councils argue that domestic help is expensive and hard to get, and that this is one way of keeping fees where they are instead of having to raise them.

Looked at from the outside, it certainly seems a good idea. One of the awful things about boarding-school is that eirls grow up

about boarding-school is that girls grow up there abysmally ignorant of household mat-ters, even of those things they would absorb (if they lived at home) simply by standing about the kitchen while the cooking is being

You might argue, of course, that there's plenty of time for them to catch up on these domestic tricks in holidaytime. So there is, if they happen to be interested in domestic things. But if they're not, the domestic things. But if they're not, the holidays are the holidays, and most mothers won't bother them much beyond expecting a bit of a hand with the easiest and most routine jobs

routine jobs.

You might argue, too, that anyone, given the wish or faced with the necessity, can learn to cook and clean and wash whenever she has to. This is quite true.

The only trouble js that the learning process is harder, and more full of dramatic moments of disaster and despair, if she's suddenly cast into it without those useful bits of knowledge (how to separate the white from the yolk of an egg, which bit of a shirt to iron first, at what point the potatoes should go in with the roast) which she would pick up half unconsciously if she lived at home. lived at home.

The headmistresses of these English schools say the girls are not being made to do anything which interferes with their schooling or which they wouldn't be expected to do in most of their homes, and no doubt some day their husbands will be glad dymestic help was hard to get in boarding-schools in the middle 1960s.

#### Christmas presents can be a double-joy to the giver...

THIS is a busy time of year (no tele-vision, no gardening, no letter-writing) for me, because as usual I'm greedily trying to read some of the Christmas presents I've bought for other people before I send them off.

This is a low trick indulged in by most book-givers. Most of us try to cover our tracks, handling the books with great tender-ness and being careful not to spill cigarette ash or drops of coffee on them.

But a few years ago a friend of mine sent me a card at Christmas which simply said, "Don't expect your Christmas present till early in the New Year — I haven't finished reading it yet."

This seemed to me highly sensible. After all, everyone who reads has loads to read at Christmastime, and very little time for

reading. It's like an extra bonus to get a good book a bit later. For that difficult male relative who likes

books and fishing and the country, you simply couldn't go wrong with Douglas Stewart's "The Seven Rivers."

I'll go further—it's for anyone who likes nature books, even if he doesn't know the difference between a yabby and a perch and couldn't care less.

The book is mainly about trout-fishing—not about how to catch them but about how poort. Declars, States of the country of the co

poet Douglas Stew failed to catch them. Stewart caught them or

It's about the rivers (in New Zealand and Australia) and the people he fished with, about the landscape, the animals, the birds, the pubs — fish, water, wildlife, people, and ideas.

book was written, as the author tells us, "simply for the pleasure of going fishing again in retrospect along my favorite rivers." This one will cost you \$3.75.

#### Give this to a close relative (and borrow it)

IF there's a short-story fancier on your list, you couldn't go wrong with the Penguin "Short Stories From The New Yorker, 1950-1960."

Top people included in it are Saul Bellow, Nabokov, Mary McCarthy, Elizabeth Taylor, Angus Wilson, Nadine Gordimer, J. D. Salinger, Eudora Welty, John Updike, Dorothy Parker, Frank O'Connor, and many

There are 47 short stories in the volume, which costs \$1.25, and your main problem will be to find time to read it before you have to parcel it up.

Perhaps your best solution is the one I've hit on—give it to a close relative so that you can immediately borrow it back.

If you're a reading-aloud type of family, you and your children will enjoy "The Penguin Book of Animal Verse." It's a large collection, ranging all the way from our old friend Anon up to contemporary poets,

and it costs 95 cents.

Elizabeth Kata's book about a blind girl, originally published in hard covers under the title "Be Ready With Bells and Drums," can now be bought cheaply in paper-back under the title "A Patch of Blue."

And for those who like their reading light to very light and frothy, E. Cole Turnley, grandson of the Gole of "Cole's Funny Picture Book" fame, has written a book called "Some of the World Through My Gooseberry Eyes" — a light debunkery of travel, travellers, and travel books.



# Pink or white-call for Starwine tonight





No other wine has the delicate, tingling magic of Orlando Sparkling Starwine.

No other wine gives you the choice of blushing pink or palest gold.

Pink or White - call for

## ORLANDO SPARKLING





PRODUCED AND ROTTLED BY G. CRAMP & SONS PTV. LTD. IN SOUTH AUSTRALIUS PAROUS PAROSES CONTINUE

Page 64

"Mr. Kirkpatrick! This is im-possible! This is absolutely impossible!" "What is impossible, Miss

Evans?"
"Helen Brown won't accept
this dress as a present from
her father."

He said calmly, "Why

not?"
"For one thing, she's marrying a young doctor who doesn't have a dime. How can she wear a \$2500 gown at her wedding? For another thing, she'll never accept it from me. Without even a card to say who it's from? Without even a little note? Why, she'll throw it in my face! What am I supposed to do then?"
"Let's cross that bridge

"Let's cross that bridge en we come to it."

when we come to it."
"But, Mr. Kirkpatrick—"
"But, Mr. Kirkpatrick—"
"Don't worry about it, Miss
Evans You can call on me
if necessary."

I looked at him, and he looked at me. Gosh! He was growing more human by the minute.

Alice wailed, "Miss Evans, I can't stand here any longer; the gown is killing

"Oh, Alice, I'm sorry! I'll take you right back to the fitting room. Mr. Kirkpatrick, doesn't she look cute?"

"Gute?" he said, caught off guard. "Yes. Yes, she does, indeed. Very nice, Miss Pye."

She smiled shyly. She de-served an official compliment. I said, "Come on, Alice, let's

As I took Alice's arm she said, "Miss Evans, Miss Evans, I think I'm going to faint."

"You can faint in the fitting room," I said, but when we reached it, all she did was cry weakly for about five minutes. "What on earth is the matter, Alice?" I asked.

"Oh, Miss Evans, I wish
my boyfriend could have seen
me wearing this wedding
dress. But we've broken up,
and now he's going with another girl."
"Ferwit it Alice Boy

and now he's going with another girl."

"Forget it, Alice. Boy-friends are a dime a dozen. A pretty girl like you won't have any trouble finding somebody else. And probably a better catch."

"Really?" she said.

"Of course."

That seemed to cheer her up. Evidently I spoke with the voice of authority.

Everything went smoothly for the rest of the morning; and I went down to lunch at a quarter past one. Twenty minutes later I was back in the department. I checked the big fitting room to make sure it was absolutely spick-and-span for the daughter of our vice-president in charge of Customer Relations; then I visited our stock rooms and went through our collection of gowns and bridesmaids dresses, as if I were not alwent through our collection of gowns and bridesmaids' tresses, as if I were not already familiar with every one of them. At two twenty I went tout to the Lounge to await the arrival of Marion Carroll and her eight friends — there was a possibility that she might be a few minutes early, as brides-to-be often are; but in this instance I was mistaken.

At half past two, Mrs. Buckingham joined me in the Lounge, but after a while I suggested that she might as well wait in the comfort of the consultants' room: Miss Carroll obviously wasn't breaking her neck hurrying here to choose her bridarament. A few minutes before three, Miss Keeler called and said in her frosty voice, "Miss Evans, Mr. Garroll wishes to know if Miss Carroll has arrived yet?"

"I'm sorry, she haan't. I'll

"I'm sorry, she hasn't. I'll let Mr. Carroll know as soon as she gets here."
"Thank you," Miss Keeler

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

said, transforming the words into two long icicles.

into two long icicles.

Alice was pale, probably as a result of this morning's ordeal. I chatted to her to cheer her up, but she wouldn't respond. The Lounge was quiet; only a couple of brides were waiting; and the air was so fresh and summery that I found myself growing drowsy, dreaming of Brittany, where once I had been so happy.

Suddenly, in the midst of this charming reverie, little Patsy Cullen darted into the Lounge, dressed as a teenager, complete with bobby socks. Ted Norrish followed her,

looking like a British country squire in a grey tweed suit.

I couldn't imagine what they were doing here. They belonged to Mr. Tompkins' department, Security. Their job was to patrol the store, safeguarding us from shop-lifters and other delinquents.

Patsy said, "D'Arcy," in a tense voice; and I stared at her. It was a flagrant breach of Security regulations. She was never permitted to address me by name in public; and I was never permitted to give any indication that I recognised her.

I said elegantly, "What's

I said elegantly, "What's

"Listen," she whispered.
"Don't be alarmed. There's a
crowd of drunks outside—"
"Drunks?"
Ted Norrish said out of the
corner of his mouth, "And
how. They're loaded."
"Loaded?"

Patsy said, "We came to warn you. They're all heading this way—"

I still had not the faintest idea what she and Ted Nor-rish were talking about. "What do you mean, "They're all heading this way'?"

"Can't you hear them?"
Patsy asked. "They're milling around Negligees. They'll be here any minute."

"Patsy, how did a crowd of unks get up to this floor?

To page 66

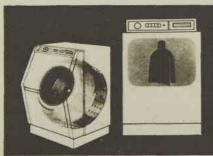


## **Hoover Keymatic** washes 21 dresses spotless in one load!

No other leading automatic can beat this -whatever its size!



Proved at an independent testing centre no other leading automatic can wash more than 21 dresses in one load. Others may look bigger — but Keymatic is big where it counts — inside!



Design Secret. Keymatic's unique tilted tub and recessed pulsator give big washing space in a comact machine. Backed by famous Hoover dependability and the Hoover warranty. Easier to use one simple control. Costs less to install and run.



The only automatic with two entirely different washing actions.

Vigorous: Pour oil on his best shirt if you like — Keymatic's exclusive vigorous washing action gets driest, fastest. Saves gallons of hot and cold water.



Gentle: Wash a rose without harming its petals — prove for yourself how safe your most delicate garments are in Keymatic's tumble wash. Rinsing safest - cleanest. 8 separate wash programmes



HK1/119.115.WW

Page 65

You'll have to stop them. I'm expecting Mr. Carroll's daughter any minute and we can't have her mixed up with drunks."

"We couldn't stop them," Patsy said sharply. "There were too many of them."

"Too many of them!" I cried.

"Now, D'Arcy, don't panic. Ted and I will be here with you. Three more of our people are tailing them. We can handle them if they try to give you any trouble. If necessary, we'll call Mr. Tompkins for reinforcements."

I turned. I caught my breath as I watched them staggering past Shoes and Better Hats toward Bridal Department. Ted Norrish was right. They were loaded; they were stupefied; they were as high as kites. They were laughing and singing and giggling and

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

screeching as they advanced; but the most significant thing about them was that they were all girls. They were good looking, well groomed, each adorned with an orchid; and one of them, I realised with horror, was Marion Carroll, dearly beloved daughter of our vice-president Carroll, that nice man with the acute heart con-dition whom I was under orders to telephone as soon as she to telephone as soon as appeared over the horizon.

I stood there petrified. Alice screamed and ran to the other side of the Lounge, But Patsy Cullen and Ted Norrish remained staunchly by my side. Then I saw the other three Security people

following the girls—a big motherly woman carrying a shopping bag, Mrs. Wissock; a Madison Avenue type in horn-rimmed glasses, Ben McMahon; and a dowager in a mink coat, Miss James.

One of the girls lurched forward. She was about twenty-six, with nice, slim shoulders, a slender waist, and heavy legs. Her hair was dark brown with blond streaks, and she wore a simple black dress and a single strand of pearls.

"Bri'l 'partment?" she asked in a thick voice.

"Yes. Can I help you?"

"Not one li'l bit," she said, and fell flat on her face.

It was like a prearranged signal. All hell broke loose. Another girl in a black dress and pearls screamed, "Look what they've done to Marion!" and she fell flat on her face. A girl in a grey suit tried to raise this girl from the dead, and collapsed on top of her. A third girl in a black dress and pearls gave a loud shriek, rushed over to the big mirrored table in the centre of the Lounge, grabbed handfuls of flowers out of our precious flower arrangement, and began to scatter them around as if she were Queen of the May. A girl in a perfectly divine oyster-white dress sank slowly on to the carpet and began to throw up. to throw up.

Another girl in a black dress and pearls, aided by a girl in a green jersey knit, seized our mannequin, dragged her over to where Marion Carroll lay, and began to tear off the gown, which was merely a \$695 Giachino original. "Here's a wedding dress for you, Marion," one of them screeched; the other girl screeched, "I want it, I want it," and they began to tug at the dress from opposite directions until it suddenly ripped apart and the girl in the green jersey knit fell backward on to her head with a loud thud. A girl in a demure white-and-grey Quaker suit erupted into incredibly violent hiccups, and another girl in a black dress and pearls flung herself on to a settee and had hysterics. and had hysterics.

and had hysterics.

There are nightmares and nightmare to end them all. So much was happening, all at the same moment, that the Security people were be-wildered. Patsy Cullen tried to help Marion Carroll, who had gone out like a light. I tried to restrain the girl who thought she was Queen of the May, but she only shricked with mad laughter, and ducked away from me and grabbed more flowers to toss around.

Ted Norrish tried to help the

flowers to toss around.

Ted Norrish tried to help the wretch in the divine oyster-white dress who was throwing up on the carpet; Miss James and Mrs. Wissock tried to rescue our mannequin, but one of the basic-black girls managed to seize the headpiece, and fled like something out of "Swan Lake" toward Better Shoes with our two ladies from Security in hot pursuit. Ben McMahon attempted to comfort the girl who was having hysterics on the settee, and he was nearly decapitated when she suddenly kicked out like a horse and the point of her shoe smote him on the chin. It was sheer chaos.

I MUST have died a thousand deaths in the first few seconds of this giant cataclysm, but then I came to my senses. Alice was cowering against one of the big mirrors; I called to her, "Bring some cardboard boxes from the stock room," because I couldn't bear to see our beautiful Nilegreen carpet ruined. If any more of these girls wanted to throw up, they could do it hygienically into one of our white-and-gold Bridal Department boxes.

Then I dashed over to the two

Bridal Department boxes.

Then I dashed over to the two brides who had been waiting—they were yellow with fright—and said, "Don't be scared. It's nothing to worry about; just a rehearad." Why this should have reassured them I can't say, but it did, at least to some extent. Then I called out to Patsy, "They can't lie here; we have to get them out of the Lounge."

I rushed down to the fitting

Lounge."

I rushed down to the fitting rooms and sent Mrs. Hazel, Miss de Wild, and Mrs. Hatfield out to reinforce Security; I burnt into the veil room and sent Margot Barry out; and finally I dashed into the consultants' room, where Mrs. Buckingham was placidly reading the paper. "Mrs. Buckingham! They're he're! They're all drunk as owls!"

"Really?" she said, folding

"Really?" she said, folding her paper carefully. "That's just what I expected, my dear. Shall I bring the smelling salts?" "Yes, I think we'll need them." She followed me out, smiling to

herself.

It was ridiculous. Mrs. Buckingham and I, between us, couldn't do a thing with Marion Carroll. We couldn't raise her even an inch off the floor. She was like a sack of potatoes, limp and lumpy, and she felt as if she weighed a ton-Finally, Ben McMahon and Ted Norrish came to our aid; Ben held her by the shoulders. Ted held

To page 69

Notice to Contributors Notice to Contributors
Dizase type your manuscript or
write clearly in ink, using only
one side of the paper.
Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories
100 to 1000 words; articles up to
1000 words. Bacoles examps to ease
return manuscript in
case of rejection.
Every care is taken of manuscript
case of rejection.
Every care is taken of manuscript
case of the paper of the paper
duplicate. Names and addresses
should be written on manuscript
as well as on cavelope.
Address manuscripts
Editor, The Australian Women's



#### THE QUICKEST, EASIEST WAY TO PERFECT POTATO CHIPS!

The Birds Eye way. The five-minute way! Pour 4" of cooking oil into a frypan and heat till the oil is really hot. Then pour Birds Eye frozen Crinkle Cut Chip Potatoes straight from the carton into the oil. Watch them sizzle.

The sizzlier the crisper! In five minutes they'll be golden brown, crisp, perfect. Ready

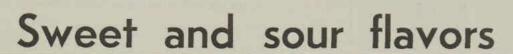
to serve! Instructions for deep frying or cooking in a saucepan are on the carton.

With all Birds Eye products you get extra quality. So better buy Birds Eye.

Manufactured by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd.



Page 66





SWEET AND SOUR FISH (above) is a Chinese specialty, combines fish pieces with prawns, and is an ideal party dish. Another delicious dish is the Sweet and Sour Pork at right, with its vegetables and savory sauce.

 The combination of sweet and sour flavors, a feature of Chinese cookery, has become very popular in Australia. Sweet and sour poultry, pork, and fish dishes make deliciously savory party foods: and the same richness of flavor can be adapted to simple vegetable dishes.

> Level spoon measurements and the eightliquid-ounce cup measure are used in our

#### SWEET AND SOUR PORK

2.24lb. lean pork 1 cup drained canned pineapple pieces

medium cucumber or 6 gherkins

red pepper or canned pimento

egg-yolk dessertspoons sugar tablespoon soy sauce teaspoon salt dessertspoon tomato

4oz. mushrooms SAUCE III)

bunch shallots

cornflour oil for frying

boiled ric

d cup reserved pineapple juice 1 dessertspoon coraflour 1 tablespoon sherry top vinegar salt, pepper

Mix together sugar, soy sauce, salt, sherry, and egg-olk; stir well. Cut meat into bite-sized pieces, place soy sauce mixture. Stir well until coated with marin-de. Cover, leave 1 hour; stir occasionally.

Slice onions, chop shallots diagonally. Core and remove and from pepper; cut into thin strips. Slice mushrooms; side from pepper; cut into thin strips. Slice mushrooms; if cucumber into chunky strips. Fry onion in little oil until transparent. Add pepper and shallots, seek further 3 to 4 minutes. Add mushrooms, cook mushrooms, cook of the cook p vegetables hot.

Drain meat from marinade, reserve liquid. Toss meat moriflour. Heat oil, cook meat until golden move and cooked through; drain well. Add meat to speciales, keep hot. Blend I dessertspoon cornflour with reserved pineapple juice. Add vinegar, tomato sauce, in into remaining marinade. Bring up to the boil, thring continuously; season. Pour sauce over meat and specialies, stir to coat evenly. Serve hot on bed of boiled see.

#### SWEET AND SOUR FISH

whole shelled prawns 2 medium onions b. cod fillets or other thick fish fillets 4 sticks celery l small red pepper or canned pimento

bunch shallots cornflour oil for frying boiled rice

recipes.

#### SAUCE

cup stock 2-3 tablespoons white wine tablespoon tomato paste 1 dessertspoon cornflour tablespoon soy sauce salt, pepper 1 teaspoon ground ginger

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Cut fish into bite-sized pieces. Mix together ½ cup Cut fish into bite-sized pieces. Mix together ½ cup stock, tomato paste, soy sauce, wine, and ginger. Place fish and shelled prawns in this mixture, marinate 1 hour. Peel and slice onions. Wash celery and shallots, cut into diagonal pieces. Remove core and seeds from pepper, cut into thin strips. Drain fish, and reserve marinade. Toss fish in cornflour to coat well. Fry in hot oil until golden brown, keep hot. Fry onion in little hot oil until transparent, add celery, pepper, and shallots. Cook further 3 to 4 minutes. Add fish, keep hot.

Sauce: Blend cornflour with remaining stock. Add to reserved marinade. Bring up to the boil, stirring continuously. Season to taste.

Pour sauce over fish and vegetables stir to coat with

Pour sauce over fish and vegetables, stir to coat with uce. Serve over hot boiled rice.

#### SWEET AND SOUR CHICKEN

4 chicken breasts oil for deep frying 3 cup cornflour

1 teaspoon salt

dash pepper teaspoon monosodium glutamate 2 tablespoons cold water

SAUCE

1 clove crushed garlic 2 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoons oil 1 dessertspoon cornflour 1 tablespoons soy sauce 3 tablespoons tomato sauce 2 tablespoons vinegar 4 cup water

GARNISH thin strips green pepper Cut chicken breasts into bite-sized pieces. Mix together lightly beaten egg, cornflour, salt and pepper, monosodium glutamate, and water until smooth. Dip chicken pieces in batter, cook in hot oil 10 minutes. Remove, drain

in batter, cook in hot oil 10 minutes. Remove, drain well on absorbent paper.

Heat oil for sauce, add garlic, and fry gently 1 minute. Mix together remaining ingredients, add to oil and garlic, bring to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Stir in chicken, cook another minute

Serve on a bed of cooked rice garnished with chopped shallots and strips of green pepper.

SWEET AND SOUR PRAWNS

11b. fresh prawns egg d cup plain flour

teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons water
oil for deep frying
SAUCE

cup vinegar
cup brown sugar
cup water
tablespoons tomato sauce
teaspoon salt

1½ cups drained crushed
pineapple
2 large green peppers
2 large tomatoes
1 tablespoon cornflour

3 tablespoons tomato sauce 2 large tomatoes

† teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon cornflour

† teaspoon pepper

Shell and clean prawns. Remove vein from along the backs, drain on absorbent paper. Beat egg, flour, salt, and water together until smooth. Dip prawns in this batter, fry in hot oil until golden brown; drain.

Cut peppers diagonally into 8 pieces each; cut tomatoes into wedges. Place in large saucepan with remainder of ingredients, excepting cornflour, and bring to boiling point. Mix cornflour with 2 tablespoons water; stir into sauce and cook, stirring, until thickened. Add prawns, reheat, and simmer 1 minute.

#### SWEET AND SOUR RED CABBAGE

1lb. red cabbage 2 tablespoons oil dessertspoon soy sauce tablespoons sugar dessertspoons vinegar

1 teaspoon salt
2 drops tabasco sauce
1 dessertspoon cornflour
1 tablespoon water

Shred cabbage, wash, and drain well. Heat oil in frying-pan or large saucepan, add cabbage, and fry quickly 4 minutes. Add combined soy sauce, sugar, vinegar, salt, and tabasco; fry further 2 minutes. Add comflour and water mixed together, and cook, stirring, 1 minute further to thicken. further to thicken

Continued overleaf

Australian Women's Wrekly - December 21, 1966



#### Lemon jelly wins \$10 award

A sparkling, tangy lemon jelly conserve wins the main prize of \$10 this week in our regular recipe contest.

THREE consolation prizes of \$2 each are awarded: one for a casserole full of flavor and packed with meat and vegetables; one for an economical and easily made teacake suitable for a small family; the third for a quick-to-prepare piquant hot potato salad.

#### LEMON JELLY

water

Carefully peel all the yellow rind from the washed lemons. Remove the white pith from lemons and discard (the pith is bitter and will also cloud the jelly).

Slice the lemon flesh, place this with the yellow rind and any pips into preserving pan. Just cover with water. Bring up to the boil, turn heat to low, and simmer gently until rind softens.

and simmer gently until rind softens.
Strain mixture through fine muslin.
Measure resulting juice carefully and allow 1 cup of sugar to every cup of

Reheat juice, add sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring up to the boil and boil rapidly until setting point is reached (approximately 20 minutes). Remove any scum from top. Bottle in warm jars and seal when cold.

Makes approximately 2 pints. First prize of \$10 to Mrs. E. Sawyer, 3 Spring St., Lismore, N.S.W.

#### CASSEROLED BEEF

1lb. stewing beef 1 cup skinned and seasoned flour chopped chopped tomatoes loz, butter 3 rashers bacon salt, pepper l cup claret (less if desired) potatoes onions i cup stock water carrot 1 stick celery

Cut meat into lin. cubes, toss in seasoned flour. Remove rind from bacon, cut roughly into pieces. Peel and slice potatoes, onions, and carrot; dice celery. Melt butter in pan, lightly fry bacon pieces; remove and reserve. Saute meat on all sides until well browned. (Use more butter if necessary.)

In good-sized heatproof casserole, place alternate layers of meat and

vegetables. Season each layer well with salt and pepper. Pour over stock and wine, top with bacon. Cover casserole, place in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours,

or until meat is tender.

Serve hot with creamed potatoes or fluffy boiled rice.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Patrikeos, 68 Moylan St., Ormond East, Vic.

#### PASSIONFRUIT TEACAKE

loz, butter or substitute pinch salt 2 tablespoons castor sugar egg

I egg castor sugar
1 cup self-raising 2 passionfruit
flour 2 tup milk
Beat well together butter, sugar, and
egg until light and fluffy. Stir in
passionfruit pulp. Sift flour and salt,
fold into mixture alternately with milk. Turn in well-greased 7in, sandwich tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. R. Wilson, 443 Lennox St., Maryborough, Qld.

#### HOT TUNA POTATO SALAD

15oz. can tuna 4oz. mushrooms (or 1 small can) cup plain flour teaspoon salt teaspoon dry dessertspoon worcestershire mustard cup milk I cup mayonnaise 3 cups diced cooked potatoes 1 tablespoon vinegar 2oz. butter or substitute 1 packet potato chips cup thinly sliced salt, pepper

onion Combine tuna, sliced mushroo worcestershire sauce, and vinegar. Melt butter, fry onion lightly (do not brown). Blend in flour, salt, and mustard. Add milk, stir over low heat until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, stir in mayonnaise; season well.

stir in mayonnaise; season well.

Place half potatoes in base of wellgreased ovenproof casserole, add half
tuna mixture. Repeat with remaining
mixtures. Pour over the prepared
sauce, top with potato chips.

Bake in moderate oven for 20
minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss N.
Saegenschnitter, Stonefield, S.A.

Concluding . . .

#### SWEET AND SOUR FLAVORS

#### SWEET AND SOUR DRESSING

cup sugar cup tarragon

vinegar 1 tablespoon salad

dessertspoon very finely chopped onion

1 dessertspoon very finely chopped chives dessertspoon very

celery 1 dessertspoon very

finely chopped

finely chopped

finely chopped green pepper dessertspoon very finely chopped pimento dessertspoon chopped parsley teaspoon salt teaspoon pepper teaspoon teaspoon

prepared mustard teaspoon paprika teaspoon worces-tershire sauce small lump of ice

With electric or rotary beater, beat sugar and vinegar together. Gradually add salad oil and remainder of ingredients in order given above. Finally add the ice, beat until mixture thickens.

Serve as a dressing for any green salad vegetable; particularly nice as dressing for finely shredded cabbage.

#### SWEET AND SOUR CARROTS

1 bunch earrots

1 tablespoon oil teaspoon salt

11 cups water

2 tablespoons white

vinegar 2 tablespoons sugar 1 tablespoon cornflour

Wash, but do not peel carrots unless old. Cut into diagonal slices. Heat oil in frying pan or large saucepan, add carrots, cook over medium heat 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add salt and ½ cup of the water, bring to the boil, and boil 5 minutes. If carrots are old, cook a little longer. Mix remaining ingredients together, add to car-rots. Continue cooking, stirring, until sauce thickens and is translucent,

#### SWEET AND SOUR MEATBALLS

#### MEATBALLS

1lb. finely minced 2 tablespoons red steak I small onion wine teaspoon salt oil for frying rasher bacon 1 beaten egg

#### SAUCE

1½ cups water 2 tablespoons brown sugar 2 tablespoons vinegar dessertspoon soy

1 tablespoon cornflour . salt and pepper 4 thin slices green

ginger 2 tablespoons pine-apple pieces

Meatballs: Chop onion and bacon finely, combine with all remaining ingredients, mix well. Shape into small balls, fry in heated oil until well browned and cooked through: drain, arrange on serving dish; keep hot-

Sauce: Heat water in small saucepan, add sugar, vinegar, soy sauce, and conflour blended with a little water. Cook, stirring, over gentle heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add finely chopped ginger, pineapple, and seasoning. Spoon over meatballs.

her feet, while Mrs. Bucking-ham and I supported her head.

head.

The safest place for hexobviously, was my office. We staggered into it, sat Marion down on the chair by the window, and Ted and I held on to her grimly while Ben hurried into Mrs. Snell's office and returned with two chairs and some foam-rubber seat pads. We stretched Marion out across the three chairs; and we then left her in Mrs. Buckingham's care and hurried back to the Lounge to help with the disposal of the rest of the gang.

They all had to go into

rest of the gang.

They all had to go into the big fitting room, I decided. It wasn't easy. By now there were three corpse-like females who had to be carried. The hysterical one, on the settee, had to be subdued by Patsy Gullen and Mrs. Wissock. The cirl who had thrown up was led away, moaning, by Mrs. Hatfield and Miss James; and Margot Barry and I rounded up the rest one by one. The girl with the hiccups was a walking case.

walking case.

The girl who had taken the mannequin's headpiece was now turning a curious greenish color, and posed no problem. But the Queen of the May still wanted to strew flowers over the Lounge, until Margot and I managed to pounce on her simultaneously. Then she collapsed and began to cry.

Hazel and Miss de Wild to tidy up the Lounge, and Miss Caswell, with her usual nobility of character, offered nobility of character, offered to do emergency repairs to the carpet. I sent Ben Mc-Mahon and Ted Norrish down to the cafeteria for all the black coffee and ice cubes they could carry. I called Lorna Field, the assistant buyer in perfumes, and said: "Lorna, we have an emergency. I need two large bottles of eau-de-cologne—I'll let you have an official requisition later. Okay?" She said, "Okay," and I sent Alice down to the main floor to collect them.

The big fitting room looked

lect them.

The big fitting room looked like a Red Cross station after a major catastrophe. The three unconscious girls were lying on the floor, and two of the other girls decided that they would be more comfortable if they were lying on the floor, too. We put cardboard boxes under their heads; we took off their shoes; we loosened their clothing.

ened their clothing.

Nearly all of them were feeling like death by this time, and they looked it. I asked the girl with the hiccups what had brought this about; and the answered dismally: "We had lunch at the Old Colonial Club—hic—it was a shower for Marion—hic—and naturally we started—hic—with Martinis; but then Marion insisted—hic—that we switch to Green Dragons, and they—hic—finished us off."

"What on earth are Green

"What on earth are Green Dragons?"

Her eyes filled with tears as she answered: "Cognac and scotch — hic — laced with creme de menthe. Marion had six. Is she — hic — going to live?"

I said, "It's too early to say."

Ben McMahon and Ted
Norrish arrived with big jugs
of black coffee, a supply of
paper cups, and a large bag
filled with ice cubes. We had
no further use for men, so I
politiely asked them to get
lost, adding that I would be
obliged if they'd keep the
events of this afternoon a
deep, dark secret.

A LL characters in serials appear in The Australian Wamen's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

Ted, rather sheepishly, said they'd have to put in an official report; and I said: "There will be no official report; Just forget that you ever came to Bridal Department today."

"Why?" Ben asked; and I told them in a whisper who Marion Carroll was. They gasped, and couldn't get away fast enough.

I put some of the ice cubes into a cellulose paper bag, filled a paper cup with coffee, warned Patsy Gullen to keep the door of the big fitting room locked, and hurried to my office. Marion was draped in the same position over the three chairs; her face was pale

and sweaty, and she was breathing noisily. Mrs. Buck-ingham was fanning her.

"I've brought ice cubes and black coffee. They mixed Martinis and Green Dragons," I explained. "That's why they're all in this condition."

"How vulgar," Mrs. Buckingham said.

We attempted to sit her up, but she flopped over sideways as if she had been boned. We both held on to her firmly, and somehow I managed to unzip her dress. At this moment the telephone rang. I wriggled around my desk, still holding on to Marion, picked up the receiver, and

said casually, "Bridal Depart-ment. Miss Evans."

It was Miss Keeler again. She sounded ferocious. "Miss Evans! Hasn't Miss Carroll arrived yet?"

"I'm sorry, she hasn't." It was only a little white lie. Miss Carroll might have arrived in body, but she certainly had not arrived in spirit.

"Mr. Carroll is very con-cerned about her."

"Oh, I'm sure there's no need to worry. You know how girls are when they get together at lunch. Please tell Mr. Carroll that I'll let him know as soon as Miss Carroll gets here."

"Thank you."

To page 70



#### Sulky Susan vesterday

- sunny Susan today!

"Yesterday Susan was so miserable", says her mother. "But overnight Laxettes made her her old self again. I'll always keep

Overlight Laxettes hade her hier old sen again. I'll aways kee Laxettes handy!"
Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.
When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6 (35 cents).



We were able to take Marion's dress off before the next interruption. This time it was a rap at the door, and when I peeped out, there was Alice, scared to death as usual, with two bottles of eau-de-cologne she had collected from Perfumes. I took one, sent her to Patsy Cullen with the other, shut the door firmly, and locked it.

We loosened Marion's undergarments, took off her stockings, and applied the cellulose paper ice bag to the top of her head, and patted eau-de-cologne wherever we thought it would do any good.

There was another tap at the door, and I assumed that Alice had returned. Without thinking, I unlocked it and threw it open; and I found myself staring at Kirkpatrick. He stared at me; and then he stared past me, at the seminude figure of Marion Carrell alumped over the three chairs.

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

For once, I acted really fast. I slipped out of my office and closed the door behind me, in one swift movement. Miss Carroll wasn't fit to be seen by any man, even a floor

His voice became harder. "Miss Evans, are you authorised to give medical treatment?"

you try to protect the daughter of a vice-president.

"Are you aware that we would be in very serious trouble if any-thing went wrong? Who is this girl?"

"A customer."

"What happened to her?"

"She passed out."

"Passed out? Do you mean, she fainted?" I hesitated. But I had to tell him. He was responsible for every-thing that happened on this floor. I said, "She was drunk."

"Why didn't you report this to me instantly?"
"I'm sorry. We were so busy try-ing to revive her."

"Go in there at once and call the Medical Department. Tell them to send somebody down here im-mediately."

I said, "Mr. Kirkpatrick, I would rather not call the Medical Department."

would rather not call the Medical Department."

"Why not?"

"We can't do any more for her. She drank too much; she mixed Martinis and Green Dragons. And I don't want the news to leak out. In particular, I don't want it to reach Mr. Carroll, because it's his daughter."

reach Mr. Carroll, because it's instaughter."

Kirkpatrick looked at me with grim interest, "Where are the other girls?"

"In the big fitting room."

"I'd better take a look at them."

I led the way, I rapped on the fitting-room door. "Patsy, open up for Mr. Kirkpatrick."

She opened the door wide, and he stepped forward and glanced in.

A few feeble shricks greeted him, and he stepped back so fast he nearly fell over himself. It was a sight that really should have been recorded for posterity: Eight tovely bridesmaids all with their girdles loosened, most of them prostrate on the floor, some with their heads in Bridal Department gold-and-white boxes, attended by three females from Security and four Bridal consultants who were plying them with black coffee and applying ice-cubes to their fevered brows.

"Close the door, Patsy," I said. "Lock it again."

The door closed firmly. Kirkpatrick and I stood facing each other.

"Exactly who are these girls?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"Friends of Miss Carroll, They're going to be her bridesmaids. She's being married in June."

"How on earth did they get into this state?"

"They gave a luncheon for her at the Old Colonial Club."

"Some tuncheon," he said. "Do you think you can handle the situation now?"

"Yes, I think we have it under control."

"All right. Let me know if you run into any difficulties: In the circumstances, I think you're probably wise to keep this from Mr. Carroll."

The blood rushed to my face. He had paid me another compli-

The blood rushed to my face. He had paid me another compli-ment.

MARION was sitting up when I returned to my office. Her bra was back in place, her girdle was partially zipped up, and she was slumped forward with the fingers of both hands presed to her temples.

Mrs. Buckingham said, "She's a lot better."

"So I see. Hello, Miss Carroll."
She didn't look up. "Hello."

"The D'Arcy Evans."

"The name's familiar, but I don't recall the face."

"You had an appointment with me at two thirty to look at bridal gowns."

"You had an appointment with me at two thirty to look at bridal gowns."

"I dimly remember. What happened to my friends?"

"We are taking care of them."

"The Good Samaritan Department, eh?"

"Not by choice."

"Please stop talking so much. My head is splitting."

"I'm sorry, but, Miss Carroll, I promised to let your father know when you arrived. He wants to come down to see you."

"How can I see him like this?"

"You'll feel a lot better som. Suppose I call him and say I've received a message from you that you'll be here in about half an hour?"

She screamed, "No!"

"But he's worried about you. His secretary has telephoned me a number of times."

"Let him worry. He's great at worrying."

"That isn't fair."

"Keep your nose out of this I know what I'm talking about. He

"That isn't fair."

"Keep your nose out of this I know what I'm talking about He wants me to get married. So let him worry."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Buckingham picked up the receiver while I continued to support Marion Carroll.

"Hello." Mrs. Buckingham said. "Hello. Yes, this is Miss Evans office. Yes?" I said, "Th take it, Mrs. Buckingham."

office . Yes?"

I said, "Pil take it, Mrs. Buckingham."

She put her hand out, waving me off. "Oh, of course!" she said, bursting with charm. "How wonderful of you to recognise my voice!

Oh, I'm simply splendid; I have never felt better. And how are you?

I'm so glad . Yes, yes, indeed, she is here. Would you like to speak to her? Just hold on. I'll get her for you. Hold on."

"Who is it?" I asked.

She didn't answer me. And, to my astonishment, instead of handing me the receiver she picked up the telephone bodily and carried it over to Marion Carroll. "My dear," she said, "it's your father. He wishes to speak to you."

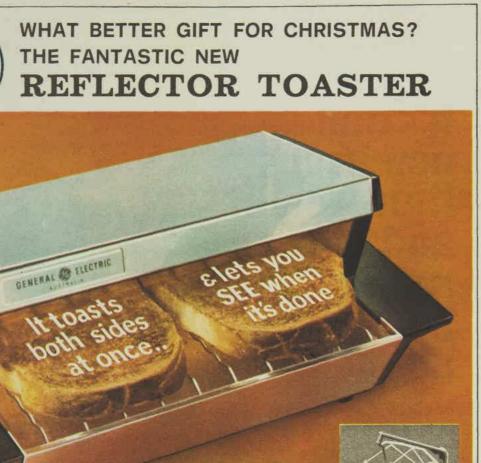
"Oh, no!" Marion cried.

Mrs. Buckingham calmly put the receiver in her hand, put the base of the telephone on the floor, and stepped aside.

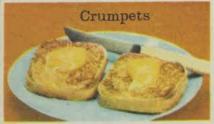
To page 71

He said in a loud voice, "Miss Evans, your door was locked again."
"Yes, it was. The girl in my office isn't feeling very well."
"Is that so? Have you called the Medical Department?"
"No She'll be all sight in a feeling of the said of "No. She'll be all right in a few

edical treatment? I didn't answer. I thought bit-rly: This is what happens when



#### and it toasts all these EXTRA things!







MORE than a new toaster — a new kind of toaster and you'll wonder why someone didn't think of it before. Simply place bread (or crumpets or open sandwiches or frozen waffles or pancakes) on toaster rack, and the unique reflected heat toasts both sides at once, lets you see when it's done.

No more "brown in the middle, light on the sides" toast, the reflected heat covers the entire bread surface, toasts evenly, deliciously . . . saves electricity too! It's the kind of advance you'd expect from world's largest electrical enterprise .... go see it today at your favourite store!

Unique Reflected Heat Toasts faste

GENERAL (88) ELECTRIC \*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY - U.S.A.

Manufacturing Plant: Australian General Electric (Appliances) Pty. Lt6. Notting Hill, Victoria.

and what a wonderful price at only \$14.95 (£7.9.6)

"Mrs. Buckingham!" I said a furious whisper, "you ould not have done that!"

in a furious whisper, "you in build not have done that!"

She answered mildly: "My dear Miss Evans, I have learned in the course of a long life that it really doesn't pay to protect people who don't wish to be protected. Why should you get into serious trouble because this pilly girl misbehaves herself?"

"You're so right," Marion and, loudly and clearly. She pushed her hair back and poke into the receiver. "Father? Hello Yes, I've arrived at last But I'm drank, darling. So are all the pils No, please don't come down. I'm going to be perfectly all right. Miss Evans and Mrs. Buckingham gave me the most delicious coffee. I'll see you at home, later Yes, I'll probably come in some time next week to look at a wedding dress Yes. Don't worry, Goodbye."

Don't worry, Goodbye."

She put the receiver down and gave me a sickly smile. "You know something?" she said. "I should have told him..." But I never learned what she should have told him. She swayed forward and promptly went to sleep.

I was utterly exhausted by five thirty. I crawled out of the main entrance of Fellowes, and thought: This isn't a day for a bus; this is a day to meet in a taxi. And instead of making my way to the bus top I walked slowly toward the kerb, keeping an eye out to the left for any empty taxi that might be cruising in my direction.

WIRKPATRICK
was ahead of me. I didn't see
him until I almost bumped
into him. I said, "Oh, I'm so
sorry; I was looking for a
taxi" He didn't smile. He
said: "I'm waiting for a taxi,
too. Let me give you a lift
downtown."

We waited nearly five minutes. Finally, one swerved toward us. He opened the door for me; I climbed in; he followed, slamming the door behind him; and there I was, to my surprise, sitting beside the tiger of Fellowes, Fifth Avenue.

Avenue.

The taxi shot forward about ten yards and stopped abruptly for a traffic light. Kirkpatrick said, "I don't want to talk business; but, just as a matter of interest, what happened to the Carroll girl and her friends?"

"They left under their own power. Miss Carroll is coming in again next week."

"Hm."

He was silent again for half minute, while the taxi driver outed his horn at the traffic arl ahead. Then he said, I was hoping to have a chat ith you this afternoon."

"Oh?"

"I believe I mentioned to you that I had a long discus-tion with Mr. Dietrich about Bridal Department."

A cold wind blew on my skin. "Yes?"

"We intend to make some changes," he said. "I'll go over them with you in the morning. Will you be free at eleven o'clock?"

"I think so."

"I might as well tell you briefly what Mr. Dietrich and I were discussing. We can go over it in more detail tomorrow. Mrs. Snell will not be returning to Fellowes when she comes out of the hospital." "Oh, no!"

"Her doctors have told her that she'll have to live in a milder climate. She has reached retirement age, in any case; and she's going to move to Florida."

I sat there, mourning her with all my heart. She was a stern little woman, but she was absolutely honorable and trustworthy. Nearly everything I knew I had learned from her. I couldn't bear to think that I wouldn't see her again.

Kirkpatrick went on: "Mr. Dietrich and I spent some time considering the various people who might take over her job. We agreed that you would be our first choice."

I turned to look at him.
"But that's absurd!"
"Why is it absurd?"

"I couldn't do Mrs. Snell's job. I don't have the experi-

"Mrs. Snell was in charge of your department for more than twenty-five years. We couldn't reasonably expect you to have the same backlog of experience. On the other hand, you are younger and more flexible."

"Mr. Kirkpatrick, I may be younger and more flexible, but you know from your own observation that I bungle everything."

"To be perfectly frank, I told Mr. Dietrich that from my own observation you were inclined to be rather impul-sive at times, but on the whole I'd been impressed by your work and I thought you would do the job admirably."

Would do the job admirably."

He had been impressed by my work. He thought I would do the job admirably. I began to shake. Then, as an after-thought, Kirkpatrick said: "I ought to mention that the new appointment will automatically carry a substantial increase in salary. This is one of the things we'll explore tomorrow."

of the timing we'll explore tomorrow."

He couldn't possibly have read what was passing through my mind. At this moment I wasn't interested in exploring anything, not even a substantial increase in salary. I was upset beyond words to learn that Mrs. Snell was still sick and would never return to Fellowes, and I was overcome by all sorts of fears at the mere thought of trying to do her job. She had not only immense authority but a marvellous, inborn, reg al quality. I wasn't regal. I could never act with her kind of authority.

# Mrs. H. WIFE Dni "That pale green blends beautifully with your skin." THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 21, 1966

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

I couldn't move into her office; I couldn't occupy her place at meetings in the executive conference room; I couldn't go rushing around on buying trips to Boston and Dallas and Los Angeles and Dublin and Paris and Rome; I couldn't make decisions involving tens of thousands of dollars every day. I simply wasn't ready for such responsibility.

The taxi suddenly swerved to the kerb and stopped. I peered through the window and said, "Oh, here we are at Tenth Street. Thank you very much, Mr. Kirkpatrick."

I prepared to scramble out, but he handed the driver a dollar bill and some change, and said to me, "I'm getting out here, too."

The taxi drove off and we stood facing each other in the pink-and-grey evening light.

His face was expressionless.

"If you're free, if you aren't in a hurry, I'd like to suggest that you have a drink with

I wasn't sure I had heard m correctly. "A drink?"

"To celebrate your new job." He made a vague ges-ture. "The Fifth Avenue Hotel is only a block away."

Hotel is only a block away."

I did happen to be free, except for a dinner date with Suzanne. And I wasn't in any great hurry, because in my experience Suzanne has never succeeded in serving dinner until well after eight o'clock. Furthermore, after everything that had happened today I was suffering from emotional shock and I needed a drink.

But if this man and I were going to have a drink together it was vital (I felt) that we should not have it, so to speak, under false colors, and I said:
"Mr. Kirkpatrick, don't you think it's a little too soon to celebrate? I still

haven't made up my mind; I still don't know if I'm the right person to succeed Mrs.

Snell."

"Miss Evans," he said calmly, "let's look at it rationally for one moment. If you don't take the job, we'll have to look around for somebody who will. There isn't anybody except yourself at Fellowes with the right kind of qualifications; therefore we'd probably have to bring in somebody from outside, from another department store. Can you visualise that possibility?"

With perfect precision he

you visualise that possibility?"
With perfect precision he had hit the bull's-eye. I might be in a state of shock over losing Mrs. Snell; I might shrink at the prospect of stepping into her shoes; but the mere thought of a stranger stepping into her shoes made my skin prickle. It would be an intolerable situation. It would be impossible. Take orders from a stranger in my department? Never.

We walked the short block to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

To be concluded

#### Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged. shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



# SHOEZ GO 7KOOL

One, two, buckle my shoe . . . the Back-to-School Look stars buckles, buttons, and lots of tiny straps. They're in vivid-colored patent leather, with rounded toes.

Story: Kerry Yates. Pictures: Bill Payne.

## For teenage

WHAT'S the story on summer shoes? Are they simple, striking, plain, or colorful?

The Back-to-School Look features cute "almost flats," with straps, buttons, and bows to delight any teenage poppet.

In shiny patent (colored yellow, pink, and powder-blue), they are great with "Kiddie Clothes"—cute mini-smocks in pastels and paisley.

While needle-points and stilt heels have dropped from favor, rounded Twiggy toes and chunky heels are uniform for mods.

Ankle straps and cut-outs will be worn by most, while individuals will choose lace-ups and buttoned boots.

It's goodbye to most white and bone shoes. Vibrant greens, pinks, and orange lead the way, while crazy color combinations are close runners-up.

Apple-green and shocking-pink, orange and yellow, and purple and lime are the latest color get-togethers, Checked, striped, or plain with contrasting bands, they mix-and-match all summer gear.

Suede stays on the scene for summer — in extravagant, impractical, and yet eye-stopping bone, pink, and baby-blue.

NOTE: Teens with tiny "tootsies" have it made! Now they can shop for really off-beat party pumps in the children's shoe departments — as they're already doing in some stores.



Anyone for footie? These cute lace-ups of contrast-ing patent were inspired by your kid brother's football boots. They are ideal with shifts and long socks.



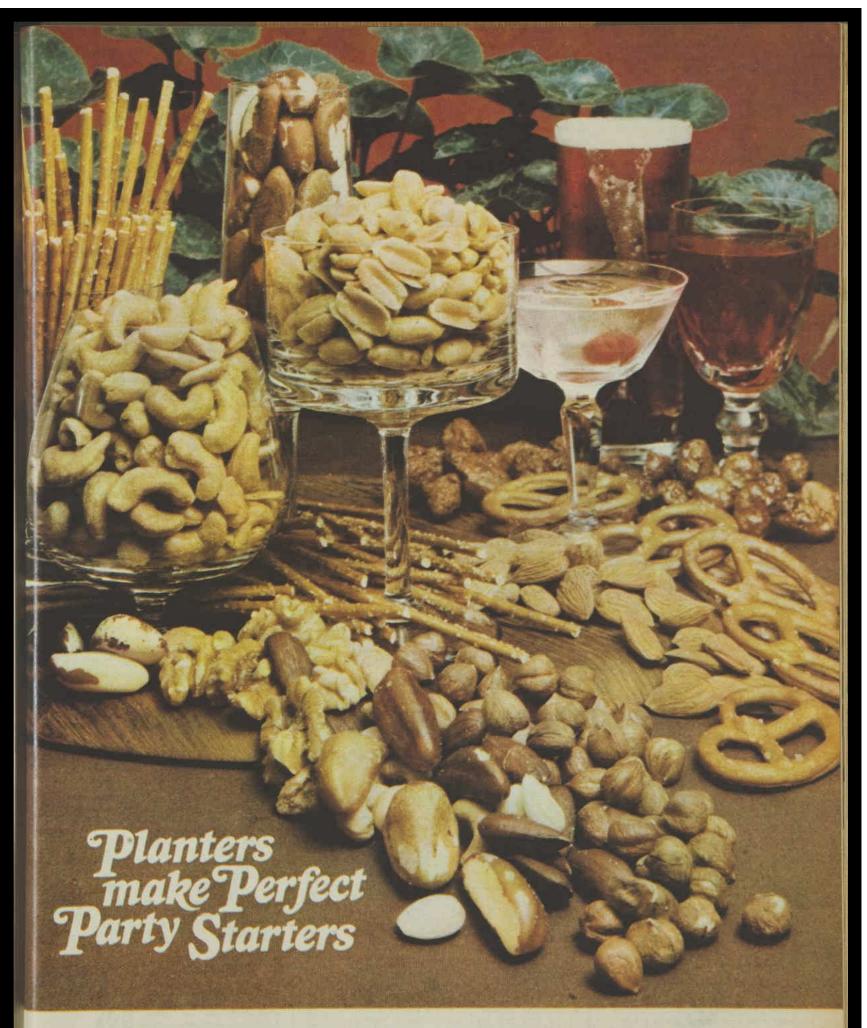
"Viva Maria!" boots bring back buttons and ankle straps. While striking in soft leathers, they are fun and feminine in pale-toned suede.



Roman influence is clearly evident this summer in gold leather, long-leg lace-ups, and ancient ankle straps point up casual styles.



 Night owls go mod! In many colors and cuts (transparent plastic is new), dressy shoes have popular chunky heels and cropped toes.



Planters nuts and pretzels have that really crisp party crrunch! and munnch! Steeped in loads of racy flavours or dunked in salt, they give a great lift to every party. Start with Planters, the enjoyment's non-stop.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

146A Page 73

## Come back beauty



LETTERS

 As a perfectly normal youth, I look for a spot of glamor in the girls I take out. I really think present-day teenagers are taking the "nature bit" too far. If day teenagers are taking the "nature bit" too far. If they only knew how appalling they look with no make-up and hair like a shaggy dog in a fit, they would wake up to themselves smartly and make their appearance a little more attractive. Dracula's daughter could say with pride, "I'm a raving beauty." One thing, of course: When marriage eventually comes, we won't be under any illusions as to how our brides will look first thing in the marriage. It could only be an imfirst thing in the morning. It could only be an im-provement on the way they look now! — NORMAN THOMAS, Wallstonecraft, N.S.W.

#### Budget holiday

MY girlfriends and I decided to go for a holiday which was out of the ordinary but cheap. We travelled up the North Coast by train, taking bicycles — which we begged, borrowed, or bought — with us. We all squashed into a little rented cottage. I recommend this type of holiday for adventure-seeking teenagers on a limited budget. teenagers on a limited budget. It helps you to appreciate nature and this country we live in. — "Camper," Dee Why, N.S.W.

#### Hair today!

PROM parents, etc., I hear many complaints about the dirty, scruffy look of teenage boys' hair. About 90 to 95 percent of the boys at school wash their hair at least once a week. My brother, 17, washes his every day, and it looks neat and soft all the time. I know that many other boys give their hair the same treatment. Does that satisfy the people who complain? — John McIntyre, Turner, A.C.T.

#### **EXPLOITED!**

• I for one am fed-up with the way we teenagers are exploited. Extreme fashions are designed for us to wear, and most of them are utterly ridiculous. Older people are not pressured to wear them, the designers' excuses being, "Only the very young get away with it." Hairdressers exploit us, too. One month the it." Hairdressers exploit us, too. One month the latest trend is jaw-length and smooth curls, the next month it's short and geometric. Has anyone stopped to consider why hairdressers never tell us to grow our hair? They would lose money. — "Teenie," Dee Why, N.S.W.

#### Slap at hypocrites

ALTHOUGH we cannot boast about our treat-ment of the aborigines, I fail to understand the attitude of some white Americans to negroes. In many cases negroes are inhumanly treated and deemed unfit to mix with the whites. Yet, star entertainers and athletes are permitted to represent their country overseas as true Americans. If negroes are good enough to win gold good enough to win gold medals for America at the Olympics, why aren't they good enough to reap some of their country's benefits? —T.K.O., Leongatha, Vic.

#### Stop the music!

HERE are two ideas we have tried out success-fully at school dances:

- A balloon containing a note is passed around the room until the music stops. The person with the balloon must sit on it and burst it, and then carry out the instruction in the note.
- Two broomsticks are laid parallel across the room about 10ft, apart. The couples circle the floor, the boy lifting his partner across the broomsticks. If the music stops while a pair is between the stile, that pair does the sticks, that pair drops out of the competition. — C. Urguhart, Baralaba, Qld.

WHY can't parents under-stand that teenagers like to get away for a while to another life other than the one they know? When I wanted to go to a job as governess not more than 60 miles from home, my parents objected strongly. As I am 17, there was nothing I could do about it. I feel sure that if teenagers of my age were of teenagers of my age were permitted to go away for six months, they would come back and appreciate the many things that their parents do for them. — Janice Birrell, Dover Gardens, S.A.

#### Word(s) of advice

WHEN working teenagers WILLIA WORKING teenagers pay board to parents it's not the paying out of the money but the responsibility that goes with it that counts. that goes with it that counts. You've got to learn to handle money. Apart from which, if you were to board somewhere else you would probably be paying five times as much. What is going to happen when you marry and have to budget and also pay rent, or make payments, on a house? To learn responsibility you have to start sibility you have to start early! I've been working and paying board for well over six months now. — Tina Scragg, Scarborough, W.A.

#### Who's to blame?

WHILE other adults blame WHILE other adults blame the children for their behaviour, my parents put all the blame on parents. If parents had brought their children up properly there would be no need for criticism. I think my parents views a bit out sometimes, but I would never wage war as some teenagers do.—
"Gold Coaster," Nerang, Old. as son

#### ROUND ROBIN Adair

 I see that a British TV production of "Alice in Wonderland" has been put into an adults-only time slot.

**B**<sup>BC</sup> officials said their interpretation would not be of particular interest to children.

be of particular interest to children.

This is not the real reason, however.

In fact, there is a deliberate plan afoot among adults to take over young entertainment.

The "Alice" incident is a deliberate reprisal against the Beatles' appearance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

And it's only the start of an attempted adult takeover. Sir Laurence Olivier, it is claimed, has been secretly studying film clips of P. J. Proby. Next time in "Hamler" his trousers will split?

Dame Sybil Thorndyke has, I hear, been learning to ride a surfboard for an adult revival of the "Gidget" series. There are rumors that Joan Sutherland has been heard humning "Downtown."

At a go-go dance studio someone thought they recognised

At a go-go dance studio someone thought they recognised Dame Margot Fonteyn.

Danie Margot Fonteyn.

Another story circulating is that author Herman Wouk is working on the script for a mod musical, called "The Yellow Submarine Mutiny."

The younger entertainers are hitting back, however.

I hear that Normie Rowe has been studying the score

"Tosca."
Possibly he refused to have anything to do with "The

Barber of Seville."

But two famous entertainers' offers of help to their respectively.

tive causes apparently have been knocked back.
The Oldies rejected Jack Benny, who wanted to record "Sunshine Superman" on his violin.
"He's only 39," Charlie Chaplin is supposed to have

The young group took one look at Elvis Presley's appli-tion — to play the role of Maurice Chevalier in a rock 'n

roll film biography.

Said a spokesman: "We think it is a bit strenuous for a man of his age."





## HOME HAIRDRYER

Dries you hair set much faster and more efficiently, equal to a big salon dryer. Secret is the professional type air circulation. Lady Fair's exclusive twin-dome hood lets the air circulate all-around. Your hair dries evenly, no 'hot' spots! Twin-shell stays cool outside at all times.

Floor model shown is \$55.75 or £27.17.6 Table model is \$47.80 or . . . £23.18.0



## ELECTRIC HAIR COMB

Magic heat dries, teases and styles your hair quickly! This is the Electric Comb that puts body and bounce in today's smooth hairstyles. Wash your hair, dry it until damp. Then the automatically controlled heat of the new Breville Comb'n Go dries it completely, as you gently shape and traces the cityle your want. and tease the style you want. Can be used on bleached or tinted hair, and it is guaranteed not to burn or 996 scorch. Priced at only \$9.95 or



#### Breville 'Roll-A-Wave' ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER

Heated hair curler dries, sets quickly. Use anywhere to 'touch up'. 3 rollers, 3 curl sizes. Stand attach. \$9.95 996

#### TO: CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.

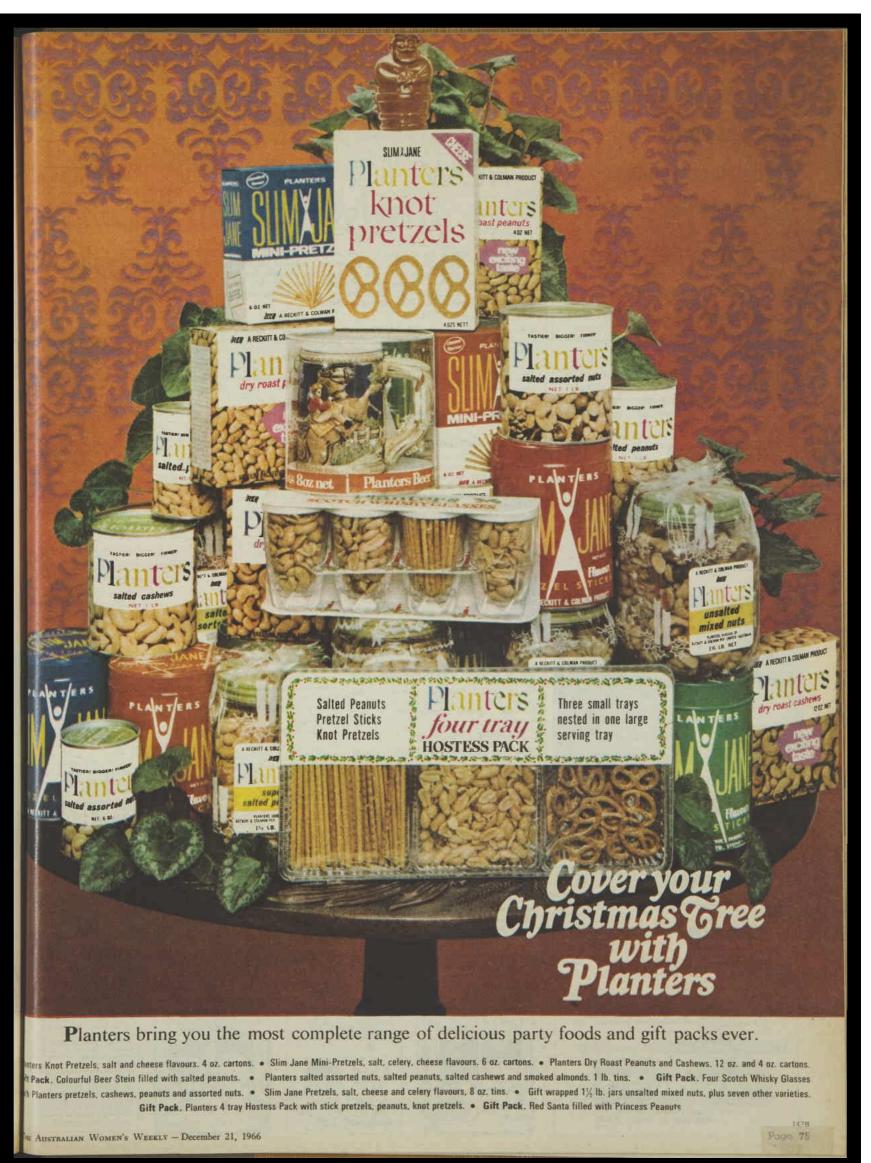
67 Murray St., PYRMONT, N.S.W. Ph. 68-4138 Please send me the free, fully illustrated brochures on 

Breville Lady Fair 

Comb'n Go
Roll-A-Wave 
32 volt operation.

4.W.W. 21.12.66 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

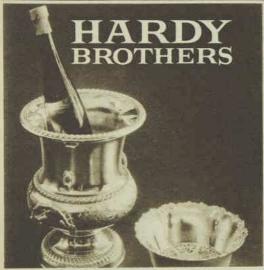
Page 74



than Pea-Beu

Now! Pea-Beu the safe Insecticide has 50% more killing power than any other brand of Insecticide.

- · Pea-Beu kills flies and all insect pests faster because the active ingredient of this powerful insecticide is 50% stronger in concentration than any other brand,
- Pea-Beu contains no poisonous substances to harm delicate tissues or to irritate the nose or lungs and is guaranteed safe to spray near food or where food is stored, and near children and pets.
- The immunity to Pea-Beu by flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, spiders, fleas, moths, bugs, silverfish, ants, in fact, all household insect pests, is
- The powerful "fume-action" of the pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu, penetrates deep into every crack and crevice, killing all insect pests and retains its killing effectiveness long after spraying. Supplies of Pea-Beu are now available at leading stores and chemists.



Reproduction Old Sheffield wine cooler \$95.00. Ice Pail \$49.50.

HARDY BROTHERS SYDNEY • BRISBANE • MELBOURNE

## **AFRAID** of smoking?

Use a Tar Gard, the miracle device that removes most of the hot irritating tars (but not the flavour) from filter and non-filter cigarettes.



AR GARD

Sole Agents: Olims Trading Co. Pty. Ltd 51-61 Princes Highway, St. Peters, N.S.W.

Louise HERE'S YOUR



Hunter's ANSWER

## HOW TO SUCCEED IN KISSING

Is this an accepted part of taking a girl out, and just exactly what does the boy expect? Does he get offended if the girl refuses? Does he think her fast if she lets him? At present I allow a boy to kiss me only on the cheek on a first date. My girlfriends think I am a prude. Mother is a firm believer in 'no kissing until you are engaged,' which I think is ridiculous. What do you think?"

"Sweet Seventeen," Old.

• Most boys expect a goodnight kiss. Some think a girl "fast" if she lets them kiss her on a first date; some get offended if she doesn't. I don't agree with your girlfriends at all — I think what you do is sensible. Like a good wine, a kiss comes in many strengths — and can be just as heady. Probably your mother has the "heady" kiss in mind when she says "No kissing until you are engaged." A light peck on the cheek or lips is usually a mark of affection. And look at the French — a kiss on both cheeks means the same as a handshake! When on a date do what your HEART tells you — with both ears open for advice from your head.

#### Mum's decision

"I AM nearly 16 and like a boy of 17.

I knew him about a month when I found out that he had to go to reform school for stealing. I would like to write a friendly letter to him, but when I told Mum she said I should forget a person like him. I would like your advice and, if you agree to my writing, could you please suggest what I should put in the letter?"

"In Doubt," S.A.

• If your mother agrees to your writing to him — and only if she does — write a friendly letter recounting snippets from your day-to-day life and news of mutual acquaintances and your family,

#### To hope — or forget?

"AFTER going steady with a boy for a year, he suddenly broke off our relationship for no apparent reason other than that he is going overseas next year for a short while and feels it would be better for us both to have no ties during this period. I am very fond of him and willing to wait. Should I forget him or keep to wait.

"Wondering," Vic.

• A year, of course, is a fair while to go out with one boy, and something stronger than mere liking must have tied you together — but I sincerely think you should let this one "get away." Obviously he has doubts about your romance, or he would never have broken it off sooner than he had to. Follow his sensible example! If fate means you to be together one day, no other "ties" will be strong enough to keep you

#### Too deep to understand?

"I AM 16 and going steady with a 17-year-old boy. I like him very much, but he worries me. Last Friday he took me to the pictures, and whether I said or did something wrong I don't know, but the next day he just said 'hello' and that he couldn't stop. Since then he has acted the same way. My friends ask me what is wrong with him and say that he may have lost interest in me. But I don't think this is so, because he follows me wherever I go, and I often catch him staring at me; when I talk to him he

LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE—THEY LOOK LIKE ANTS—SO SMALL AND FADED

seems lost for words. Can you explain why he has changed so much?"

"Hurt," N.S.W.

 The only way you can solve this mystery is by asking your boyfriend bluntly what is wrong. Show him that his apparent lack of interest hurts you deeply — after all, if you TRULY like someone, pride has to you TRULY like someone, pride has to take a back seat on occasions. You say that he stares at you and seems lost for words — these could be the symptoms of a teenager who suddenly discovers that his feelings for a girl (you) are deepening beyond understanding.

He loves "hot-rods"

"I HAVE a brother, 19, who worries me very much. He seems to think cars are more interesting than girls. I don't think he's all that shy, just normally so. He doesn't take much interest in sports, either, except hot-rod cars. He works in the country, comes home at weekends and is content to play about with his car engine. Cars have brought him nothing but debt. Is there anything I can do, or do I just sit tight?"

"Kid Brother." W.A.

· Sit tight! Let him play with his carit's a far less dangerous game than romance! His time to love will come, never fear, to-gether with all the complications and bitter-sweet doubts that seem to be so much a part of heart entanglements.



"DESPERATE," Tas: Usually I don't answer beauty problems, but Garolyn Earle asked me to pass on this advice, as you didn't give your full address. Scuttle heavy thighs with the "scooter." Sit on the floor, legs straight, hands in front of chest, elbows bent outward. Now move forward by picking up your right leg and thigh. The idea is to walk on your thighs, all the while keeping your back straight, shoulders rolled back. Gone as far as you can? Then scoot backwards. Keep it up as long as you want to. "DESPERATE," Tas: Usually I don't

#### BEATNIK





#### BEAUTY IN BRIEF

THE daily bath is a ing part of beauty, and perhaps the quickest and cheapest way to feel on top of the world. In hot weather it's best to take a tepid to mildly warm bath and so reduce bach heat.

body heat.
A tepid bath spiked with your favorite bath salts or affoat with soap lather, plus 15 minutes to loll in it, is a surefire way to shine up your

Always have a bath brush handy for a good back scrub and to tackle rough spots on the heels knees, and elbows.

The coolest way to dry off is not to use a towel at all, but to let yourself drip-dry. However, if sime is passing and you prefer a quicker method, remem-

a quicker method, remember to pat yourself with a soft towel, not rub, when you leave the tub. Next it's time for an application of underarm antiperspirant (the rollon kind takes a split second) and a gentle du ing with taloum to take up any extra moisture.

-Carolyn Earle

Don't let your dog suffer with ECZEMA any longer



give immediate relief and clear this unsightly condition within one week with . . .



specially blended to soft moisturise the skin, with the of silicone to protect and rep while the emollients go to we hexachlorophene to preve fection in open cracks. Use SKIN REPAIR all the yea

for your hands, face and both Tubes 69c. Jars 95c. Convenient economical dispenser jar 92.25. From your family chemist

READER'S STORY --- When you live in the outback, a home perm can get out of hand if it's mixed up with sessions on the pedal radio, minor crises with the kids, and there's no near neighbor to drop in to help you with the rollers.

## Never mind, Mum. It'll grow out, won't it?

\*Recently I read where a young professional hairdresser travels around the outback, visiting small towns and station homesteads to do women's hair. Oh, how I envy those women," says Western Australian reader JOY SMITH, who admits that the home-perm instructions SAID hair would frizz if the curlers were left in too long - and it did! (She turned out looking like Topsy!)

LIVING 400 miles from the nearest hairdresser presents quite a problem for women like me, not being blessed with natural curls and useless with scissors and clippers.

During the hot summer months, short hair is ential, so most of my hairdressing is half-inchff-all-round when it seems to be getting a little loo long for comfort or a snip here and there when a stray piece looks too long.

The had a successful home perm when a friend has been staying, but how well I remember that disastrous accasion when I first attempted to perm my hair myself. The instructions on the packet had assured me that it as simple. The two-year-old was asleep, my three correspondence pupils were absorbed in their lessons, so every-

I prepared my basins, combs, and cotton-wool. The paper talk" (as my native housegirl calls written instructions) told me to pin all my hair up on top of my head, teept the bit at the back, which had to be curled first. I did this, and, just as I was about to start on the oring, a truck arrived and two men who were passing through called in. So I had to hastily undo all the pins make the men a cuppa.

Half an hour later I began again. The instructions

relained everything so carefully — except how to twist tour arms behind your head and roll those curlers, but how are you to hold a mirror in one hand, with your back to the dressing-table mirror, and hold tissue apers and curlers at the same time?

found that by shutting my eyes tightly and ignoring arms, I could roll up strands of hair, but, goods, it didn't look anywhere as neat as the drawing on

instructions. Never mind, I decided, it may curl. So I proceeded.

#### Disaster! The baby had taken the "paper talk"

Just then Miss Two awoke, so I frantically called her taily and begged him to help out. He offered to take her on a half-hour's run with him to look at a windmill which had been giving trouble.

which had been giving trouble.

With a sigh of relief I continued my beautification, it last, all the curiers were rolled. I looked for my paper talk" to read Step No. 2. It had disappeared! I looked everywhere and in desperation went to the shoolroom to ask the children if they had seen it, knowing full well they hadn't been out of the room.

But one spoke up. "Oh, your hair paper! The baby look that with her."

I nearly cried. What do I do next? Oh, well, maybe she won't throw it out the window of the car, I thought. I'll just do the potatoes for tea and hope for the best.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

In a while, father and infant returned. Fortunately, Dad had seen the paper and had put it in his pocket, so all was well.

I read Step No. 2. It said: "Do not leave rolled-in earlers longer than 20 minutes, otherwise it will frizz instead of curl."

Already over half an hour had passed. I dashed to e bathroom to begin the next step — rinse under cold the bathroom to begin the next step

I turned on the shower, plunging my head under the water. As my scalp became saturated, I suddenly realised I'd made arrangements for a "sked" at three o'clock on the pedal radio with a couple of my neighbors

(almost 200 miles away).

Now it was nearly 3.30 p.m. I grabbed a towel, threw it over my head, and rushed in and switched on the wireless

Once again luck was with me, for my friends replied. While I talked to them the water from my head poured down my neck and back, but on such a hot day it really wasn't too uncomfortable.

The gossip over, next came Step No. 3; "Saturate each curl with liquid from the silver-colored envelope."

Just as I was once more thoroughly saturated, I heard a frantic call, "Mummy, come quickly. Jenny has fallen down the steps and she's bleeding."

I ran and picked up the infant, comforted her, washed the dirt off her face, and found she had split her lip a little. A sweet fixed everything in next to no time and I was able to continue trying to improve on nature.

The shampoo stage had been reached, and once more my head was wrapped in a towel. Now the "paper talk" told me the perm was complete and ready for setting.

#### A cup of tea helped before the "unveiling"

I felt I wasn't ready for the shock of seeing the result, so, while my head still had its towel wrapping, I made myself a cup of tea and sat for 10 minutes to relax.

At last I could put off the unveiling no longer and combed out what looked to be a bird's nest.

As the hair became drier I knew that my nickname om then on would be Topsy. It certainly was frizzy.

Miss Ten looked at me and said, "Oh, Mummy!" and

Master Seven, always straight to the point, said "Gee, Mum, you look a bit funny." And when Dad came in he said, "Oh, well, never mind. It doesn't take long to grow straight again, does it?"

In the outback, not only the women anxiously await a hair-cutting friend. Wives often cut husband's and children's hair, but stationhands and other men often become long-hairs.

When a shearing team was here recently, one of the men volunteered to have a go at being hairdresser.

Each man took his turn in the chair, which was out in the open so the wind could blow away the shorn locks. No sweeping-up needed.

By the time the volunteer barber came to the last customer he was feeling quite proficient. He offered to give his client any style he wanted.

Until then it had been strictly basin cut, but on hearing this remarkable offer the rest of the team bet their mate \$10 that he wouldn't be game to have a Mohawk

Now \$10 isn't to be taken lightly, even in a shearing team, so the bet was accepted and one Australian shearer was transformed into a Red Indian shearer.

The finished style was a classic, achieved with much advice from the bystanders. The barber was very proud.

I have often wondered what the wife of this pseudo-Indian said when her shearer husband returned home.



Division of

Faulding

Australla

the House of





# Primus takes the convenience of home cooking outdoors

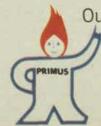
Come on outside into the sunshine, into a "good-times-for-all life"—and bring along a Primus. Cook up a feast, fresh food served sizzling hot in minutes under Coolibah trees, on the beach, in your tent, caravan or boat—anywhere you like (even in a gale!)

—at the turn of a knob and a flash of a match. Primus gives you instant, convenient cooking on constant-heat flames you control. Nothing is simpler than cooking with Primus and portable gas. Try it. Help stamp out stale sandwiches, old coffee. Forget the dirt, the delay, the danger and the smoke that gets in your eyes and makes you cry when you cook the old ways. No crying with Primus. Smiles, laughter and heaps of well-cooked fresh food—that's the promise! That's civilization outdoors when you take out a Primus and a cylinder of gas. See the Primus range at your nearest hardware, sports or camping-goods store, or bottled gas dealer . . . and pick up entry forms for the Primus \$2,000 contest. Anyone can enter!

Enter the Primus \$2,000 contest. Win a De Havilland Viking runabout and Mercury outboard.

PRIZE: 15 ft. Hawker de Havilland aluminium "Viking" with 50 h.p. Mercury outboard motor, boat trailer and towing rig.





Outdoor People prefer

PRIMUS

Made in Australia by NELSON & COMPANY PTY, LIMITED under licence to A. B. Bahco, Sweden.



#### The Primus De Luxe: two burners

Twin burners — with separate controls. It has giant standout wadshields — and a wipe-clean stainless steel spill tray. Attractive two-colour hammer-tone enamel finish. Collapsible. 2014 Primes De Luxe Stoye 2064 Primus De Luxe Stove 17" x 9" x 3\frac{1}{2}". Weight, 9 lb. \$23.50 (Cylinders from \$5.55.)



#### **Brilliant outdoor lamp**

Portable lamp equivalent to 100 candlepower. With a handy carrying handle and protective case. Shock-proof mantle. Great for prawning or crayfishing. Fits all Primus cylinders. Price: \$8.75.



Grasshopper

esigned for use with the 2201 sposable gas cylinder which rovides Butane gas for 4 hours ooking. Easy to carry and ideal or outdoor or indoor use. The ot stand is adjustable to take oth tins and saucepans. tove No. 2255 \$6.30: ylinder No. 2201 \$0.68.



#### **Hobby Kit Gift Pack**

nsists of a 2000 gas cylinder consists of a 2000 gas of more, at achment 2144, interchangeable to lift fame burner 8719 and flat-beint burner 8723, copper soldering bit 8379 and holder 8430.

Manust for every handy-man.

Price: \$15.55.



## GEMSTONE LOCALITIES

 This is a list of most of the known gem deposits in Australia. It is reprinted from "Collecting Australian Gemstones," by Bill James, published by K. G. Murray Publishing Company Pty. Ltd.

#### **NEW SOUTH WALES**

PRECIOUS AND COMMON OPAL: PRECIOUS AND COMMON OPAL: Lightning Ridge, Grawin, Angeldool, White Cliffs, Purnanga, Tweed Heads, Tintenbar, Rocky Bridge Creek, Tooraweenah, Ballina, Gulgong, Cudgegong, Col.ar, Coonabarabran, Dubbo, Hargraves, Forbes, Cowra, Carcoar, Bloonfield, O'Connell, Bland, Hyandra Creek, Lila Springs, Gundagai, Braidwood, Bergalia, Mt. McDonald, Llandillo, Collarenebri, Bourke, Brewarrina, Yancannia, Milparinka, Tibooburra, Port Macquarie, Trunkey, Wellington, Wyalong.

WyalongDIAMOND: Two Mile Flat (Cudgegong),
Reedy Creek, Macquarie River, Sallys Flat,
Emeralla, Gulgong, Mittagong, Crookwell, Mt.
McDonald, Home Rule, Ballina, Bathurst,
Bullawa Creek, Euriowie, Lachlan River, Shoalhaven River, Wingecarribee River.
RUBY: Cudgegong River.
SAPPHIRE: Vulcan State Forest, Native
Dog Creek (Oberon), Namoi River, Grabben
Gullen (Crookwell), Home Rule, Berrima,
Shoalhaven River, Tumbarumba, Wingecarribee River, Wee Jasper, Wiseman's Creek.
EMERALD: Kiandra, Tumbarumba.
BERYL: Broken Hill district, Black Range,
Euriowie, Bungonia, Cooma, Ophir.

BERYL: Broken Hill district, Black Range, Euriowie, Bungonia, Cooma, Ophir.

TOPAZ: Gulgong, Gundagai, Mudgee, Abercrombie, Bathurst, Cooyal, Crookwell, Cudgegong River, Lachlan River, Lightning Ridge, Macquarie River, Shoalhaven River, Wingecarribee River, Home Rule.

TURQUOISE: Mummaga Creek (Bodalla), Wangonga, Tomago River, Murwillumbah (vicinity).

GARNET: Abercrombie, Albury, Bathurst, Broken Hill, Carcoar, Corona, Fish River, Grafton, Gulgong, Gundagai, Hartley, Macquarie River, Moama, Mudgee, Murrumburrah, Pambula, Poolamacca, Silverton, Tallong, Thackaringa, Trunkey Creek, Wallerawang, Wingccarribee River, Yass, Home Rule, Wee Jasper, Whipstick, near Pambula, Yetholme (Bathurst).

SPINEL: Walgoolga Creek (Cowra), Ber-rima, Mudgee, Tumbarumba-Jingellic district. TITANITE (sphene): Bathurst, Huonville

Station (Broken Hill)

ZIRCON: Broken Hill, Burraga, Crookwell, Euriowie, Mittagong, Duckmaloi Creek, Moama, Mount View (Cessnock), Kangaloon, Mudgee, Native Dog Creek (Oberon), Red Hill, Wheeo, Wingecarribee River, Wiseman's

ROCK CRYSTAL: Rock Hill, Yerranderie, Home Rule, Kangaroo Flat. AMETHYST: Broken Hill, Oberon, O'Connell's Plains, Tarana, Araluen, Mitta-gong, East's Beach.

QUARTZ ENDOMORPHS: Merrendee, Mowenbah, Bathurst district, Abercrombie River, Bullio Flat (Goulburn), Rockley, Mur-rumbidgee, Home Rule, Gundagai, Araluen, Walgoolga Creek (Cowra).

CHALCEDONY: Wee Waa, Carcoar, Lue, Gulgong, Cowriga Creek, Allandale, Wellington, Dubbo, Norah Head, Maitland, Gunnedah, Coalcliff and Garie Beaches, and the Hunter, Tweed and Richmond Rivers.

CARNELIAN: Hunter River near Maitland, Wellington, Clarence, Cudgegong and Tweed Rivers, Pebbly Beach.

CHRYSOPRASE: Coalcliff (vicinity),

AGATE: Kiama, Dubbo, Wellington, Mt. Wingen, Maitland, Gunningbland, Kangaroo Valley, Lake Cobham, Grove Creek, Trunkey, Lightning Ridge, Wollongong, Mittagong, Allandale, Wantabadgery, Port Macquarie, Gilgandra, Kohlagens Beach, Wagga, Pebbly and Garie Beaches, Mt. Agate, near Mt. Wingen, Tweed and Hunter Rivers.

JASPER: Mudgee, Bathurst, Lake George, Molong, Wooloman, Tuena, Wiseman's Creek, Walgoolga Creek (Cowra), Gundagai, Scone, Wantabadgery, Kangaroo Valley, Merewether, Alfredtown, Munderoo, Oura Beach, Kohlagens

Beach, Pebbly Beach, Richmond, Gudgegong, Hunter and Macquarie Rivers. RIBBON JASPER: Pink's Creek (3 miles

E. Molong). LYDIAN STONE (Black Jasper): Bathurst

district.
CHERT: Kohlagens Beach (Wagga), Port
Macquarie, Gilgandra, Beauchamp Falls, Oura
Beach, Lake Inness, Merewether.
PETRIFIED WOOD: Wollongong, Gilgandra, Pebbly Beach, Singelton, Merewether,

PETRIFIED WOOD: Wollongong, Gilgandra, Pebbly Beach, Singleton, Merewether, Kangaroo Valley, Mt. Kembla, Corrimal.
ALUNITE: Bulahdelah.
PREHNITE: Prospect (Sydney).
AZURITE AND MALACHITE: Walgoolga Creek (Cowra), Sunny Corner, Captain's Flat, Burraga, Cobar, Nymagee, Hermidale, Frogmore, Tottenham, Wiseman's Creek and the Forther-Parker director. Burraga, Cobar, 19 more, Tottenham, W Forbes-Parkes district.

CROCIDOLITE (Tiger's Eye): Goobarra-

SERPENTINE: Lobb's Hole, Goobarra-

SERPENTINE: Lobb's Hole, Goobarragandra.

CASSITERITE: Ardlethan, Holbrook, Gibsonvale, Mt. Talleburg, Euriowie, Yanco Glen, Thomgow's Siding.
FELDSPAR (orthoclase): Egebeck, Broken Hill district, Bathurst, Mudgee, Nambucca, FLUORSPAR (fluorite): Carboona (Jingellic), Mt. Robe, Mt. Eldee, Thackaringa, Mayflower Mine (Purnamoota).

TEKTITES: Tuon River, Kiandra, Parkes-Forbes-Wellington area, Araluen-Braidwood area, Gulgong, Grenfell, Temora, Adelong.

#### NEW ENGLAND (N.S.W.)

DIAMOND: Bingara, Copeton, Narrabri, Bendemeer, Uralla, Vegetable Creek (Emma-

ville).

SAPPHIRE: Ben Lotnond, Bingara, Cope's Creek, Dundee, Glen Elgin, Glen Innes, Gwydir River, Inverell, Mitchell or Mann River, Mole Tableland, Newstead, Nullamanna, Nundle, Oban, Peel River, Puddledock, Reddistone Creek, Rose Valley, Sapphire, Scrubby Gully, Severn River, Swanbrook, Swanvale, Swamp Oak, Tingha, Uralla, Vegetable Creek, Frazer's Creek, White Rock, King's Creek, Paradise Creek, Elsmore.

EMERALD: Emmaville (6 miles N.), Cope's Creek, Frazer's Greek, Paradise Creek, Tingha.

AOUAMARINE AND BERYL: Emmaville

AQUAMARINE AND BERYL: Emmaville, Torrington (3 miles W.), Blatherarm, Elsmore, Glen Eden, Wunglebung.

Gien Eden, Wunglebung.

TOPAZ: Emmaville, Kookabookra, Oban, Tungsten, Bingara, Blatherarm, Boggy Camp (Copeton), Boonoo Boonoo Creek, Cope's Creek, Dundee, Elsmore, Inverell, Mann (Mitchell) River, Mole Tableland, Red Range (Glen Innes), Scrubby Gully, The Gulf (Torrington), Rocky River (Uralla), Vegetable Creek.

GARNET: Attunga, Barraba, Bingara, Bowling Alley Point, Glen Innes, Inverell, Nundle, Oban, Paling Yard (Barraba), Pond's Creek, Red Range, Ruby Hill, Tamworth.

SPINEL: Sapphire (Inverell), Copeton,

SPHENE: Moonbi, Tenterfield and Wilson's

SPHENE: Moonin, Tenental Downfall.

ZIRCON: Armidale, Ben Lomond, Bingara, Elsmore, Glen Innes, Inverell, Nullamanna, Nundle, Oban, Rocky River, Sapphire, Swamp Oak, Tingha, Uralla, Mann River.

ROCK CRYSTAL: Kingsgate, Howell, Nundle, Torrington, Oban, Mann River, Newstead, Elsmore.

AMETHYST: Glen Elgin, Oban, Tingha, Valley Creek (Newstead), Puddledock, Mann

CAIRNGORM: Torrington, The Gulf, Giant's Den (Bendemeer), Newstead, Oban. MORION: Fielder's Hill (Torrington).

CITRINE: Kingsgate, Uralla, Oban, Mann

ROSE QUARTZ: Hall's Creek (Moonbi

SMOKY QUARTZ: Emmaville, Mann

River. TOURMALINE: Torrington, Emmaville,

Oban, Mann River.
RUTILATED QUARTZ (Grass-stone):

Tingha, Oban.
OTHER QUARTZ ENDOMORPHS:
Howell, Bundarra, Uralla, Tingha, Kingsgate,
Gwydir River.

Howell, Bundarra, Oralia, Tingna, Kingsgate, Gwydir River.

CHALCEDONY: Oban, The Rock (Boggabri), Frazer's Creek, Bowling Alley Point, Macdonald River (Bendemeer), Hall's Creek (Bingara), Swanvale, Newstead, Walcha.

CARNELIAN: Pond Creek (Inverell), Narrabri, Mt. Misery (Nundle), Nymboida River, Bellata.

AGATE: Narrabri, Bellata, White Rock (Drake), Macintyre and Gwydir Rivers, Tabulam, Tingha, Paradise Valley.

BLOODSTONE: Paradise Valley.

ONYX: Narrabri, Oban, Kelly's Creek, Tingha.

JASPER: Bingara, Gwydir and Macintyre Rivers, Paradise Valley, LYDIAN STONE: Emmaville (2 miles W.), WOOD OPAL: Boggy Camp (Copeton),

Elsmore.

COMMON OPAL: Inverell (vicinity),
Vegetable Greek, Oban, Uralla, Bingara,
Nundle, Attunga and Nandewar Mountains.
FLUORSPAR: The Gulf (Emmaville).
CASSITERITE: Torrington, The Gulf,
Tingha, Bendemeer, Inverell, Emmaville,
Deepwater, Oban, Pheasant's Greek, Wilson's
Downfall.

AZURITE AND MALACHITE: Emmaville,

all's Peak, Drake.
PETRIFIED WOOD: Tabulam, Bellata, Emmaville, Tingha. IRON PYRITE: Uralla.

RHODONITE: Tingha. TEKTITES: Rocky River.

#### QUEENSLAND

PRECIOUS OPAL: Palmer River, Herberton, Mt. Garnet, Collinsville (vicinity), Emerald, Blackwater Creek, Springsure, Mt. Coffin, Gin Gin, Burnett River, Gympie, Mondure, Wondai, Gayndah, Surat, Nanango, Buderim Mountain, Glasshouse Mountains, Sandgate, Tamborine Mountain, Nerang Creek, Kyuna, Pinnacle Hill, Muttaburra, Longreach, Fermoy, Bald Knob, New Year's Creek, Opalton, Dirri Dirri, Horse Creek, Corrikie, Opalville, Mt. Edinburgh, Listowel Downs, Hayricks (Quilpie), Bowra Creek, Boulder Mine, Duck Creek, Toompine, Eromanga (vicinity), Moble Creek, Rossiter's, Brandy Gully, Yowah, Hungerford, Bendena: Hungerford, Bendena

Hungerford, Bendena:
SAPPHIRE: Anakie, Rubyvale, Willows, Retreat, Sheep Station Creek, Policeman Creek,
Tomahawk Creek, Central Creek, Pot and
Kettle Creek, Borilla, Argyle Creek, Woodbine, Glendariwell, Llandillo, Keilambete,
Herberton, Nanango, Kilkivan, Logan River,
Stanthorpe, Burrandowan Station (20 miles
S.W. Kingaroy), Kingar Creek (45 miles W.
Gayndah).

Gayndah).
RUBY: Anakie, Herberton, Stanthorpe.
DIAMOND: Gilberton, Anakie, Stanthorpe.
TOPAZ: Anakie, Stanthorpe, Mt. Garnet,
Tate River, Gilberton, Etheridge, Chillagoe,

GARNET: Lowood, Gilberton, Anakie, Stanthorpe, Mt. Garnet, Etheridge, Chillagoe,

AMETHYST: Back Creek (Canungra), Cairns district, Beechmont, Numinbah Valley, Donford (10 miles S. of Bowen), Anakie,

AQUAMARINE AND BERYL: Chillagoe,

Herberton, Stanthorpe, Mt. Isa. TOURMALINE: Mt. Isa.

TURQUOISE: Keppel Bay (Rockhampton),
Dayboro, Brisbane district.
ZIRCON: Anakie, Stanthorpe, Herberton.
ROCK CRYSTAL: Wolfram Camp, Stan-

CAIRNGORM AND SMOKY QUARTZ: Anakie, Wolfram Camp, Stanthorpe.

GRASS-STONE: Stanthorpe.

CHALCEDONY: Agate Creek (Forsyth), Percyville, Anakie, Redeliffe, Windera (Mur-gon), Nerang Creek.

Continued overleaf

Page 79

AGATE: Ainsleigh, Forsyth Gilbert River, Percyville, Agate Creek, Gilberton, Etheridge, Chil-lagoe, Herberton, Stanthorpe, lagoe, Herberton, Stanthorpe, Windera, Anakie district, Ipswich, Redcliffe, Numinbah Valley, Ner-ang Creek, Advancetown, Woody Point, Scarborough, Mt. Tam-borine, Murgon.

SARD, SARDONYX, ONYX:

CARNELIAN: Agate Creek, Ipswich, Redcliffe, Nanango.

BLOODSTONE: Mondure, Nanango district.

RIBBONSTONE: Mt. Isa.

JASPER: Ipswich, Gilbert River, Redcliffe, Upper Coomera, Numinbah Valley.

CHRYSOPRASE: Princhester-Marlborough district.

CHABAZITE: Queen Marys

CASSITERITE: Stanthorpe. MALACHITE: Mt. Isa.

RHODONITE: Warwick

PETRIFIED WOOD: Ipswich, Gilbert River, Springbrook, Nerang River, Numinbah Valley.

#### VICTORIA

DIAMOND: Beechworth, Chil-tern, Mansfield, Casterton district.

SAPPHIRE AND RUBY: Beechworth, Emerald, Pakenham, Toombullup, Mt. Blackwood, Toombullup, Mt. Blackwood, Agnes River, Tanjil, Dereel, Dolodrook River, Rutherglen, Daylesford, Trentham, Steiglitz, Donnelly's Creek, Traralgon Donnelly's Creek, Trarrigon Creek, Dandenong Ranges, Yarra Valley, Gippsland localities.

GARNET: Mt. Kookaburra, Chiltern, Blackwood, Yandoit.

ZIRCON: Beechworth, Daylesford. Toombullup, Aberfeldy.

TOPAZ: Bacchus Marsh, Bun-yip River district, Dunolly, Mal-don, and Beechworth.

TURQUOISE: Edi, Tatong, Whitfield, King River area, Accommodation Creek, Snowy

ROCK CRYSTAL, CAIRN-GORM, AND AMETHYST: Bradford Lead (Maldon), Beech-worth, Beenak, Inglewood.

PRECIOUS OPAL, WOOD
OPAL, AND COMMON OPAL:
Mitta Mitta, Chiltern, Beechworth, Yackandandah, Woolshed,
Bairnsdale, Morwell, Moe, Sunbury, Riddells Creek, Gisborne,
Woodend, Mt. Blackwood, Gelantipy, Mirboo, Daylesford.

ACATE, Moolest (Vandeit)

AGATE: Moolort (Yandoit), Casterton, Derrinal, Glenrowan, Beechworth and Snowy River

CASSITERITE: Mt. Wills, Mt. Pilot, Cudgewa, Eskdale, Tallandoo, Walwa, Mt. Hunter (Wilson's Promontory), Mitta (Wilson's Mitta River

FELDSPAR Huon Hill (Wodonga), Woolshed Creek (Beechworth), Mostyn, Glenelg River, Barrawartha, Tal-langatta, Snowy River.

HEMATITE: Nowa Nowa,

Tara, Dookie.
FLUORSPAR: Beechworth,

TEKTITES: Campbells Creek,

#### SOUTH **AUSTRALIA**

PRECIOUS AND COMMON OPAL: Coober Pedy, Andamooka, Stuarts Greek, William Greek, Charley's Swamp, Oodnadatta, Welbourne Hill, Mintable, Angas-ton (39 miles N.E. Adelaide).

DIAMOND: Echunga, Mt. Kingston, Peake River.

SAPPHIRE AND RUBY: Mt. Painter, Daw Diggings (Kanga-roo Island), Mt. Crawford, Barossa Ranges.

EMERALD AND AQUA-MARINE: Williamstown, Olary, Kangaroo Island.

TOPAZ: Kangaroo Island, Mt. Painter, Barossa Ranges,

TOURMALINE: Williamstown, Penneshaw (Kangaroo Island), Mt. Aleone (Binbow-

GARNET: Kangaroo Island.

ROCK CRYSTAL: Kings Bluff (4 miles W.N.W. Olary), Kirkeek Treasure goldmine (37

miles N. Yunta), Wadnaminga, Tectulpa, Mt. Lofty Range, ZIRCON: Mt. Painter, Kan-garoo Island, Jupiter Creek,

CHALCEDONY: Williams-

town, Barossa Ranges.

CHIESTOLITE: Bimbowrie (23 miles N.W. Olary), Bool-

KYANITE: Daw Diggings (Kangaroo Island), Olary. ANDALUSITE: Olary.

ALUNITE: Myponga, Ram-say, Napperby, Yankalilla, Cur-ramulka, Pidinga (Flinders Range)

FLUORSPOR (Fluorite): Moonta, Wallaroo, Mt. Painter, Plumbago Station (35 miles N.

FELDSPAR: Gumeracha, Lobethal, Myponga, Williamstown, Kangaroo Island. CROCIDOLITE: Robertstown,

Oraparinna, North Para River, Truro, Mt. Rose, Oodla Wirra, Northern Flinders Range.

CASSITERITE: Earea Dam (28 miles E.S.E. Tarcoola)

PYRITE: Kapunda, Wallaroo-

TURQUOISE: Mt. Painter,

HEMATITE: Cutana (10 miles S. Mingory), Oodla Wirra, Don-nellys Quarries (Quorn), Mt. Bessemer (Williamstown), Iron

AZURITE AND MALACH-ITE: Scattered localities of nor-thern Flinders Range.

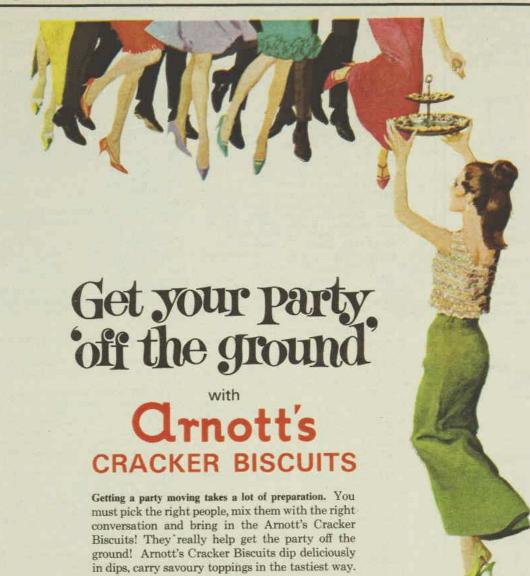
TEKTITES: Lake Frome area,

#### WESTERN AUSTRALIA

DIAMOND: Nullagine (60 illes S.W. Marble Bar) EMERALD: Wodgina, Mel.

ville, Poona.

AQUAMARINE AND COMMON BERYL: Mt. Francisco,
Strelley, Tabba, Yinnietharra,
Kangan Station, Wodgina, McPhee's Patch (Nullagine), Coodardy, Melville, Mordargo, Poona,
The Glen (Cue), Balingup,
Grass Valley, Greenbushes, Jimperding, Kirup, Mullalyup,
Ravensthorpe, Sawyer's Valley,
South Bindoon, Toodyay, Yab-





### CHEESE JATZ

Tangy flavour of fine cheese. Family tavourite, these—so serve lots to your favourite family!

CHICKEN FLAKES



## Arnott's famous Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

erup, Londonderry (Coolgar-le), Bellinger Lakes, Munglinup. ALEXANDRITE: Poona. CHRYSOBERYL: Poona,

PRECIOUS AND COMMON PRECIOUS AND COMMON OPAL: Coolgardie, Antrim Piateau, Cossack, Wadara Hills, Mundiwindi, Bamboo Springs, Gascoyne Junction, Gabanintha, Poona, Yarra Yarra Creek, Kookynie, Smithfield, Kanowna, Yundamindera, Bulong, Copper-

HYALITE: Gascoyne River, orseshoe, Cue, Bremer Bay, ortham, Bullfinch, Koolyanob-

Common opal is found in many her localities, too numerous to TOPAZ: Globe Hill, Stannum, Wodgina, Melville, Poona, Callie Soak, Greenbushes, Londonderry, Fraser Range.

Fraser Range.

SPINEL: Mt. Francisco (Yandeyarra), Pilgangoora, Ajana, Albany, Augusta, Culham, Denmark, Geraldine, Goomalling, Greenhills, Holleton, Miling, Mornington, Namban, Naorang, Normalup, Pemberton, Toodyay, Greenbushes, Nannup, Harold Bay, Gibraltar, Kalgoorlie.

ALMANDITE GARNET: Kings Sound, Mt. Augustus, Yinnietharra, Beverley, Boddalin, Lower Chittering, Dowerin, Geraldine, Geraldton, Moora, Narra Tarra, Ninghanboum Hills, Northampton, Nornalup, Port Gregory, Yabberup, York, Evan-

Marvel Loch, Nevoria, ston, Marvel Southern Cross.

GROSSULAR GARNET: Mt. Francisco, Marble Bar, Melville, Toodyay, Mt. Palmer.

ANDRADITE GARNET:
Coolegong, Upper Gascoyne
River, Melville, Rothsay, Needilup, Weelhamby Lake, Corinthian.

lup, Weelhamby Lake, Corinthian.
OTHER VARIETIES OF
GARNET: Black Head, Frankland River, Greenbushes, Jimperding, Kununoppin, Pemberton,
Ravensthorpe, Retaliation, Warren River, Toodyay, Clackline,
Jasper Hill, Poona, Coolgardie,
Southern Cross, Albany, Arrina,
Augusta-Cape Leeuwin, Balkuling, Browns Table, Cape Naturaliste-Yallingup, Collie, Dangin,
Ellensbrook, Grass Valley, Jen-

napullen, Moora, Quairading White Peak, Wongamine, Yan-danooka, Brunswick, Bunbury, Denmark, Donnybrook, Fitzgerald, River Gabbin, Greenhills, Hatter's Hill, Katanning, Kirup, Lake Brown, Lake Kathleen, Hatter's Hill, Katanining, Lake Brown, Lake Kathleen, Lake King, Manjimup, Needling Hill, Northam, Ogilvie, Wongan Hills, Coleman Inlet, Nannup, Boranup, Wilson's Inlet, Eric Young River, Turkey Creek,

SPHENE: Bangemall, Roebourne, Cue, Jasper Hill, Meekatharra, Donnybrook, Denmark, Greenbushes, Jimperding, Lower Palinup River, Ninghanboun Hills, Paynes Find, Ravens-thorpe, Upper Swan, Westonia, Bussel Brook, Comet Vale, Irwin River, Cavanagh Range, Breme Range, Lower Goddard Creek.

SPODUMENE: McPhee's Range, Tabba Tabba, Wodgina, Rayensthorpe, Davyhurst, Ubini,

Ravensthorpe, Davyhurst, Ubini.

ROCK CRYSTAL: Goomaling, Argyle Downs Station, Federal Downs, Ashburton River, Coobina, Cooglegong, Cooyabooya Station, Lyons River, Nullagine, Nungarrie Gorge, Peake Station, Roeburne district, Day Dawn, Upper Gascoyne River, Mt. Magnet, Peynesville, Poona, Baker's Hill, Balkuling, Bailingup, Beverley, Buntine, Corrigan, Dajoing, Dangin, East Doodenaming, Flinders Bay, Koorda, Korrelocking, Kwolyin, Lower Chittering, Manmanning, Meckering, Merredin, Mingenew, Moodiarrup, Mukinbudin, Narra Tarra, Northam, North Mollerin. Korrelocking, Kwolyin, Lower Chittering, Manmanning, Meckering, Merredin, Mingenew, Moodiarrup, Mukinbudin, Narra Tarra, Northam, North Mollerin, Paynes Find, Pinjarra, Pithara, Quairading, Quindelup, Toodyay, Walpole, West Popanyinning, West Wubin, West Yoting, Wongan Hills, Yalgoo, Yorkrakine, Bullfinch, Comet Vale, Goolgardie, Davyhurst, Golden Ridge, Kalegorlie, Kanowna, Moorine Kalgoorlie, Kanowna, Moorine Rock, Fraser Range,

CORUNDUM CRYSTALS:
Melville, Balbarrup, Chittering,
Cuballing, Cubbine, Dangin,
Greenbustes, Jacobs Well, Moora,
Tenderden, Toodyay, Walpole
Inlet, Nannup, Marvel Loch,
Southern Cross.

CROCIDOLITE: Duck Greek, Hamersley Range, Mt. McRae, Mt. Margaret, Willi Wolli, Yam-pire Gorge, Bardoc, Gilgarna Rock.

RUTILE CRYSTALS: Ed-mund River, Coodardy, Big Bell, Yulgering,

CHRYSOPRASE: Comet Vale. RHODONITE: Hamersley

PREHNITE: Denham River, Ord River, Texas Station, Turkey Greek, Comet Vale, Coolgardie, Mt. Palmer, Londonderry.

Mt. Palmer, Londonderry.

JASPILITES (Ribbonstones):
Mt. Deception, Turkey Creek,
Marble Bar, Jasper Hill, Bejoording, Bolgart, Blackboy
Hill, Grass Valley, Kundip,
Mt. Gibson, Ninhanboun Hills,
Pinyalling, Ravensthorpe, Mayballing, Toodyay, Comet Vale,
Kalgoorlie, Southern Cross,
Bremer Range, Mt. Holland, Mt.
Ironcap, Norseman-Dundas.

ALLINITE: Alumite Gulls.

ALUNITE: Alunite Gully, Millstream Station, Kalgan River, Northampton, Ravensthorpe, Edjudina, Fraser Range, Grants Patch, Mt. Walter, Kalgoorlie, Kangaria

APATITE: Greenbushes, Hol-

leton, Westonia.

AZURITE AND MALACHITE: Arrino, Carragarup, Geraldine, Hamersley Gorge, Hatter's Hill, Kojarena, Kundip, Mt.
Desmond, Narra Tarra, Northampton, Ravensthorpe, Rothesay, Wongan Hills, Cue, Comet
Vale, Coolgardie, Dundas, Norseruan, Marble Bar, Nullagine,
Whim Greek, Annie Peak, Bremer
Bay, Jerramungup, Mt. Barren,
Mt. Gibson, Mt. Muggawa, Mt.
Scratch, West River, Yandanooka, McDonalds Reward, Delancy's Well, Southern Cross
Kalgoorlie.

CASSITERITE: Poona, Chittering Valley, Greenbushes, Hol-leton, North Dandalup, Smith-field, Nannup, Wagin, Ravens-

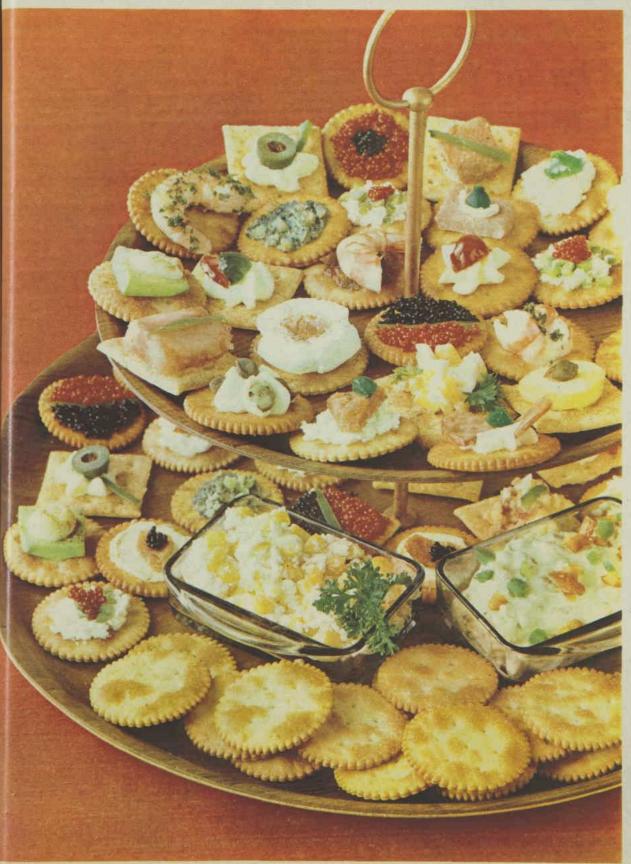
FLUORITE: Waddouring, Poona, Mulgine, Cardup, Mundi-jong, Jarrahdale.

Poona, Mulgine, Cardup, Mundi-jong, Jarrahdale.

CHALCEDONY, JASPER,
AND AGATE: Occurs widely over the State, as does TOUR-MALINE and ZIRCON. HEMA-TITE and PYRITE are also widespread.

TEKTITES are scattered over most of the south-west, especially the Nullarbor Plain.

Continued overleaf



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

## A woman's guide to a happy man man

At this time of the year the gift that will really delight the man in your life is a box of Henri Wintermans Cigars These extra-mild cigars are available in a choice of sizes—at prices to suit everyone. Ask for Henri Wintermans Cigars, you'll find them with a choice of gay Christmas wrappers at tobacconists and stores everywhere.

FINE FLEUR (in illustration above)—a tribute to the eigar-making art—and world famous for their fine amoking. Rolled from the finest tobaccos they will always meet the most exacting standards of the cigar cont Boxes of 10 are \$2.40 and 25 are \$6.00.



Ove nim a tin drum or PANATELLAS — long, slim cigars which are the most popular of all imported cigars, 25 for \$3.25 or packs of 10 for \$1.30 and 15 for \$1.95.



SCOOTERS are a small cigar enjoyed more than any other imported cigarello type. Tins of 20 are \$1.20 or wood boxes of 25 for \$1.50. 50 f

Henri Wintermans

SENORITAS are a smaller sized cigar of the same fine tobaccos. Packs are 75c for 10 or wood boxes of 25 for \$1.85 or 50 for \$3.70.

HALF CORONAS will always give a fine, mild but satisfying smoke. Packets of 5 are 70c or wood boxes of 10 for \$1.40.



the nicest cigars in the world



type cigar with a cigar holder

in every box. Packs of 5 for 85c

#### LYNN REDGRAVE, continued from page 3

Lynn did a three-month cookery course, just to give herself more time to think it over, then did a "pretty awful" audition for the Lon-don Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. She was not accepted, but eventually she got into The Central School, where Vanessa had trained.

She left one term before her three-year course was up.

"Rather under a cloud, really. It wasn't the thing to do and they were pretty cross with me. But I'd always been mad about 'A Mid-summer Night's Dream,' and Tony Richardson was auditioning young people for it, so I went along. People tend to forget, now, that I met him before Vanessa did."

(Vanessa later married director Tony Richardson, They have two children, Natasha and Joely, but are being divorced.)

"I got the role of Helena and was probably awful — but what an experience, to be at the Royal Court and directed by Tony for my very first professional engagement."

Rachel Kempson rem-inisced: "One saw flashes of what she had even then, and she was only 18. Of course, much of it just didn't get across. But the flashes of what make a good actress were there. With Lynn it that she has absolute truth Nothing she ever does is cliche. She gets to the essence of a character.

"For instance, in 'Georgy Girl,' when she first takes that baby in her arms and says, 'Oh, Joss.' I mean, you know it is really happening to her."

Her father, Sir Michael, uses the same words, "abso-lute truth," when he speaks of what he likes about his younger daughter's work. younger daughter's work. He also talks about "essence." And when you realise that this is what he most works for in his own performances it is the highest compliment he can

I asked both Lynn and Rachel Kempson how Lynn would choose between pri-vate life and her career if the question came up right now

Lynn laughed and said, "Well, you've been here for nearly two hours and you've found it hard to make me talk about anything but the little cottage I've just bought in Barnes." (It was true, every conversation had led toward what she would plant in her pocket-handkerchief garden or what curtains from her Pinlico flat might for the windows.) fit the windows.)

"But I suppose that if I ever met anyone I wanted to marry and it was him and babies or acting, I would choose him and babies — but thank goodness, and I want to keep working for a while."

When I asked why work was so important, she said, "Well, I suppose I want to prove I'm not just a big lump or the eternal funny lark in everyone's mind."

Lynn Redgrave has already proved it to English audiences with her countless roles



Lynn Redgrave

on stage and television. For example, during "Mother Courage," in which she played the dumb Katrin, Dame Sybil Thorndike wrote her a fan letter in which she said that Lynn had given role a "deep tragedy would never forget. the role

When I asked her which part had given her the most pleasure, Lynn told an enchanting story which was

half against herself.
"It was Jackie in Noel
Coward's 'Hay Fever' which really gave me more confi-dence than anything. Sir Laurence Olivier had given me my National Theatre me my National I heatre audition on the strength of a tiny part I did in 'Tom Jones,' which had terrified me and made me feel I could never make a film appearance again.
Then Noel Coward audi-

tioned me, and I read the part of Jackie with a slight lisp. Later, while I was waiting, without much hope I'd get it, Sir Laurence told me that Coward had come to him and said: 'I like that girl — but tell me, has she got a speech impediment?

'Sir Laurence said, 'No. 1 think she thought that was the way she would like to do Jackie. And then Coward said, 'Good, we'll have her, but with more of the lisp!

"Then, when we were re-hearsing, he kept letting me put in bits of my own until I really felt myself into the character. By doing that he taught me more than all the years of drama school all the other productions I ve ever been in. I shall never forget what he has done for me. Without Coward there could never have been a 'Georgy Girl,' or anything else I might ever do."

Lynn is due to do plenty before the next 12 months are out. There is a film with Rita Tushingham to follow her plum role in her Ameri-can stage debut in "Black Comedy," two more English TV appearances, a guest appearance in "The Deadly Affair," with James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Maxi-millian Scholl millian Schell.

Carlo Ponti also wants her to star with Sophia Loren in his film "Mother Courage." All in all, Lynn has been getting about a dozen offers

It is a far cry from show-jumping and the quiet life in the country she had always visualised. But oddly enough she is not very dif-ferent from the girl who had those dreams up to the ripe old age of 15.

"Lynn will never be thrown off balance by offers," her mother said. "She has never burst out just because she's been successful. She lives just the same life she always did."

I checked this and found that she only has a "old lady charwoman" old lady charwoman" to come in for half a day to help her clean her flat, that she drives a Mini, and that her accountant is very pressed by the fact that the to buy her cottage freehold.

America's "Life" magazine has said of her, "She is an honest-to-God human being, an irresistible girl, funny and alive. And talented! In short
— she's beautiful."

("Georgy Girl" will be re-leased by Columbia in Australia about Easter next vear.

Continued from page 81

#### TASMANIA

DIAMOND: Corinna, Pieman River. SAPPHIRE AND RUBY: Mt. Cameron, Thomas' Plains, Ringarooma, Weld River, Table Cape, Stanley River, Gladstone, TOPAZ: Flinders Island (N.E. coast), Stanley River, Weld River, Mt. Cameron-Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Lefroy, Derby, Mathings.

ZIRCON: Boat Harbor, Pieman River, tanley River, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Stanley River, C Derby, Aberfoyle.

SPINEL (Pleonaste): Gladstone, Thomas' Plains, Derby, Aberfoyle. ROCK CRYSTAL: Gladstone - Mt.

CASSITERITE: Mt. Bischoff, Mt.

AZURITE, MALACHITE: Mt. Lyell.

TEKTITES: Pieman River, Zeehan, Dundas, Farrell, Waratah (vicinity), Beaconstield, Gladstone.

AGATE, CHALCEDONY, CARNELIAN, COMMON OPAL, SILICIFIED WOOD, AND COLORED QUARTZ are also that the control of the control o described as plentiful in many localitie

#### NORTHERN TERRITORY

AQUAMARINE AND BERYL: Disputed Mine (Harts Range) and eastern Macdonnell Ranges.

ALMANDITE GARNET: Macdonnell

Range, Tennant Creek, Rum Jungle, Barrow Creek, Red Bank. HEMATITE: Roper River, Burrundie (120 miles S.E. Darwin). AZURITE, MALACHITE:

20 miles S.E. Darwin). CASSITERITE: Mt. Wells, Maranboy.

Bynoe Harbor, Anningie.



Christmas is for the young: for joys and expectations, for parties and presents, for eating far too much. Christmas is for oldies: for remembering Christmases past, for gifts of thoughtful need: cameras, beach bags, sunglasses, brush sets, bathroom scales, beauty cases, razor sets, make-ups, talcs, perfumes, after shaves, bath salts, creams and toiletries already wrapped in their Christmas glitter.

And where in all this Christmas bustle can you browse quietly, with the personal help of someone who knows your family, who really wants to make you the greatest Santa? Your family chemist.

## How to make a Christmas wish come true...



Ask your family chemist!



Your family chemistpersonal service with professional care.

## Beautify Your Complexion at Night

The promise of a younger, lovelier complexion free from wrinkle-dryness is yours when you pamper, nourish and fortify the tissues with nightly vitalized creaming. Even while you sleep your complexion will blossom with a new smoothness, suppleness and radiant beauty.

Dot rich Ulan vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and blend it in with the fingertips until the skin is generously covered, then follow these simple massage movements to revitalize your skin and keep facial muscles



#### For a Youthful Neck

A smooth elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes be-fore creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin



#### For a Smooth Unlined Forehead

Keep the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements.

To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vital-izing night cream right across the forehead to erase

THE MAGAZINE

OF BRIGHTER

Everybodys

#### For Wrinkles Underneath the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward or upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion.



Ulan vitalizing night cream is perfect for the very dry skin as well as the mature complexion because it replaces the vital beauty oils and fluids in skins stripped of their natural emollients by harsh weather, neglect and even the crosions of time itself. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

Before vitalizing your skin, first cleanse it by spreading a complexion beauty milk over your face and neck. Wonderfully suited to every complexion is Delph cleanscomplexion is Delph cleans-ing milk, which removes make-up and skin impori-ties with a dissolving, non-drying action and leaves the skin smoother, clearer and free from wrinkle-dryness. As you tissue away every trace of dirt and stale make-up your skin will be ideally prepared for its nightly quota of nourish-

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

## Once, going camping meant a tent and an old black billy

IN the beginning there was a black billy, a frying pan, and a tarpaulin, all left over from my new husband's single days.

It might have helped our love of the outdoors that we were Territorians and had never known cold weather.

I well remember our first trip to the Daly River, How I ached from sleeping on the ground, and I had an attack of hysterics when I saw a dear old goanna, thinking it was a man-eating crocodile.

We still have the billy, though it nearly came to a grubby end when an old uncle thought it the ideal thing to put his worms in for fresh-water fishing.

I must say I soon got the knack of going on camping trips. My husband loves camping, as I discovered in the years that followed.

We acquired a trailer, fitted with a canopy and a bed, and we needed it, be-cause by that time our first son had arrived.

It served us well, even if once on the Western

Now it's more likely to mean double bunks and cooking on a portable gas stove

#### READERS' STORIES

 Two Queensland readers recall successful and not so successful - jaunts into the Great Outdoors with all the family.

Queensland plains the vibration shook the canopy

until we could find some-one to weld it on again. The back of the utility was pushed for space, with its extra load.

extra load.

We slept in the trailer when we visited Cairns, the Atherton Tableland, the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Alice Springs.

I cooked our meals on an old pressure stove that

was very touchy. It never

liked the whisper of a breeze.

The only places we have visited and haven't camped are the Snowy Mountains and Sydney. We let our heads go and stayed at motels.

My hyshand got lost

husband got lost crossing the Sydney Harbor Bridge, when he took the wrong lane. The only way he could find his way out of the city was to take a bearing from the sun. I loved the snow on the

Alps but appreciated the

of the arm flung a great knotted tangle of line all over the children, my bait lying fetchingly over Joan's left eye.

She started to scream and Alan laughed, which infuriated her so much she lashed

out and pushed him squarely on top of our sandwiches.

Tom quickly propped his rod against the edge of the boat, striking his shins smartly on the seat in his hurry to get to us, shouting, "You've ruined my best line. I told you not to let miles of it out. Women!" The last word sounded like a

Just then his own line shrieked out of the reel. Turning swiftly, he planted his foot firmly in the bucket of yabbies, took a couple of funny little hops, and just had time to see his rod slide quietly over the side before he crashed at my feet.

He sat where he'd fallen, yabbies twitch-

ing sluggishly over his legs, and stared at me, speechless with anger.

the head to make me realise the whole thing had been a mistake.

Before I could speak, Tom leapt to his feet and dragged Alan back into the boat by the seat of the pants.

Giving him a good whack, he shouted, "What the devil are you doing hanging over the side like that?"

Through loud bawls, Alan justified his actions with, "I was only washing the guts off my bait."

Well, this Saturday I'm going to enjoy myself gardening. Alan is asking a couple of his friends over to play. Joan is going tenpin bowling. Tom, who is his good-

humored self again, is going fishing. I defy anyone to prove we would be happier doing something together.

I didn't need anyone to hit me over

heated motel. My son was more taken with the doubledecker beds. He had never seen such things before

Our touring gear grew rapidly with the advent of the second son, until we were like a travelling rircus on some trips.

Many a time we went to the Daly River for a few days' fishing complete with car, trailer, cot, boat in-flatable toys, mosquito sets, and even a refrigeration unit my husband had built to run from the motor-mower engine. mower engine.

Somewhere along the somewhere along me line we acquired a jeep to get farther afield. (At one stage we also had two home-made boats.)

The jeep was only to be kept for a little while, but when we left the Northern Territory to settle in Southern Queensland, the two boys and I drove the car, while my husband fol-lowed in the jeep, pulling the trailer.

We took a month on the trip and really enjoyed ourselves, sleeping under the stars. Every night we had barbecued steak and balls took billy tea.

Then our nomadic life had to stop until things be-came established on the farm. We were hit by a drought, and had a home to

The boat-building helped, as we had to build the house ourselves, and it was from building boats that my husband learned to use a harment

But after all these holdups, at last we go camping again. These days we have a daughter to keep us com-

The gear has changed, too. There is a tent, with double-decker beds and a cylinder-gas cooker. There is talk of a speedboat.

The old camping trailer is used to cart the wood in The dogs sleep under its canopy.

The old black billy hangs in the shed, and the cats drink from our first frying

I must be getting old, as it is with nostalgia I think back to the early nights out

## TOGETHERNESS? NOT ON SATURDAYS, ANYWAY

Dad can go fishing on his own from now on.

MY husband, Tom, always goes fishing on Saturday afternoon. When I announced that the children and I were going with him last Saturday, he looked surprised, but just said quietly he would fix up a rod and handlines for us.

Teenage daughter Joan immediately wailed, "Oh, Mum, I wanted to go tenpin bowling with Peggy." But Alan, our six-year-old, was delighted.

Overriding Joan's objections, I made a few sandwiches. Then, piling into the car, we soon covered the short distance to the beach, where Tom bought yabbies for

It made me feel a bit squeamish to notice they were alive and wriggling in the bucket, but Alan was as happy as a puppy.

#### By DOROTHY PEARN

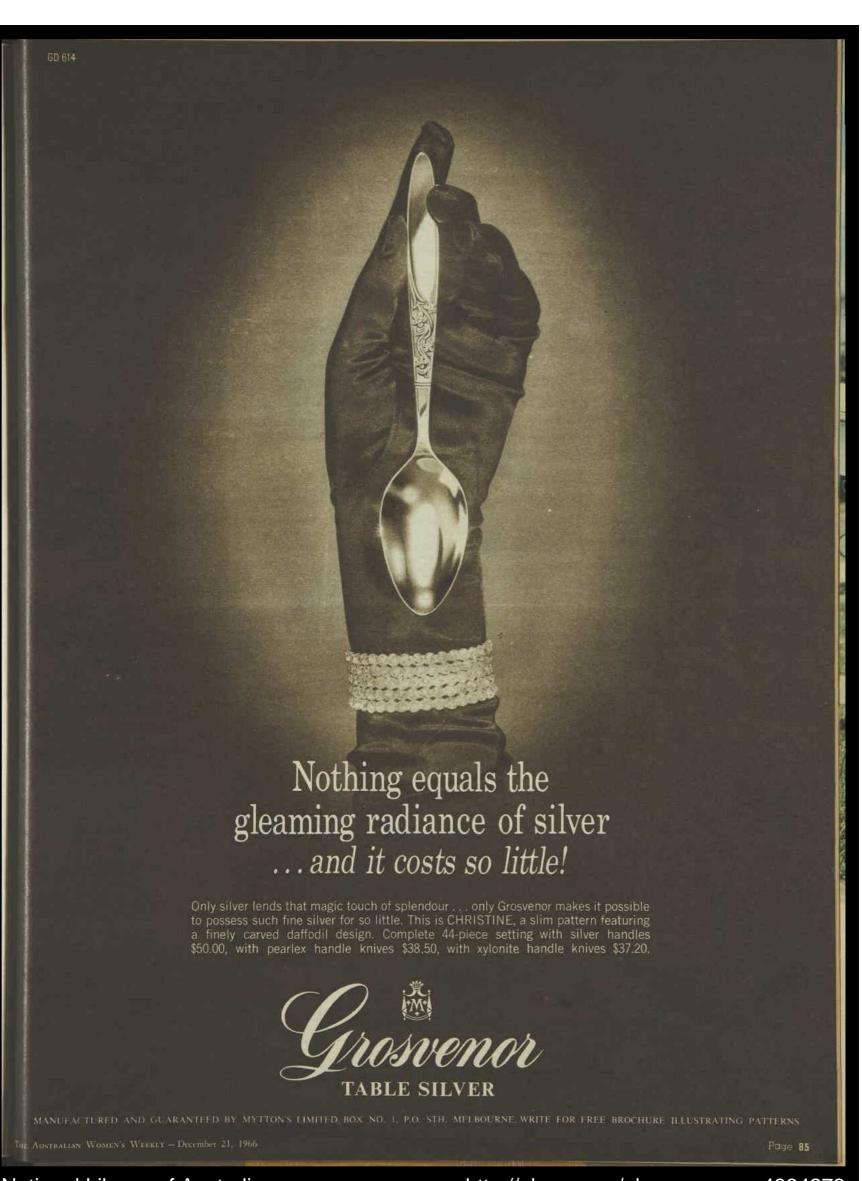
Leaving me, he proceeded to the other

end of the boat to cast his own line. Watching him, I thought, "Why, there's nothing to it," and with a graceful swing

Joan was still sulking and giving me black looks, but as Tom rowed with expert ease over the water I began to enjoy the sun — and tried to ignore the salt spray which was ruining my fresh shampoo and

Arriving at his favorite spot, Tom showed the children how to bait their lines,

then gave me a rod, and after putting a yabbie on my hook, issued lengthy in-structions on the do's and don'ts (especi-ally the don'ts) of using a rod.







TO decorate a Christmas tree, mix a little white shoe cleaner with double the quantity of water, pour it into a fly spray, and spray all over the tree. It gives a delightful effect of a snow-covered tree, and is economical.—Mrs. J. L. W. Bekker, 27 Floraville Rd., Belmont, N.S. W.

#### CHRISTMAS HINTS FROM READERS

Ideas for Christmas gifts and decorations, for party foods and for holidays are included in this week's hints sent in by readers. Each wins \$2.

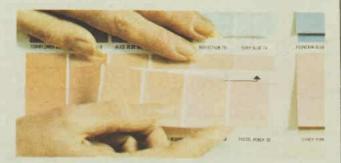
Wire coathangers make good Christmas decorations. They can be formed into attractive shapes — bells, diamonds, etc. — with the hands or with pliers. It is easy to wind tinsel round and round the shapes, securing ends. Cover hook tip with cone of colored paper and attach star,

baubles, etc., and hang up. — Miss J. M. Schwager, "Fernleigh," Narrabri, N.S.W.

Instead of the usual Christmas tree, make a stairway of gifts. Cover a small step ladder completely with crepe paper. Outline steps and sides with silver tinsel, fastening here and there. Place a Christmas crib or other symbol, surmounted with a star, on top of ladder. Decorate with baubles, etc. Place some gifts on steps; tie on others.—Miss S. E. Phelps, Flat 5, 40A Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.



No. There's an easier way to find the right wall colour.



## Tear a few strips off the new Dulux colour card.

No more thumbing through piles of magazines to find the wall colour you want, then discovering that nobody makes it in a flat plastic paint.

Now all you do is get the new Dulux interior colour card.

Tear off a strip, and another strip, and another. There are 120 Dulux 'Spring' colours, all on tear-off strips. Try the strips of paint colour against your carpet, curtains, coverings, until you find the one Dulux 'Spring' colour that goes with everything. Simple? It couldn't be easier to use. Just like Dulux 'Spring'. With 'Spring' you'll find it rolling on so smoothly, and hiding the old paint so well, that two 'Spring' coats do

the work of three ordinary coats.
We call it the coat and a half in one.
No unpleasant painty smell, either.
So to have the perfect
colour in the best paint,
you start with the new
Dulux interior colour card.

And tear strips off it.



Coat and a half in one.

For someone who lives alone an acceptable gift can be mad by covering a round of cardboar with pretty paper and placing the centre a bottle of prepare mustard. Place round this sma bottles of cocktail onions and olives, and jars of celery, onion and garlic salt. Secure the bottles with a little glue. Mr E. A. Faulkner, 3 Delacey St. Ipswich, Qld.

Before shutting up the hour and leaving on holidays, put heaped tablespoon of coarse sal in the kitchen sink plughole. The salt will dissolve slowly and help to keep the drainpipe sweet.

Mrs. J. G. Brown, 181 Kentucky St., Armidale, N.S.W.

Add 2 or 3 tablespoons of weet sherry or port wine when making a sweet white sauce; mix well. The result is a delicious wine sauce to serve with any boiled fruit pudding. — Mrs. U. R. Heinze, Box 150, Tanunda, S.A.

An inexpensive Christmas gift that will delight a child can be made from a disused motor type (or, better still, a truck type) obtained from your nearest garage. Ask the garage man to cut the type in half, like a doughnut Paint inside and out with blue paint, fill with water, and place in a few plastic toy boars. Or you can paint the type white and color the water with washing blue — Mrs. Grace Edward, 29 Sobroan St., Shepparton, Vic.

An ice-cream cake is easy to make, saves money, and look attractive. Buy a tin of ice-cream press contents into a cake tin Freeze at high temperature, and when frozen turn out on to plate and decorate with sweets, holly or small plastic flowers.—Mrs. R. Ellyatt, 180 Teralba Rd., Adamstown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

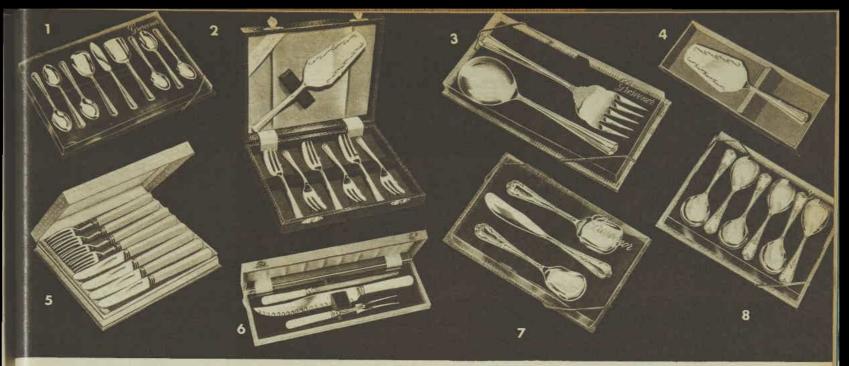
Make this edible Christma decoration to tie on the tree or attach to a gift parcel. Take a dozen jelly beans, wrap in colored transparent paper to form a small bon-bon. Peg on to tree or to parcel with a small-size colored plastic peg. — Mrs. F. Amos, Flat 4, 82 Millswyn St. South Yarra, Vic.

A selection of Christmas cards with envelopes ready stamped makes an acceptable pre-Christmas gift for an invalid. — P. Brown, 167 Fernberg St., Rosalie, Brisbane.

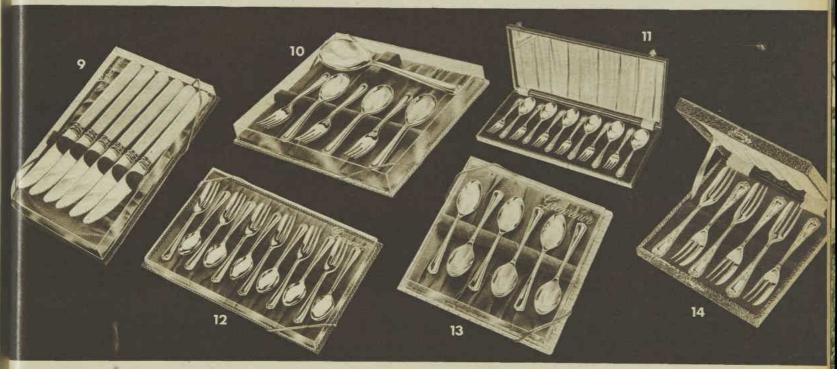
Do' not use cardboard boxes as containers when packing gits of home-made biscuits; the biscuits will quickly become soft in them. Simall powdered milk tins or syrup tins make attractive containers if covered with floral paper, given a coat of clear varnish, and finished with a ribbot bow on the lid. — Mrs. M. Noonan, 92 Princess St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Place the paper patterns for Christmas toys on the material before cutting out, and use sticks tape instead of pins to keep in place. The pattern will lie far and you can cut through the tape—L. Donoghue, 25 Milroy St. North Ryde, N.S.W.

North Ryde, N



Any one of these beautiful cutlery packs makes the perfect gift-



or a lovely beginning to your own Grosvenor collection!





TABLE SILVER

1. 9-piece Afternoon Tea Spoons & Fancy (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 6 Spoons & Fancy (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon), Clear Pack, \$4.80.

1. 9-piece Afternoon Tea Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server, Clear Pack, \$3.70.

2. 7-piece Cake Forks & Lifter, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

3. Salad Servers, Clear Pack, \$3.70.

4. Cake Lifter, Cardboard Box, \$10.20, Pearlex handles, \$10.75. Silver handles, \$15.20.

5. 8-piece Grill Set (4 Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

5. 8-piece Grill Set (4 Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

5. 8-piece Grill Set (4 Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

5. 8-piece Grill Set (4 Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

5. 8-piece Grill Set (4 Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

7. 3-piece Jam, Sugar, Butter (1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, andles, \$10.25, Pearlex Pack, \$4.35.

10. 9-piece Fruit Spoons, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

9. 6-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

11. 12-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks), Leath-Pack, \$4.20.

12. 12-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

13. 6-piece Afternoon Tea Or Coffee Spoons, Clear Pack, Pearlex Pack, \$4.20.

14. 6-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

15. 8-piece Grill Set (4 Knives, Pearlex Pack, \$4.20.

16. 12-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

17. 3-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

18. 6-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

19. 6-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

19. 6-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

19. 6-piece Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$4.20.

19. 6-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

19. 6-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

10. 6-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

10. 6-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, \$4.20.

11. 12-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Pack), \$4.20.

11. 12-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Pack), \$4.20.

11. 12-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Pack), \$4.20.

12. 12-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Pack), \$4.

Leatherette Case, \$4.85.

handles \$11.60.

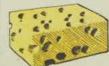
handles \$14.35.

12. 12-piece Afternoon Tea
14. 6-piece Cake Forks, Leath10. 13-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons & Cake Forks (6 erette Case, \$3.85.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY MYTTON'S LIMITED. WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE ILLUSTRATING PATTERNS BOX NO. 1, P.O. STH. MELBOURNE.



## Discover Australian Cheese



## SWISS

A firm, yellow, smooth body with large "eyes". Has a sweet, nutty flavour, delicious with dry or sweet white wines, or light dessert wines. Looks attractive on your cheeseboard.



## CHEDDAR

Australian natural
Cheddar is firm, smooth,
light yellow coloured. The
mild or sharp Cheddar
flavours appeal to all
people. Serve with red or
white wines, or with
Port, Muscat, Madeira
or Brandy.



#### PROYOLONE

Robust, often salty flavoured Australian Provolone has a firm, smooth texture and make a novel display on your cheeseboard. Wondorful with dry red wines and crackers.



#### BLUE YEIN

Semi soft, white, blue veins of mould. Has a rich, piquant flavour, spreads easily on crackers, goes beautifully with "greens". Superb with Claret, Burgundy, Port or Brandy.



CHEESE

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

1355

Page 88

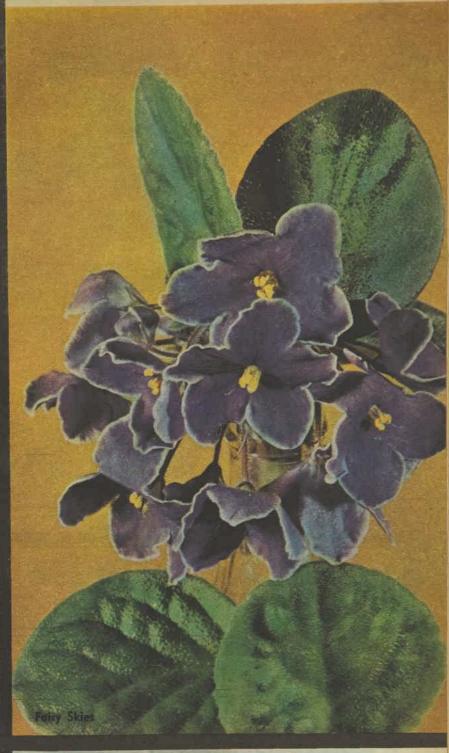
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEIGHT - December 21, 1 18

# The many pretty faces of the African violet











For gardening notes on African violets, see page 93.

Porce 89







If you were spending Christmas in the tropics, this is how an Island Chel would dramatise the flavour of the traditional ham with the golden tang of tropical pineapple. So why not taste a tropical Christmas wherever you live with Golden Circle's Pineapple Glazed Ham. You'll need — two 15oz. cans GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 1 canned ham, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 level tablespoon, plain fluor, 1 teappoon, dry mystad, and half-fluor. tablespoon plain flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and a half-cup of syrudrained from the pineapple slices. HAM TROPICAL Drain pineapple. Place ham in aluminium foil-lined baking pantent-wrap and bake in slow oven (325 degs. F.) the required time. Mix brown sugar, plain flour, mustard and pineapple syrup together well. One hour before end of cooking time, open foil and spread top of ham with half syrup mixture. Close foil and bake 30 minutes. Open foil again and place pineapple slices over top. Spread with remaining syrup. Bake, uncovered, 30 minutes longer. Serve with remaining pineapple slices garnished with red-tinted pickled pilons ripe olives and mint sprigs.

ripe olives and mint sprigs.

toast each other in golden juice

TROPICAL

Page 92

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 19

Peel a can and taste the sunshine!

## AFRICAN VIOLETS

#### By ALLAN SEALE

 You may get a pot of African violets for Christmas. Here are some hints on caring for them.

IT can be fun growing African violets. They do need a little understanding and an environment that suits them.

African violet is the common name for the varieties of the family Saintpaulia ionantha. They grow naturally under the shelter of other plants in the light tropi-cal rain forests of Tanganyika. Therefore, they need warmth, a reasonably humid atmosphere, and plenty of light, but they resent extreme temperatures. Results are best above 50deg., but below 80deg.

Constant temperatures give best results. Avoid positions close to windows, whit is warm by day and cold at night.

Light is important. They need to be away from direct sunlight, but the daylight in the room should be strong enough to throw a shadow on the plant if an object is held 4in, or 5in, above it.

Elongated stems with pointed leaves indicate that more light is needed, but if light is excessive or too direct the growth will be pale and clumped.

Watering: Avoid wetting the foliage. Always take the chill off the water to

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 - page 66



African violet varieties (clockwise from triangle top) Early Star, Rabbit Ears, Cherry Red, Rose Dust, Atomic Blaze, Pink Halo.

bring it close to room temperature. How much water is also important. In warm, well-lighted surroundings the plants can be watered frequently, but need to be kept drier under cooler conditions.

The soil should never remain wet and soggy, or be allowed to dry out com-pletely. As a guide, the surface should appear damp during the warmth of summer. In the cooler weather it should look dry but show signs of moisture if you carefully prod in below.

Temperatures: As temperatures increase to about 75deg., so the other requirements increase accordingly. Conversely, they decrease to a minimum around 50deg. Where temperatures are below 50deg, for long periods, heating is needed.

African violet enthusiasts in cold areas use a box or frame similar to an aquarium tank, with a fluorescent tube running the full length of the top and about lft. away from the plants. Warmth is supplied at night by heating cables or a covered, ordinary light bulb below the plants.

ordinary light bulb below the plants. Supplementary heating is usually only needed in borderline cooler-temperate areas. In colder districts, such as Camberra, most homes have provision for constant winter heating. Here, extra light and allowance for extra humidity possibly would be needed to keep the plants in growth throughout the year.

Feeding: African violets are gross feeders. They respond well to packeted, complete liquid manures applied up to full strength at fortnightly intervals during summer, when growth is rapid. In spring and autumn, use at half strength, and discontinue in cold weather.

Humidity: In dry climates, growth and flowering are usually improved, when the humidity of the air surrounding the plants is increased, by placing trays of water below them, or standing the pots in troughs or trays of wet pebbles or tan bark. The pots should be kept just above actual contact with the water.

The warm air evaporates moisture, which rises to create a comparatively humid micro-climate around the plant, provided there is protection from draughts and wind, which would otherwise disperse the vapor as it is formed.

To summarise: In a position which suits them, African violets will grow and flower during most of the year. In colder areas they will need some artificial assistance.

To see which position suits your plants best, have several as pilots in likely posi-tions. After a month or so, see which position has given best results.

Making new plants: This is interest-ing and easy. African violets can be increased from seed, by dividing large clumps or by leaf cuttings—easy and

popular. Leaves may be rooted in moist sand, seed-raising mixture, or by standing the stems in water, and usually form roots in about four weeks. Take cuttings during summer.

Upright, comparatively young but mature leaves give better results than the older, underneath foliage. Cut the leaf with in. to lin. of stem attached, trim the cut cleanly with a razor-blade.

Using sand or seed-raising mixture, it is possible to have a dozen leaves in a 5 in. pot. Set them at least an inch apart, with the junction of leaf and stem at soil level.

soil level.

The pot may be covered with a plastic bag to keep it more evenly warm and increase humidity around the cuttings, but keep it away from direct sunlight.

Leaves struck in water may be kept from waterlogging by covering the container with aluminium foil, using a pencil to punch holes so only the stems penetrate the water. After roots establish, a tiny, rosetted new plant will form on the stem.

#### Drainage must be good

Potting: When potting up the young plants, provide good drainage. A small handful of coke or charcoal, a little larger than pea size, in the base of the pot is safer than broken crocks, which can work down to cover the drainage hole.

Use proprietary potting mixtures or, say, 2 parts garden loam, 1 of sand, and 1 of peatmoss or leafmould. Add two teaspoons of complete plant food to each gallon measure of soil.

Water by standing the pots in a con-tainer so the water comes to about an inch below soil level, and leave until moisture is creeping around the soil sur-face. Don't agitate the soil in this wet state, otherwise it sets too firmly around the roots. This is also the best way to water established plants.

Crowded plants may be divided and repotted into the same soil mixture between October and early March.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 - page 67 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966



# How to be an expert on cigars and tell your man how important he is to you this Christmas



## Why cigars make the best gift

Have you ever noticed how so many successful men smoke cigars?

Ever wondered why?

Well, there's a certain something about smoking cigars. They give a man a sense of importance, dignity and, frankly, just a touch of elegance.

That's why when you give your man a nicely gift-wrapped box of cigars you're telling him that, in your eyes, he is a very important person. But make sure you give him good cigars . . . cigars that have a name for quality . . . ones he'll be proud to smoke and offer his friends. We suggest Schimmelpenninck, Holland's finest cigars and the choice of connoisseurs the world over

Which size and shape should you give? Your tobacconist will help you choose. We've illustrated three very popular Schimmelpenninck cigars, but there are 13 in the range and many are handsomely gift wrapped. Prices range from only 60c.

Does your man rate cigars this Christmas? Then tell him so. Give him the best. Give him Schimmelpenninck!





Your tobacconist will help you choose from 13 Schimmelpenninck sizes and shapes, many handsomely gift wrapped ready for giving.



## Schimmelpenninck

HOLLAND'S FINEST CIGARS - FAST BECOMING AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITES

If you would like a free copy of the 16 page booklet "Oll about Cigars," write to Rothmans of Pall Mall, Box 61, P.O. Granville NSW

Schimmelpenninck cigars are imported by Rothmans of Pall Mall (Aust.) Limited - sole Australian agents for Schimmelpenninck-Sigarenfabrieken V/H Genets and Van Schuppen N.V. Wageningen, Holland.

Page 94

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 21, 196

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4884282



TONIGHT again he had not come home for dinner, and as she was no patient or forbearing wife, she got mad and broke a glass—making sure it was not one that matched any other. Then she swept up the fragments and took wet paper to blot the smallest bits. Break the glass on the floor rather than on Max. Spend fury economically—like everything else. thing else.

When he came in at nine Sarah said, "Where've you been, my good man?"

"Studying with Filo."

She was tall, just under his height, and she stood close, nestling her nose in the red heard they were raising together—he because it was his hair, she because she trimmed it for him. He kissed her forehead and her nose, but there didn't seem enough electricity to carry him down to her lips. It was March and they had been married the first week in September

"Why didn't you bring Filo here? I could have made three hamburgers out of the two."
"I didn't want to." He dropped books, a gross lot of them, on the table that served as a centre of their lives—for eating, studying, and just sitting around. "I've got more work to do tonight. Torts."

Max pulled off his heavy jacket and his shirt. Sarah hung them in one of their two closets and brought him the black turtle-neck cotton jersey that saved washing and ironing. If he would eat at home instead of spending the allowance his parents gave him on meals out, he might be able to buy a real overcoat one of these months.

a real overcoat one of these months.

On Sunday she had baked a homemade cakemix cake, and there was a slice left for Max. She poured a glass of milk and sat down to gloat over his appetite. "Tell me all," she said.

"Oh, not much," Max could never turn information on from a spout; it had to drip, an item at a time. "How was your day, Sarah?"

"I sold four art books, all over twenty dollars. And one another — I know it was the author — bought eight copies of her novel. And the man who buys books for his niece. . today he bought "The Last Days of Pompeii" for her. That's a 12-year-old girl I'd like to meet."

"There's no niece, dope. The guy comes three or four times a week to see you." The legal mind spoke, the mind of the man who would be a great

To page 96

National Library of Australia

slowly. "Besides, I don't have time

or money for anyone or anything."
"I think you're a very lucky

"I think so, too, baby," he said humbly, and kissed her. Then without warning he stood up. Sarah made it to her feet instead of being dumped. Max started pacing.

dumped. Max started pacing.

The apartment was too small for him. The principal room was used for cooking, living, and dining. It had been remodelled, scaled in from wall to wall but still high of ceiling, like a shoe-box dollhouse. The O'Shells had a bedroom, too. They had to climb over the bed to open the window, but there was a door to be closed between Sarah and Max when he studied and against the world when they slept. The apartment cost all Sarah could afford to spend on rent and more. But it was close to the university and Max's classes.

on rent and more. But it was close to the university and Max's classes.

Sarah, watching him pace, thought, even lions in zoos have more stalking space. "What's the matter with you, Max?"

He stopped. "I'll tell you what, Sarah—I'm restless. I want to see everything, meet everybody. But I just make it to classes and back here again. I haven't got a window on the world."

She flared, forgetting the built-in answer to her question: "Then why did you marry me?"

"Because you wanted me to," he said.

"I didn't hold a gun to your head. I waited, didn't I? Nearly three years"

Max was always nicest when

Max was always nicest when there were tears on her lashes, gentlest when there was rage in her heart. "You're my girl and you made a tough deal, marrying me, and you're keeping it. To the letter. But there wasn't anything in it that said we had to eat dinner together every night. You have dinner together every night. You have dinner with your mother and Bailey, sometimes I'll grab a bite with Filo or one of the guys."

SARAH peered around the eight ball she had put herself behind. "I'm always on the de-fensive because I wanted marriage more than you did." "You wanted it earlier, not more."

"And we're both glad. Say it."
"Entirely glad."
"We're not teenagers. I'm twenty and you're twenty-two. It's time for us to be married."
"You don't have to sell the deal all over again, Sarah. We did it. Now get out, baby, so I can study." He wrapped her in his arms and for a minute she thought the books and studying would go away, but they didn't. Max detached her, gave her a spank, and she went into the bedroom.
"And close the door!" he said. She closed the door. She moved the chair so she could open the closet door, closed the closet door so she could get to the dresser. Max and his window on the world! This isn't our marriage, she thought; it's all mine. My two-headed, darling little marriage to defend against everyone.

It had always been her marriage. Nobody else had approved.
Immediately after her graduation from college last spring she had changed her mind about going out to northern California to do graduate work in horticulture and landscape gardening. She was going to marry Max and could it be a white church wedding?
Sarah's mother was Sarah Barr. She and Sarah's father had been divorced, and now there was Bailey Barr, a good, kind, just slightly too young stepfather. Sarah Barr was the editor of a trade journal concerned with synthetic materials. She did not like anything about the white wedding.
"Throw away your beautiful education on a bookstore job so you can support Max? He won't let you do it," she said.
"He doesn't know anything about it yet. But, oh, Mother, I know I'm right! If I go out there and he stays here — I know I'll lose him. We'll lose each other."
"Your grandmother and your

#### THE FOURTH SARAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

great-grandmother would lock you up. They went through hell to prove women can be inde-pendent of men."

"They could afford to be independent. There were more men than women then."

"The Sarahs would consider you medieval!"

"The Sarahs fought for what they wanted. And paid for it, too. That's all I'm doing," said the daughter.

She was the fourth Sarah, and Sarahs were counted in that family like military medals in others. Great-grandmother Sarah had been a suffragette; she had marched in parades and demanded

the vote. Her daughter Sarah had loved free love. She'd been a flapper and gone to Paris. Flapper Sarah's daughter, now the editor, had been a WAVE. She said now to her Sarah, "The white wedding has to wait. You can't throw your ancestors away."

They had had a fair fight. Bailey Barr was in the country with friends; he hadn't been feeling well. The mother and daughter sat in the living-room all that summer night. They were much alike, though the daughter was larger and the silken hair of the mother was shot through with silver arrows. They loved each other. "Mother," Sarah the younger said, "I'll make you a

promise. The day Max can start practising law, I'll go back to school.

School."

Sarah Barr shrugged. "Leave him then? Go to California alone? Face it—you won't do it. There may be a baby. You can't take a baby to college."

"There'll be no babies till we get good and ready. We've had plenty of instruction, and we'll be cautious as sin."

"That's very cautious indeed."

be cautious as sin."

"That's very cautious indeed."
Sarah Barr looked at her daughter's luggage piled up in the fover. "You still can't handle your own possessions, and you want to marry." On the tweed sofa she held her daughter. "Look, dear — why marriage? We all accept the fact that you and Max love each other, Nobody's going to chaperon you. You'll have summer weekends..."

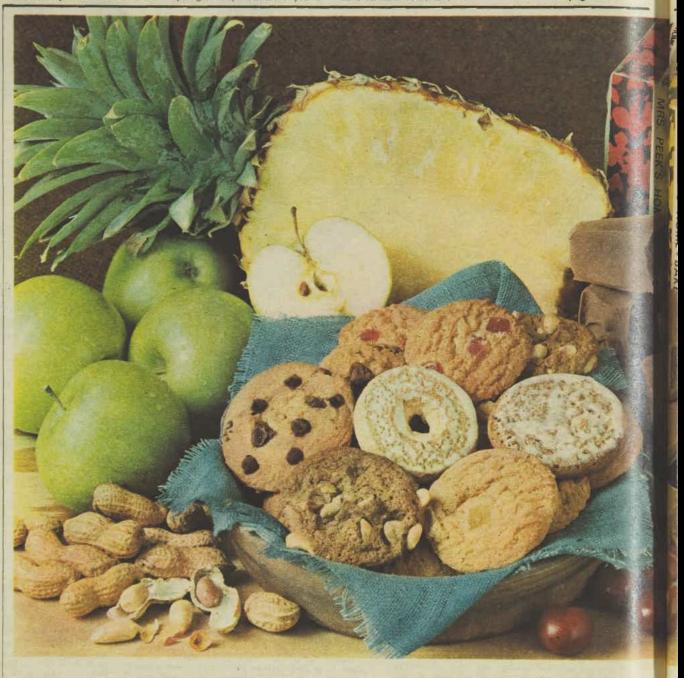
What it amounted to was that Sarah the eider gave Sarah the younger the right to a love affair, protected, authorised. And was turned down. "I won't settle for anything less than a ring and a minister," Sarah said to her mother. "I want to be married."

mother. "I want to be married"
Sarah Barr sighed Bailey had
been ill, in a career jam, nervously undone. Their marriage
was a house of blocks Sarah and
Bailey Barr kept building, hoping nobody would kick it. "I
certainly don't know all the answers, honey," she said now to
her child. "If you want to
marry, I'll back you any way I
can."

Armed with her mother's almost.

Armed with her mother's almost approval, Sarah met Max the next day in Central Park, She

To page 97



They sat close together on a mich. Max's beard then was by a pink promise wreathing s jaw. "I love you too much to you get into this pit of sacrices. I'm not going to be grateflor anything you do. You may a great giver — I know I'm a sor taker. Till I graduate, let's sy single, Sarah!"

"If you think your mind will ange about us—that's the best sument I ever heard against get-g married," Max said.

But, after all, that was why he

#### THE FOURTH SARAH

gave in. He loved her and he was afraid he'd lose her.

So they went to see his parents. Mr. and Mrs. O'Sheil lived in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and Max's education had meant a series of sacrifices. An early marriage had been no part of their plan for Max. They were angry and hurt.

On the bus, returning to New York, Max said, "I guess they thought they'd have me around the house a year or two to enjoy me. You know, 'my son the lawyer.'"

"They'll have me to enjoy, too,"
Sarah said sturdily. "I'll be what
they want of me. I'll be what my
mother wants of me. I'll be what
I want. Married to you."

It took manoeuvring. Max, enrolled at Law, had planned to stay with cousins in the Bronx, room and board free, His parents were to pay his tuition and give him a book-and-tobacco allowance, to which he'd add his own vacation earnings. tion earnings

But a married couple couldn't stay with cousins. A married couple must take their responsi-bilities for themselves. Sarah bilities for themselves, Sarah accepted them all joyously. The rent, the groceries, the laundry and cleaning, the job She took on everything like a wrestler meeting all-comers.

Every day since the white wedding had been a good day for Sarah O'Shell. She was successful

And the real trouble with Max—now, in the bedroom, Sarah looked at the one window on her world—the real trouble with Max was that he didn't feel successful. He was troubled about his studies. He worked hard enough, But mid-year exams hadn't been good. And there was a demon professor, a Dr. Loucheim, of Contracts, who hung over Max like a nightmare. The O'Shells did not own a television set. Sarah, who spent her days selling books, spent her nights reading them. Tonight she had brought home a new volume on archaeology. Very interesting. Who was kidding who—whom? Very dull. She closed the book and looked at the door. "You sit still" said Sarah to herself.

She began to recite clicking proverbs her formula for relieving

She began to recite cliche proverbs, her formula for relieving strain. Many a mickle makes a muckle. Love laughs at locksmiths. cliche Ha, ha, Out of this day Max and

Ha, ha. Out of this day Max and I have had thirty minutes together. Sarah did the forbidden thing. She opened the door and went into the other room.

From the ceiling they had rigged a drop light with a coffee can wrenched into shape as a shade. Under its irregular flare sat Max the Red, bent over papers, guarded by books. A wax carton of milk stood beside him.

The beard turned up toward her like a stop sign. "What do you want?"

Her hands reached out to him, turning slowly from the wrist, pleading. Her hair was like a drape of satin over her inclining head. "Could you —" Sarah said. Helplessly she said, "I love you."

"Come here, baby," Max said, and she went. She put her cheek against the top of his head so that her hair veiled them both. "I love you, too," he said.

She brought her cheek down along his; she sat on his knee and

She brought her cheek down along his; she sat on his knee and did not open her eyes. "I just couldn't stand..." she said.
"Shh," he whispered. The books lay undisturbed in the lamplight.

NEXT morning the books were still there. Max had to move them before breakfast. Sarah didn't dare to.

Sarah didn't dare to,

Max fought his fury. His work
was unprepared. The milk, standing out, had soured. It had
snowed. His heavy socks weren't
dry. His work was unprepared.

Sarah watched him go off surrounded by a cloud of anger. Of
last night's joy not one little
thing was left.

thing was left.

Again that evening Max did not come home for dinner. He didn't phone. She prepared a pot of coffee and left it for him. She was asleep when he came to bed. Next morning she called the phone company and asked them to stop the service and remove the instrument.

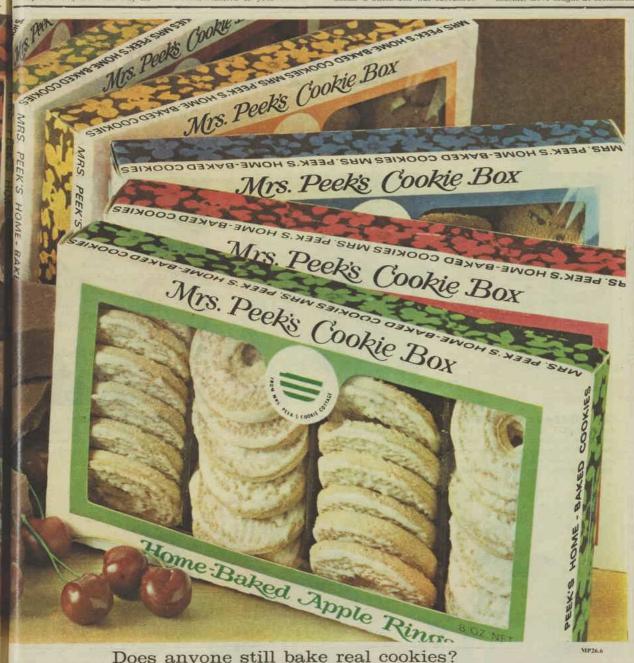
to stop the service and remove the instrument.

It's an extravagance and we don't need it, she thought. I can go to a pay phone to call my mother, and the few people we know live close enough to stop in here if they want us. A very practical economy. Still, there was revenge in her, and she knew it.

That evening she went to her mother's for dinner. From Avenny's Books it was a five-minute walk through the purple March twilight. Max will probably be with Filo. If he misses me, he'll call Mother. Maybe I made a mistake about the phone. Maybe they won't get there today. At the Barrs', Bailey and Sarah, sen., tried to cover the slight falseness of their joy. They greeted Sarah O'Shell with kisses and warmth. They made a fine collaborative dinner — Bailey's salad, Mother's casserole, coffee, and dessert — a duet. But something was wrong. Their conversation concerned the state of the city, the nation, and the world. They were like people sharing a table in a restaurant.

Later, Bailey went out to play bridge. He was tall and slender, greatly earnest. His eyes always seemed to be trying to speak another language. "You girls have





Does anyone still bake real cookies? Mrs. Peek does.

Real home-made cookies for Mrs. Peek's Cookie Box. They're Mrs. Peek's new pride and joy. Crunchy Peanut Cluster. Rich Fruit Frosties. Mellow Chocolate Chip. Fruity Pineapple Chip. Luscious Apple Rings. Delectable Cherry Macaroons. Six extra special flavours.

Each in its own pretty cookie box. Isn't it time you introduced Mrs. Peek to your family?

a good visit," he said. Stepfather and husband, he kissed Sarahs junior and senior and left them.

"Bailey OK?" Sarah asked her mother. She was fond of Bailey. He was a Latin teacher at a private school, and there had been hours of homework he'd helped her with. How hard he had tried to prove himself the father without the "step"!

Sarah, sen., poured brandies for herself and her daughter. "No, Bailey is not OK. He signed his contract for next year at Millew School without the raise he was expecting. It's killing him."

"I thought the raise was automatic. Why didn't he get it?"

Her mother rat in the bright disc of lamplight; she seemed thoughtful and alone. "Bailey thinks I've weakened him till he can't demand his rights. I've unmanned him, he thinks. He uses a stronger word I hope you won't ever have to hear from Max."

Sarah, sen., put her head into a yellow tie-silk pillow and wept. It was like seeing majesty fall to pieces. The younger Sarah found that she could not comfort, could not move or speak.

Sarah O'Shell went home by

that she could not comfort, could not move or speak.

Sarah O'Shell went home by bus. It was almost eleven when she opened her own door. Max was there, his broad back bent over the books. The telephone was still there. It seemed to her she had been saved from some terrible disaster and that all of safety was in the redhaired man. She put her cheek against his. "I'm not disturbing you...please, Max? It's just that I'm so glad, so glad to see you."

you."

He rolled his shoulders, stretched. "Have a good time at your mother's?"

HE told him little bits of news and gave him the family regards. But she said nothing of Bailey, his contract, or her mother's unhappiness. As though she would be supplying weapons for a war not yet declared.

She was tiptoeing to the bedroom when Max said, "Better call the phone company tomorrow. The phone's dead."

She realised it now; of course—they turned off the service and collected the instrument later. She found it hard to say to Max, "I'm having the phone taken out. We never seem to use it, and it's an expense we can do without."

He did not turn to look to her. "Oh, I see," he said quietly. "Good night again." HE told him little

These early spring days, her job at Avenny's was the most real part of Sarah O'Shell's life. Max was preparing for final exams; it was as though he had locked him-

was as though he had locked himself in a transparent room and walked around within it. She could see him, hear him, but she could not touch him. There was far less of life and emotion between them than before they had married.

She was always asleep when Max came to bed. Usually he was somewhere else for his evening meal, if he ate at all. Two or three times a week Sarah dined with her mother; sometimes she had a drink with her boss at Avenny's.

with her mother; sometimes she had a drink with her boss at Avenny's.

Once in a while Bailey came into the shop, ostensibly to buy a book. But really, Sarah felt, he came as a father might, to investigate without meddling, to make sure that Sarah was all right. She always sent Bailey away easy about her. She was not easy about him

He was normally thin; now he was thinner. Always quiet, now he was silent. Even his smile, which had been frequent, came with an

effort.
Their visits were affectionate but formal. Sarah spoke of her mother, the weather. Bailey asked about Sarah and Max. Always about Max. Sarah would say how wonderfully well Max was doing, how hard he studied. Bailey liked to hear that; his little smile would come and go. No father, Sarah thought, could take a deeper interest.

Spring was brewing, but the

Spring was brewing, but the O'Shells were still winter frozen. One morning, though, in their enchanted slum, the princess woke the sleeping prince. Now that her tension was over, it seemed only

Page 98

#### THE FOURTH SARAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

fair that he should share it with

fair that he should share it with her.

"I thought you'd like to know," she said. "It seemed we might have been going to increase to three. But as of this morning all is well."

"Why didn't you mention it?"

She had thought he'd be sym-pathetic. But he was furious. "I didn't want to worry you, Max. You've been studying so hard. I decided—"

He raged, "You make all the decisions! Whether or not to have a phone, whether I should be told about the possible coming of a haby..."

"I don't know what's the matter with you," she said. "Obviously not."

"I do the best I can."
"That's what I'm afraid of."

Bailey stopped in at Avenny's at afternoon. Sarah still ate the

Bailey stopped in at Avenu, that afternoon. Sarah still ate the bitter dust of her morning quarrel with Max. Her smile, to her stepfather's attentive eye, was not real. Bailey wanted to buy the anthology of verse he held. "What's on your mind, Sarah?" He followed her to her desk. Except for them, the shop was empty.

empty.

"Nothing on my mind," she said, smiling and lying. "Want me to wrap that?" She held out her left hand with its wide gold band. As she looked at her wedding ring the untruthfulness went out

voice and face. "Oh, it's Max. Something's

of her voice and face, On, Bailey, it's Max. Something's wrong between us and I don't know what."
He looked stricken. At once Sarah regretted her words. "Nothing serious," she said. "Just the first-year's-the-hardest. That kind of thing."

"You love each other," he said firmly. "But don't ever fool your-selves that that's enough."

"What?"

"What?"

The stern, unfamiliar Bailey changed back to the pleasant man she knew so well. "Yes, wrap it, Sarah. I'll take it along."

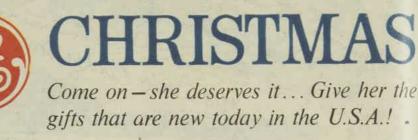
When Bailey had gone Sarah thought, how strange. The one person whose opinion we didn't ask when we — I — wanted to marry. Bailey's. Wonder if he noticed.

Another week, Spring made itself felt. The flower carts were parked off Madison Avenue. Avenny's put down its blue-and-green awning, and people window-shopped instead of coming in to buy.

This evening Sarah worked late on orders. Maybe Max would call to find out why she didn't come home. He didn't. Through the shop windows Sarah saw couples on their way to bars, restaura just out walking and win shopping.

That was what she wanted To be somebody's laughing girl, somebody's carefree, springtime girl. She ached with spring tickness. Maybe Max felt it, too. Maybe he'd be willing to steal this care blue specifies. blue evening.

To page 99





COMPACT NO-GUESSWORK AUTOMATIC TOASTER No more burnt toast. New G-E. Compact Toaster (saves 50% bench space) pops up your toast just the way you like it. Dial your shade on easy-to-read, easy-to-set, up-front controls — the automatic temperature sensing device does the rest. Extra-wide slots for all types of bread, heat-resistant carrying handles and feet. Easy to clean, too; hinged crumb tray, and beautiful chrome-plated body wipes gleaming clean with just a touch.



PORTABLE MIXER More po than many stand-type mixers, it's much more handy. Hangs on wall, goes to the stove. Comes complete with drink whisk, and with optional knife sharpener is three appliances in one

M NEW ELECTRIC SLICING KNIFE (ALL YOU DO IS GUIDE IT). The General Electric invention acclaimed

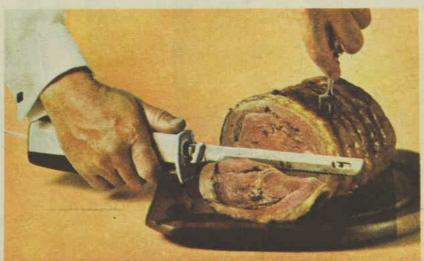
by housewives across America. Now yours on a 14 DAYS FREE HOME TRIAL. Dad will love it for the Sunday roast. . Mum for the many slicing chores she'll find it does with ease. Stainless

steel blades stay permanently sharp, you carve like a professional. No tiresone sawing ... all you do is guide it. Thick slices, wafer-thin slices without shredding

switch. Perfect for roasts, poultry and assorted foods. Economical too - cold meats stay fresh longer when you buy in bulk, slice as needed. Shreds lettuce

bread, rolls, tomatoes, cheese

instantly when you release



Finest appliances in a woman's world

GENERAL

Manufacturing Plant: Australian General Electric (Appliances) Pty. Ltd., Notting Hill, Vic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 1966

ideal for sponge cakes!

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

HAVE an old French skeleton clock, covered with a glass fome, and I have been informed that the pendulum was originally wrong on human hair. It keeps excellent time. It was given to my grandfather in 1868 as a pledge, but was never redeemed. On the back are the words "Hatton" and "Paris," and on one rear leg it pack are the words "Hatton" and "Paris," and on one rear leg is the letter P and on the other the numerals 2047 (also inscribed on one of the front leg supports). Could you tell me the age of this mather curious clock? — Mrs. V. M. White, South Perth.

Your clock was made by Hat-on of Paris about 1855 to 1865.

 Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

The pendulum did not swing on a human hair — silk-thread sus-pension of the pendulum is a characteristic of French clocks of that period.

I HAVE an old copper coin dated 1853 with the imprint of Queen Victoria on one side and what appears to be an imprint of a Roman soldier on the other side.—Miss Robyn Harrison, Fairfield, N.S.W.

Your old copper coin is an

English halfpenny, minted during English halfpenny, minted during the reign of Queen Victoria. The so-called Roman soldier represents the figure of Britannia, which was first used on English copper coinage during the Charles II reign.

\* \*

I ENCLOSE a photograph of a vase which I have been told is old Royal Worcester, made before Royal Worcester vases were stamped with the name. Some of the gilt bands have partly dis-

appeared with age. I have been told it is approximately 200 years old.—Mrs. Margaret E. Keppel, Healesville, Vic.

Healesville, Vic.

This fine porcelain vase, exquisitely hand-painted with a panel of naturalistic flowers, was made in England during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. It is probably Chamberlain's Worcester about 1825-35. The Chamberlain(s) (& Co.) porcelain works were established about 1786. The works subsequently became Kerr and Binns in 1852.

Worcester vase.



#### THE FOURTH SARAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Sometimes they used Sarah Barr's phone as a place for mes-sages. Perhaps Max had called there. Sarah picked up the tele-phone on her desk at Avenny's and dialled her mother.

and dialled her mother.

Sarah Barr answered on the first ring, and she did not permit her daughter to speak. "Thank heaven you called! Listen — the ambulance is on the way and I may not have time to finish. Meet me at once at Bellevue."

"Are you sick? Mother!"

"It's Bailey." The measured voice splintered. "He — tried to kill himself!"

IT was almost nine o'clock before Sarah found her mother in the dim, tall twistings of the old hospital. Sarah Barr was at the end of a hall backed by a gritty, barred window. Walking toward her was like advancing through a tunnel in a dream. How small she is! thought Sarah O'Shell. She put her arms around her mother. "I thought I'd never find you."

"I thought you'd never come." There was a pause.

"What about Bailey?"

Her mother's hands trembled. "They don't know yet. Another twenty minutes, they say, and it would have been. .." Her eyes closed; she rapped her temples with her knuckles. "I don't know why ... I was so anxious to get home. I had work to do at the office, but I ..."

"Let's go out and get you some coffee."

"No, I can't leave. Not now. Sarah—he was in the bathroom. I didn't know. I thought he was just late getting home. Usually he gets there first and has the salad things ready and ... I went into the kitchen and there was a piece of paper. So I'—this was a rasping whisper—"Sarah, he had left a note!"

Her eyes, like a child's, turned up to her daughter's. "Bailey had written goodbye and that I was not to blame myself. And I thought he had left me! I went flying around the apartment to see what he had packed. And that's how I found him." She rubbed her tired eyes. "I found him just in time. If it was in time."

They walked the corridor a hundred times. The dirry window became a sight of ereat familiarity.

time. If it was in time."

They walked the corridor a hundred times. The dirty window became a sight of great familiarity, a landmark, home. Sarah never asked her mother why Bailey had tried to kill himself.

I've got to reach Max, she thought. How? Max, miles away up Manhattan Island. She found a telephone and attempted to call their superintendent, Mr. Pacco. No phone at that address for Pacco. There was a building telephone, but no one answered it. She had no other choice but to send a telegram: BAILEY SIGK HOSPITAL. I'M WITH MOTHER. HOME SOON AS POSSIBLE. LOVE, She was sick to be with Max.

The low moment of the twenty down and the sent of the sent of the twenty down and still the sent of the sent of the twenty down and still the sent of the sent of the twenty down and still the sent of the sent

The low moment of the twenty-four-hour day came and still they waited for word of Bailey. The

To page 102

Page 99

## SHOPPING GUIDE GENERAL ELECTRIC



"INSTANT HEAT' HAIR DRYER. Now from G-E comes the fastest drying ever The heating unit is at the top of the dryer hose right next to the bonnet. Keeps the hose cool, too, where it may touch your back or shoulders. Four heats . . soft-dry, low, medium and speed-dry. STAND-AWAY BONNET fits over your largest rollers and special 'reach-in' top lets you check your set. Complete with extra long flex and LUXURY CARRY CASE.



M AUTOMATIC COFFEE MAKER. Exclusive Peek-a-brew window tells how much water to add, how much coffee is left. Truly automatic, it switches itself off yet keeps the coffee hot till you're ready. Makes up to 10 big cups.

MEMO TO MOTHERS

DROP A HINT ...

START A HUDDLE



SPRAY/STEAM 'N' DRY IRON. The only automatic Spray Iron in Australia and it comes from the world's largest electrical enterprise, naturally. No thumb-pumping — just press and presto! a continuous, fine warm mist sprinkles out wrinkles automatically! G-E's constant steam flow guarantees deeper penetration than any other. 'Tilt 'n' Tell Water Window, large selection of 'Wash 'n' Wear' Settings, Comfort-Grip Handle and many other features.







hospital lights were dimmed. An orderly, pitying the two women, brought them stools, and finally they sat down.

As though the change of posture had released her, Sarah Barr said, "You know this is all my fault."

"I don't believe you you and

"I don't believe you. You and Bailey have always been happy. I've never even heard you have a fuss."

"It was deeper than quarrelling, guess we should never have arried."

There was no melodrama in the story of what had led to the night, the hallway, the wait. Sarah, sen, and Bailey Barr had met a year or two after her divorce, and they had loved each other.

"I was in heaven. Bailey was so kind to you, so kind to me, so gentle. But he wanted to teach at a university; he wanted to become

FEATURE FOR FEATURE

ARE BEYOND COMPARISON

Every detail is planned for easier,

Every part is engineered for Life-

time Quality', trouble-free service.

more efficient washing.

#### THE FOURTH SARAH

a full professor. He needed more degrees; that meant more schooling, more waiting before our marriage. I couldn't see it." Sarah Barr paused. "He'd have had to quit his job at Millew—he was there then, too." She said, "He is still there." She shook her head. "It would have meant giving up my own job. I'd just had a raise at the magazine and I knew I'd become the editor sooner or later. It meant giving up the income my job represented. And afterward, if Bailey had become a professor, we'd have had to leave the city, move to some college . ."

Her voice made questions at the

Her voice made questions at the ends of her sentences as though she waited for affirmation of each

statement. "I even told Bailey it wouldn't be fair to you—to you, eight years old—to have to change schools. I decided, and he went along because he loved me. Sure enough, I was right about everything. We had enough money, we had a pleasant life, we were three—all happy together.

had a pleasant life, we were three
—all happy together.

"But I never knew there'd be
a day when Bailey would look at
the box he was in, that I had put
him in, and be willing to give up
his life to get out of it."

"Mother," Sarah said, "I've
always wanted to know—were
any of the Sarahs happily
married?"

"Yes," said Sarah Barr. "All
of them were happily married.

What you really ought to ask is, were the husbands of the Sarahs happy?" Suddenly she took her daughter's hand. "Sarah! Here comes someone!"

Bailey Barr would make it back to life, the resident said. But he was not yet to be seen by anyone. Tomorrow, maybe.

Tomorrow, maybe.

Sarah O'Shell took her mother home and put her to bed. They were not parent and child; they were women dealing with trouble. Young Sarah prepared warm milk and whisky. She waited until her mother consumed it. Then she turned off the light and drew the curtains against the blue springmorning sky. "I'm going home," she said.

Their clock said six. Max was

Their clock said six. Max was not at home; his books were gone. He couldn't be at school yet. Then where was he?

On the table she found to Max from Professor Lo It said, "Mr. O'Shell, see There was a buzz from stairs. It was a boy with

gram.
"But I sent this hours ago,"

"But I sent this hours ago," said,
"This is my first delivery, lad the boy said. "I came as soon the branch office opened."

So Max had never received wire. He did not know why had not come home, and he hot waited to find out.

For Sarah it was time for so proverbs. Darkest before day Long road with no turning. She managed to fall askeep. She was awakened. From un still eyelids she saw Max stand at the table, holding the yell telegram.

telegram,
"Hello," he said. "So this
where you were. How's Baile
"He'll live."

"He'll live."
"What was it — heart?"
"Bailey took too many slee
pills. On purpose,"
"Yes," Max said, as though

"Yes," Max said, as though was not surprised.
Sarah rose. "Were you worn about me?" she said.
"I was nuts," Max said, was mad and scared. I dug ho in the floor, walking it." He p his arms around her. "I call your mother. That should ha given me the clue — no answ But it didn't. So I went over Filo's and did a good night's wo Now make me some coffee like good girl."

SHE made a mug coffee for each of them. It w time now to tell Max what a had decided,

time now to tell max while had decided,

"Max, I've been thinking," said. "I want to tell you that know now I was wrong whe persuaded us to be married soon. I should have gote school. You should have liwith your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins. I take all responsibility for it, Max. But with your cousins.

"What do you suggest we desarah?"

"Let's go back to last sprin Everything will be just the same except one year late."

"But we're married, Sarah. (have you decided to end that?"

"No, I don't want a divorce Sarah said. "I just want us have the chance to grow up, ready for marriage. I know oo love will be strong enough to star the time and distance."

Max stretched lazily. "We now, honey, I don't think I wat to take a sabbatical on our marriage. I want to live with you ever day, sleep in the same bed even night."

day, sleep in the same bed ever night."

"But I've come around to doin what you want."

"Wanted. Last year. What want this year is what I've go And it's good you gave me th option to decide. Because from ow on I decide everything Look baby, I know what you're gettin at. You're afraid I'll be discouraged by such a forceful, man aging dame and take pills lik Bailey. I'm sorry as hell fe Bailey, but I don't admire him an I don't intend to follow in his footsteps. I'm going to be lawyer, and until I can suppor you fully you'll have to help or as you agreed. And I make th decisions."

She wanted to stand close an

She wanted to stand close a talk some more, but Max gave a good humored push. "First, down those stairs and call phone company. Twe decide want that service back on by

want that service back on by to morrow."

She started for the door. "Did Professor Loucheim flunk you?"

"No. He got me a summer job with a good law firm."

"So everything's all right." It scared her, somehow, to think of everything's being all right.

"Everything is OK. Except you haven't made that call to the phone company yet."

As she started down the stains she heard Max yell, "Hurry it up!"

Just possibly, she thought, a might be the first Sarah to have happy husband.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 21, 196



## BIG TUB WASH 12 LB LOAD

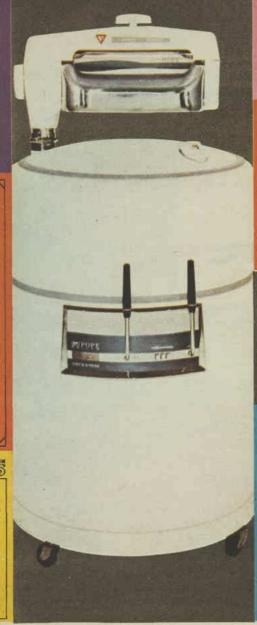
Simplifies wash day for the largest family ... gives the cleanost, whitest wash because YOU decide how long the wash cycle how hat the water - how much rinsing.

#### LIFETIME PORCELAIN ENAMEL INSIDE & OUT!

The gleaming white Pope needs little care - a quick unpe over keeps it looking new.



Quickly fills or empties the washer. SAVES PRECIOUS WATER! Every drop of water works for you in a Pope washer. Suds and rinse water can be used again for second and third loads.



### speed for heavy clothes, gentle speed for your delicate fabrics. **'PUSH BUTTON'** CONTROL

Only Pope gives you push-button sim-plicity in a wringer washer! Just press a button to heat...press a button to start Pope's thorough washing action.

**POWERFUL YET** 

**GENTLE AGITATOR...** Flushes out the most stubborn dirt from clothes in double-quick

2-SPEED WASHING, WRINGING ... Normal

#### NO INSTALLATION

Pope is always ready for use just roll it into position on smooth-running casters.

LOW COST...HIGH VALUE Choose from 3 super-efficient

FROM A LOW 31 / (£85.0.0.) Model 40.

models heat or non-heat.

Much, Much less after trade-in!

## PRACTICAL!!

No other washer at any price will get your clothes cleaner! And . . . town or country . . . you'll never better the value of a Pope Wringer Washer. See Pope . . . ask your Pope Dealer for a demonstration . . . check its features . . . see the inbuilt quality . . . discover the big trade-in allowance that puts these washers within the reach of the lowest budgets.



By SIMPSON POPE LIMITED Australia's largest manufacturers of Home Appliances

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4884290

## LAND OF EXILES

By VALERIE WATKINSON

E walked swiftly from the building, resisting the urge to run. The air outside was clean, free from the smells of cooking and cabbage boiling and washing strung from balcony to balcony. He stood in the street for a moment,

He stood in the street for a moment, shifting gear from life at home to life with Sandy.

It seemed to him that his whole existence was now chopped into these gearchanging sections.

At home he listened to his mother complain and helped with the kids and tried to study before evening classes.

At work in the factory he watched the machines and his mind grappled with a mathematical problem set for the class.

class.

In the hours he snatched with Sandy he drank a coffee he could ill afford, or sat in the park with her and talked, or just walked with her hand held inside his coat pocket.

His method of living was tearing him to pieces and perhaps it was doing the same to Sandy, but he did not think so.

Everything always came right for Sandy.

Sandy.

Her hair was thick and blonde, hanging straight to her shoulders.

She lived in a big house right on the other side of the sprawling Australian

He had been to Sandy's house only once. He had accepted a dinner in-vitation from her parents because it was the correct thing to do and he had known, right from the start, that with this girl he would always do what was Meeting her was many years

too early for him. He knew that, too, but he accepted it.

They had met at an English discussion group. Sandy was a day pupil, but there had been a pleasant mixing of day and evening students. Everybody had forgotten for a little while that the evening students worked. If they did not work they would be unable to meet the fees.

When the discussion had finished he

not work they would be.

When the discussion had finished he had held her coat for her and said,
"I'll walk home with you."

They had walked the whole two miles to Sandy's home. Very correctly he had shaken her hand and asked to see her again.

had shaken ner hand, her again.

When she had gone inside he had leaned against the nearest tree, resting before the long walk home and the three hours' study which lay ahead.

He did not discover until later that Sandy drove her own car. She asked him home to dinner three

She asked him home to dinner three weeks after their meeting.

Even now he shuddered at the memory of that night in Sandy's home. The food was good, better and more plentiful than he was accustomed to. He had tried to resist the urge to gobble and thought he had succeeded.

thought he had succeeded.

"Do have some more, Mr. Richards,"
Sandy's mother said.

She was like Sandy, Sandy's mother.
There was the same lovely line of check and chin, the same steadiness of grey

To page 104



"But some day is too far away," Sandy said, walking hand in hand with Nick.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - December 21, 1966

## A word to the man who wants to get fresh



Freshness that

stays with a man

Pamper his pride with a gift of TANG for Christmas



Choose from the full range of TANG grooming aids.

TALCUM . DEODORANT . AFTER SHAVE LOTION . PRE-SHAVE LOTION . COLOGNE

There were pears in her ears and at her throat and she wore a blue dress. She looked as mothers should look, as he knew his own mother would never look.

Sandy's father had called him "Nick" and shaken his hand, but the searching and measuring had been there in his eyes. He had inquired about Nick's plans.

"Engineering — I think," Nick had said, "uh—sir."

He had not known what to do with his hands, which had suddenly seemed to assume the proportions of ham bones.

He who was so sure of his

He who was so sure of his future, who had already seen in the mirror of his mind the graceful arches of the bridges he would construct, had only been able to blurt out "engineering—I think"

"I was awful," he had said to andy unhappily at the end of Sandy unha

"You were fine. Anyway, it wasn't an examination," Sandy had said, a little stiffly.

HE knew better.
Instead of arguing he had kissed her, holding her close, kissing her as a man kisses a woman and not as a boy kisses a girl.

"When can we get married?"
Sandy had asked.
"Some day," he had said.
"Some day is too far away,"
Sandy had said, for she was unused to waiting for anything.
They had walked hand in

They had walked, hand in hand, down the long gravelled driveway to the street where Nick would catch a bus.

Inside the house Sandy's mother had looked at Sandy's father.

"Oh, Sam," Sandy's mother had said, "he's not a boy at all. He's a man..."

Sandy put her books on the hall table in the Adams' house and ran up the stairs to the rooms Janet's parents had allotted Janet and her husband. Janet's marriage had not altered anything very much, except that

#### 

#### FROM THE BIBLE

"Now therefore, ye are more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. - Ephesians 2; 19.

#### 

the cries of the baby sounded through the house at regular four-hourly intervals.

through the house at regular four-hourly intervals.

Janet was sitting by the window, her feet in pointed red brocade slippers resting on the sill.
There was a magazine on her lap.
The baby was yelling in his cot.
Sandy picked him up, holding
him expertly against her shoulder.
"He's wet."
"He's always wet," Janet said.
There was no particular emotion
in her voice. She was simply
stating a fact.
Sandy changed the baby and sat
on the bed, cuddling him.
"What's the matter, Janet?
Have you and Al quarrelled?" She
almost said "again," but caught
herself in time.
"Again." Janet said.
Janet's husband had left college before graduating. He worked
for his father-in-law, who did
something in import export. Nobody knew for sure what Janet's
husband did in the offices of his
father-in-law.
"I suppose it's what the psychologists call the Adjustment

"I suppose it's what the psy-chologists call the Adjustment Period," Janet said. "They've got their names for everything these days."

their names for everything these days."

She came over and took the baby from Sandy as she spoke.

"Are you sorry?" Sandy asked.

"That's a pretty stupid question," Janet said, sliding out from under it. "I just wish people would stop trying to prove the baby innocent or guilty. Isn't it in Scotland they have a 'not proven' verdict?"

It was a long time since they

It was a long time since they had talked like this. It was the sort of close talk Sandy had missed and for which conversation

Page 104

#### LAND OF EXILES

with a man, even one you loved, was not compensation.

"I've missed you," Sandy said.

"I've missed you," Sandy said.
"I know. I've been a long way off. Maybe I'm just starting to come back. The land of exiles is a strange place. Some people don't talk to you and ones who never have talked to you suddenly do, and you don't know where you are. Do you remember that little girl at school, Sandy? It was years ago, but I remember her now. Her father did something bad and we weren't allowed to play with her. Mother said not to and I didn't, but I wish I had."

"I know. My mother said the

"I know. My mother said the same thing," Sandy admitted.

"She wasn't a very attractive little girl. That made it easier, somehow. Isn't it awful how easy it is to kick someone when they're

it is to kick someone when they're down?"

"I hate hearing you talk like this." Sandy said.

"You always hated the truth. When we were kids if anything bad happened we always said: 'Don't tell Sandy.'"

Sandy was silent, determined not to be offended.

Janet had always led the way. If she had wanted something she had worked out a campaign to get it and, usually, had succeeded.

She had wanted Al, wanted him so badly that even her parents had laughed, teasing her.

Now the "crush" was immor-talised in the solidity of marriage and a baby, and Janet's parents had stopped laughing.

"I'm sorry," Janet said. "You're like the sister I never had. I don't know why I talk to you this way."

know why I talk to you this way."

"Sometimes I think people who care about each other fight more than those who don't care at all. Nick and I fight about all sorts of things. Maybe it will be better when—if we're married."

"When and if," Janet said, "You have doubts already."

"It will be years before Nick and I are married." Sandy said.

"That's what Al and I thought," Janet said, and there was a small secret smile on her face, a peculiarly knowing, adult smile which excluded Sandy completely.

"I must go," Sandy said. "I'm meeting Nick."

Her exit had something of fi about it. She was not sure what she was running, or if were actually running. She brushed against an indefin brushed against an indefining invitation which held both pror and denial. She did not know, she hurried away from Janet the baby, but the reason did

matter.
Nick was waiting for her. "How did it go today?" asked casually.

"I went to see Janet," Sandy id. "You don't like her, do you?

Is it because."
"No, it isn't because," Nick said, quietly.
"It's all ancient history now

anyway. People are so . "
"Moral," Nick supplied, smiling, "If you break the

To page 105





BIG SISTER CHRISTMAS CAKE

"Everyone has forgotten."
"Oh, sure." Nick said. He oked up at the sky. "Oh, boy, could build a bridge as high as hat sky."

looked up at the sky. "Oh, boy, I could build a bridge as high as that sky."

"That baby is adorable."

"Look, Sandy, please don't talk to me about Janet's adorable baby. That baby shouldn't even have been born yet, and you know it. They used the baby as a sort of instrument for social blackmail—so that Janet's parents would let them get married."

They walked on in silence.
"Let's not fight," Nick said.
"Everything is hard enough."

He felt her hand creep into his pocket. I suppose it would be easy, he thought. I suppose nobody would try to stop us from getting married then.

"Till buy you a coffee. Let's be

"I'll buy you a coffee. Let's be

#### LAND OF EXILES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

extravagant and have cream in our coffee. I expect you are used to cream in your coffee."

"Yes," Sandy said, almost humbly, "I am."

humbly. "I am."

"I'm sorry," he said.

This is tearing me to pieces, he wanted to say to her. I am old enough to marry, but society says. I mustri't, because I am too poor and only half educated, because I have a widowed mother and brothers and sisters who drink gallons of milk and need an endless supply of shoes. Society says, "Find a nice girl, a good girl, but don't marry her. Just wait."

"I don't want any coffee."

the corner. Let's drive to the beach."

He did not want to drive down to the grey, deserted beach. You could be completely alone on the beach at this time of the year and he did not want to be completely alone with Sandy.

"You drive" Sandy said

"You drive," Sandy said.

"You drive," Sandy said.

He did not want to drive. He hated driving Sandy's car. He always imagined what would happen if they were involved in an accident. In his dreams he heard Sandy's father say, "Why didn't you drive more carefully, Nick?" and Sandy's mother said, "Why were you driving Sandy's car, Mr. Richards?"

He slid behind the wheel. His touch on the accelerator was ten-tative and because he had not given it enough gas the engine coughed and died.

"All right," Sandy said, because, although he had never mentioned it, she knew how he felt. "I'll do it then. Slide over."

He slid over and Sandy had to push her way past him to get to the driver's seat. They became wedged between the seat and the steering wheel. They looked at each other and Sandy giggled. He kissed her and the kiss grew and sear and the search are search are searched the search are search are searched the search are search are searched the search are search are search are search are search are search are search are

He kissed her and the kiss grew and grew and people passing in the street looked at them.

"I think it's disgraceful kissing in public," Sandy said, "Don't you think it's disgraceful?"

"Yes," Nick said, falling in with her mood. "It's disgraceful. I

don't know what kids are coming to these days."

"Oh, I love you," Sandy said.
"I love you, too," Nick said, "and I don't think it's a good idea to drive to the beach."

"Let's do it anyway."

The beach was grey and the waves broke on the shore with a boom like gunfire.

"I love it here in the winter," Sandy said and snuggled down in the seat, her head on his shoulder. Nick put his arm around her.

He could feel the spray on his face and his lips tasted salty.

"When you're a famous engineer we'll come here and we'll remember how it was when we were young," Sandy said.

"Engineers don't often get to be famous," he said. "Not like actors or writers or even acientists. Engineers just build."

"Couldn't you be an architect?"

"Sandy," he said.

"Couldn't you be an architect?"
"Sandy," he said.
"We could get married and live
at my home," Sandy suggested.
"There's my family," Nick said.
"They couldn't get along without
me, not for a few more years, until
the younger ones finish school."
"You never tell me anything
about them," Sandy said. "You've
never taken me to meet them. You
should."
"I know I should I will I didn't

I know I should, I will, I didn't

"I know I should. I will. I didn't think you wanted to."

"I do want to."

He believed her. He should have taken her to meet his family.
"Doesn't your mother work?"
"Not now. She has a lot of pain—arthritis, I think. Her hands are all twisted. She complains a lot, but she doesn't really mean it. It's just that it has to come out somewhere."

'It might be years, then," Sandy

"It might be years, then, Sandy said.
"I know," Nick said. "I know. Your parents would never let us, anyway. You're only eighteen."
"Janet's only a year older."
"I know," Nick said again, "but you can't measure sense by age. I thought you had more sense than Janet."

She was quiet. He put his face against her hair and her hair was soft and damp with salt spray. He wished he had never met her, wished it so honestly and fiercely that he was shocked. He was even more shocked to realise Sandy was probably wishing the same thing.

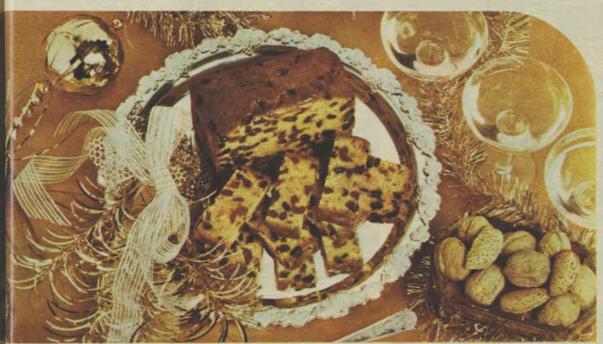
To page 106

#### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD









## Big Sister RICH GOLDEN CHRISTMAS CAKE

A smooth and mellow cake laced with fruits, fragrant with spices and . full of that just-baked flavour that only Big Sister Cakes have. The perfect accompaniment for get-togethers with family or friends over the festive season.

#### Big Sister RICH DATE AND WALNUT CHRISTMAS CAKE

A cake to please the continental palate. Rich textured, piquantly flavoured and laden with plump dates and crunchy walnuts, Big Sister Date and Walnut Cake is a truly festive food . . . a confection to add elegance to your table and enjoyment to every Christmas occasion.

## Sig Sister RICH FRUIT CHRISTMAS CAKE

A rich, dark, moist cake, brimful of delicious candied peels and cherries and sun-drenched dried fruits. This traditional Big Sister Fruit Cake is a veritable feast in itself. Its smooth, mellow, full-bodied flavour holds the very essence of old-time Christmas

good to get or to give for Christmas! Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1966

#### LAND OF EXILES



RIBBON MOTIF makes a pretty edging for pillowcases and guest pillowcases and guest tawels. Also included in this transfer are many varied monograms suit-able for linens or a baby's layette. These designs are from Embroidery Transfer No.
187. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.
Price: 15 cents, plus 4 cents postage.

"Janet's father is going to huild them a house," Sandy said.
"I'd sooner build my own house," Nick said. "And I'd sooner support my own wife, too."
"Al supports Janet."
"Oh, yes," Nick said. "He works for Mr. Adams. Do you know what he does? Well, I'll tell you. Nothing. That's what he does. A great big nothing. But he gets paid for it, and that's all that matters, isn't it?"

"I hate hearing you talk like

it?"
"I hate hearing you talk like this," Sandy said to him.
"You hate everything that doesn't come out right for you. Where did you learn that everything always has to come out right for you? Tell me where,

and that's a school I will gladly attend."

She stiffened and would have drawn away from him, but his grip on her shoulder tightened. "I know what you've got in your mind," Nick said. "Every

you come from Janet's like What does she do — brainthis. What does she do — brain-wash you?"
"She has nothing to do with

"She has everything to do with it," Nick said. "What does she want from you, anyway? Does she want your company out on that special limb where gossip has a free licence?"

Because it just could be the truth she remained silent.

"It would be easy," Nick said.
"I grant you that, but what would it do to you — to us?"

"It would be hard for a little while," Sandy said. "I wouldn't mind that. After a while you come back from the land of exiles and then everything is all right."

back from the famo of exies and then everything is all right."

"Sandy, Sandy," Nick said. He said it gently, wonderingly, the way he would have spoken to a dull child. "Don't you know anything? You never come back from the land of exiles. A little part of you always stays there, and that's the little part that matters most."

"I wish I had never met you."
Sandy said.

"It might be better if we stopped seeing each other," Sandy said.

"It might," Nick said.
Sandy stayed with her head pressed close against Nick's shoulder, thinking about all the things she should have thought about long ago.

She thought about Janet who.

long ago. She thought about Janet only now was beginning to come back from the land of exiles and of Al who, in his impatience for the present, had sacrificed his

"Nick?" she said.
"I'm here," Nick said.
"Let's go and have that coffee now. There's a cafe a few blocks away. It's always crowded, but we're going to be crowded for a

were going to be crowded for a few years yet, so we may as well get used to it."

He took one of her hands in his, examining it. His eyes felt salty. It had to be spray from the sea. It couldn't be tears, because he was a man. He had been a man since he was twelve years old. man since he was twelve years old and his father died.

AFTER she dropped Nick she drove home very care-fully, because she felt responsible, adult.

Her parents were in the livingroom. They looked at her searchingly, the way they always did
when she had been with Nick.
"How's Nick?" her father asked.
"Nick's gone home to study, so
I thought I'd do the same."
"I surgous Nick!"

I thought I'd do the same."

"I suppose Nick is a very husy boy," Sandy's father said.
"He helps support his family," Sandy said. It came out defiantly and she had not meant it to sound that way, either. "He couldn't walk out on them, not for a few more years."

"A man who won't we'll.

"A man who won't walk out his family is unlikely to walk on his wife," Sandy's father sa

his family is unlikely to walk out on his wife," Sandy's father said. "She is so young," Sandy's mother said when Sandy had gone. She said it hopelessly, as if youth were some inevitable disease from which a certain proportion of the race must suffer.
"No younger than you when we first met," Sandy's father said. Sandy walked slowly up the stairs. She was very tired.

It had been easy being a little girl. Her father had not done anywhing bad, and there had been dancing classes and red kid pumps with narrow straps around the ankles, and dresses with big sahes. There had been Sunday school and the Ten Gommandments learned by rote, and the amised smile of adults when she had asked the meaning of the words. There had been standards easily adhered to, because it had been too early for the time of decision.

Inevitably, the time of decision had come. She could make her own standards, now.

She would wait for Nick and he would wait for Nick and he would wait for her and her father's complacency would remain mercifully unshattered.

She would wait for Nick and he would wait for her and her father's complacency would remain mercifully unshattered. There would be a big wedding, because she was an only child and her mother had lived for the day.

She and Nick would be married at last, and in their peace they, too, would forger what it was to be beset by terrible urgency.

She thought about Nick and her parents, and about lanet. Then she thought about the little girl whose father had done something bad and with whom she and Janet had not been allowed to play.

She hoped that the little girl, grown to womanhood, had come back from the land of exiles.

(Copyright)







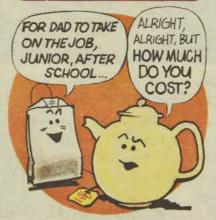














## BUTTERICK PATTERNS



#### BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.S.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		
A DOMESTIC OF THE OWNER	1077	

ASTRO-PIRATES their plane and try to enter Narda's plane. On both sides of the ocean, worry over the plane increases. NOW READ ON . . .



















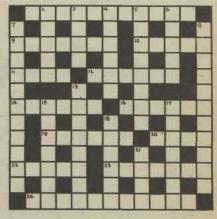
#### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1. Valuations for the purpose of taxation (11).
- 9. Relating to love (7).
- 10. A body of soldiers turns a port round nothing (5).
- 11. The smallest letter of the Greek alphabet (4).
- 12. Bring in a devil or tea (6).
- 14. Odd art of an old weakling (6).
- 16. Requesting as monarch (6).
- 19. Walk without definite route (6).
- 20. The hero of a Borodin opera (4).
- 22. Expel, possibly because is full of vice (5).
- 23. Give continuous account of (7). 24. This is the kind of

2. Undaunted (5).

- 3. God of love (4).
- Oil-producing plant used on an occasion to open a door (6).
- 5. Turned outward (8).
- 6. Fish can be caught with the least routine (5).
- 7. Modern pails (anagr., 11).
- SIGNATE UTION OF LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD. 8. If you are led there you are drawn the wrong way (2, 3, 6).

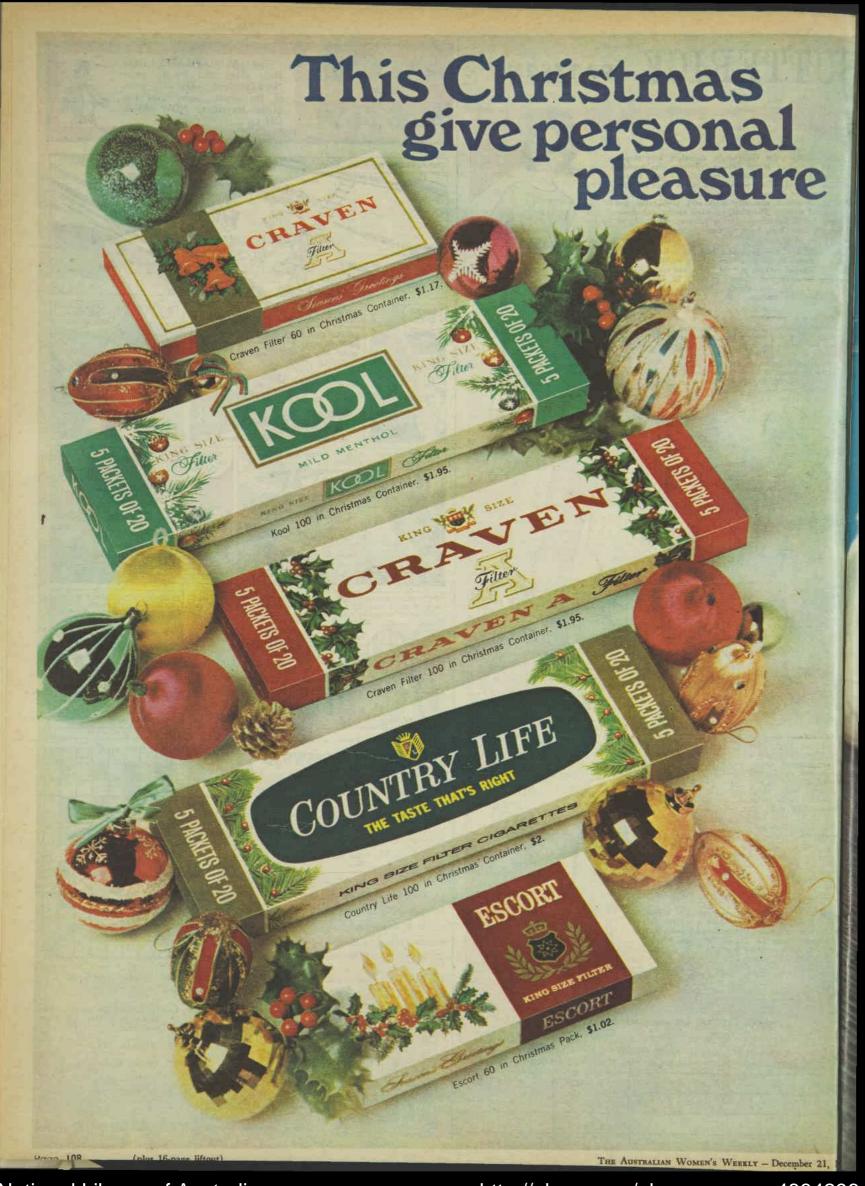


Solution will be published next week

#### DOWN

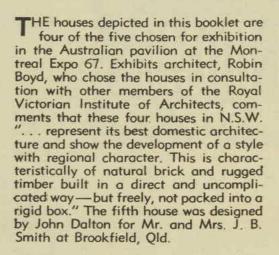
- 13. He furthers joint-stock com-panies by asking for more port (8).
- 15. White ant (7).
- 17. Deeply fixed in hard seed
- 18. Paring-tools for smoothing surface of wood or metal (6).
- 21. Exact and precise or just stiffly formal (4).

Page 107





AUSTRALIAN HOMES FOR EXPO 67 by Shan Hailey



EXPO 67 is the abbreviated title of the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967, to be held in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, from April 28 to October 27, 1967. The 1000-acre site consists of two islands and a peninsula in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, providing a setting both beautiful and spacious for the pavilions of the 73 participating nations. The main floor of the Australian pavilion is about 140ft. square, and exhibits are divided into four categories, each occupying a quarter: Australian Arts, Australian Science, Australian Development, Australian People. The five homes are in the architecture stand, which is in the Arts category and consists of a dozen rotating panels of various sizes, showing early colonial buildings paired with comparable modern buildings.

THE symbol used far left and throughout the booklet represents Man and His World, the theme of Expo 67. The motif is the ancient symbol for worshipping man—a vertical line with outstretched arms. These motifs were joined together in pairs, to represent friendship and support, and then arranged in a circle, symbolising the earth—thus: Man and His World.

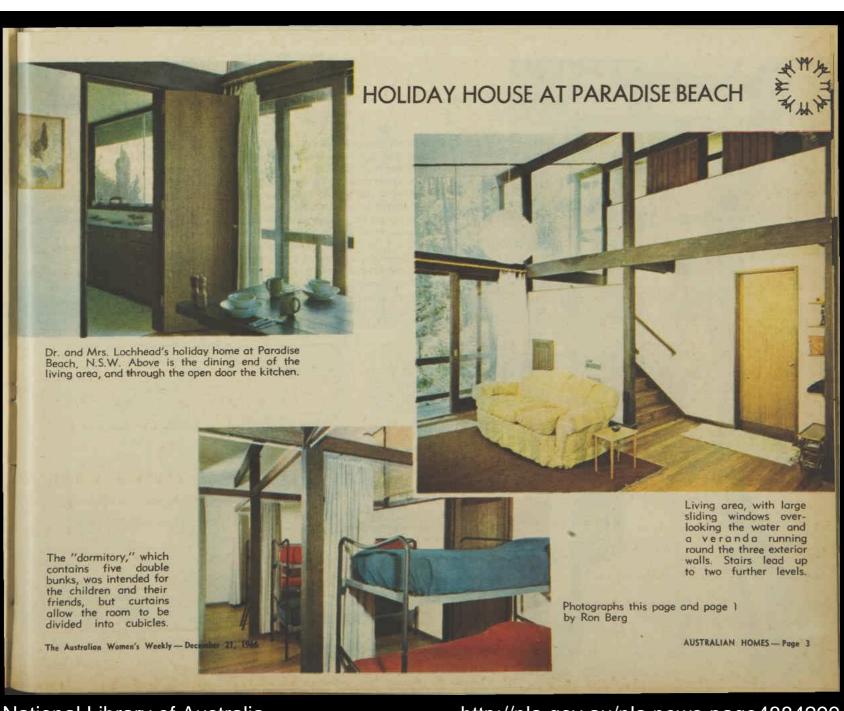
LLUSTRATED on page 1 is Dr. and Mrs. Lochhead's holiday home at Paradise Beach, N.S.W., shown also opposite and on pages 4 and 5.

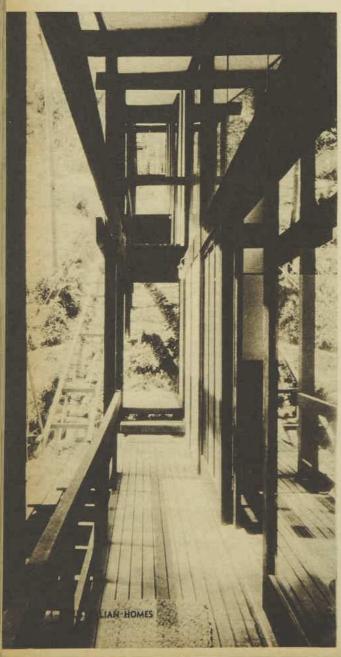
THIS booklet takes the place, for this week only, of our regular House of the Week feature.

The Australian Wamen's Weekly - December 21, 1966



Page 2 - AUSTRALIAN HOMES

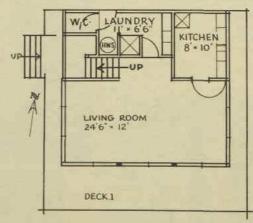




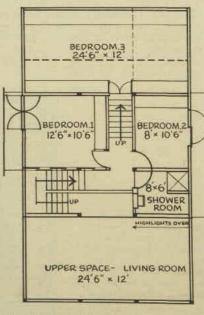


#### HOUSE AT

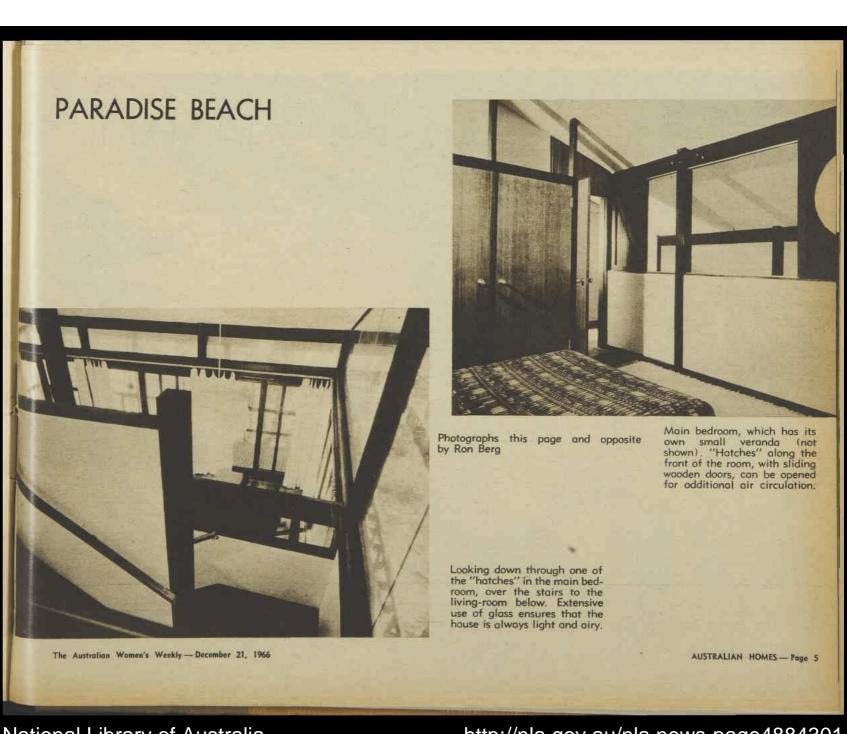
Built at Paradise Beach, N.S.W., as a holiday home for Dr. and Mrs. Lochhead, this house was designed by Keith Cottier, A.A.S.T.C., A.R.A.I.A., of Allen, Jack, and Cottier. The rocky site consists of a long, thin wedge of land, which slopes up from the beach at a gradient of almost one in two and is covered in tall gums. The house enjoys particularly superb views to the west, overlooking Pittwater. Constructed almost entirely of timber, the house is set up off the ground on a framework of posts and beams, and within this framework are three "platforms" which step up the hill. All the external walls are set at least 3ft. in from the frame, which thus resembles a cage. The three levels consist of a ground floor, first floor (which is one full storey up), and a third level, the "dormitory," which is half a floor up again. The timber framework is exposed both internally and externally, the roof is covered with terracotta tiles, the internal walls and ceilings are plaster-sheeted and painted white, and the floors are of polished tallowwood.



Picture at left shows how the house is constructed on different levels. To overcome difficulties of access to their house, built on a very steep hill, the owners had an inclinator installed.



The Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1966

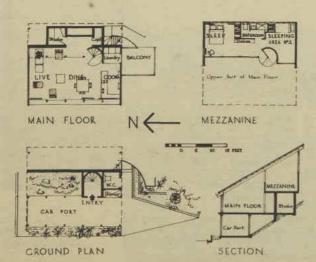






### BACHELOR HOUSE AT PALM BEACH

Architect Ross Thorne, B. Arch., A.R.A.I.A., a lecturer in architecture at Sydney University, designed his own house at Palm Beach, N.S.W., facing west to the Pittwater arm of Broken Bay. Again, the site slopes steeply—one in two. Intended as a bachelor home, there was not the necessity for a great deal of visual privacy in the house, which is therefore, although small, extremely spacious. What are usually considered rooms have been treated purely as areas of different uses. "But for the bathroom," said Mr. Thorne, "the house is really all one room, which flows in two directions—horizontal and vertical." The roof was kept as low as possible on the west, and to the east the windows look up the hill and receive the morning sunlight filtered through the trees. The two side external walls are of western red cedar on the outside, and mountain ash on the inside. The floor is of cypress, stained slightly greenish-black to hide the obtrusive grain.



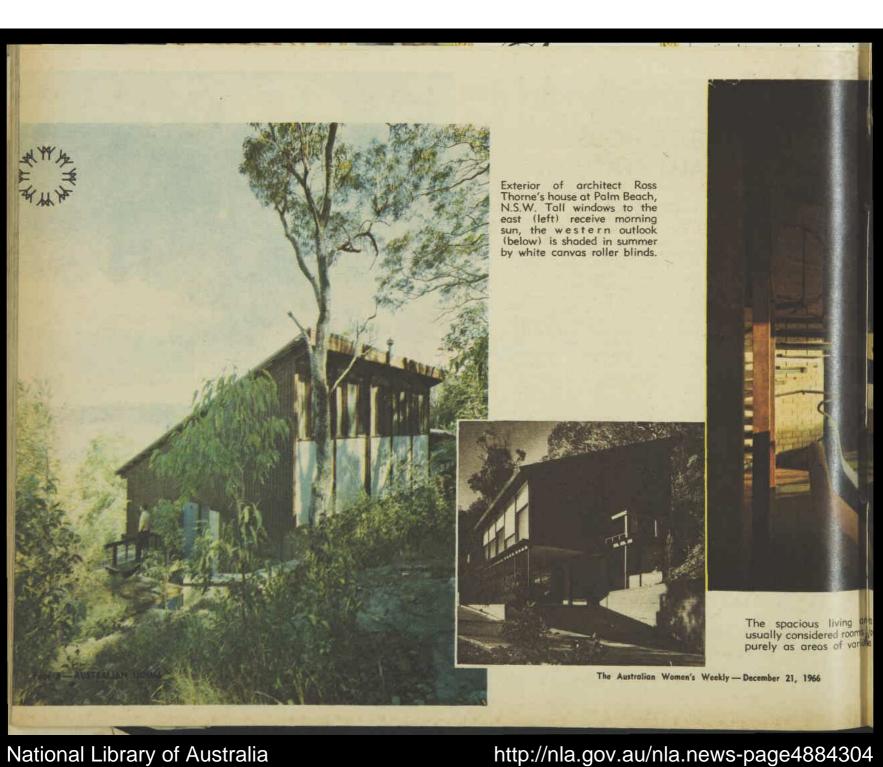
The Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1966



Photographs this page and opposite by Clive Kane

Living area. The kitchen is really only a piece of furniture at the far end of the living area. It can be partly seen behind the dining-table.

AUSTRALIAN HOMES - Page 7

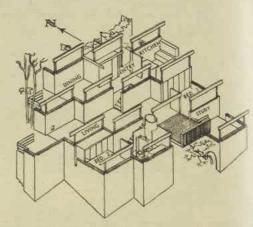






### FAMILY

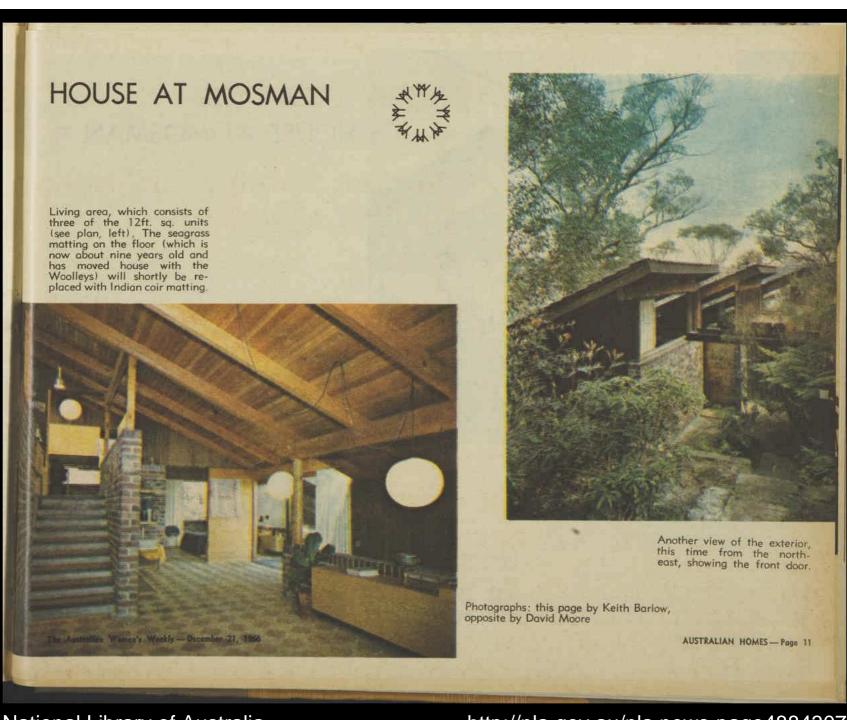
Isometric plan (right). Each section is 12ft, sq. and is staggered 4ft.



This is a family home, designed by architect Ken Woolley, B. Arch., F.R.A.I.A., of Ancher, Martlock, Murray, and Woolley, at Quakers Hat Bay, Mosman, N.S.W., looking to the west over Middle Harbor. The steep slope is a mass of trees, and the house was designed with floors stepping down the hillside like garden terraces. The house is divided into 12ft. sq. sections, each staggered 4ft., and the roof is worked on the same principle, pulled apart by windows. Walls are of clinker brick. with structural wood of Canadian pine and windows and boardings of tallowwood. Alterations were always envisaged to the house, but are only now being carried out: "When we were building," said Mr. Woolley, "we didn't scale everything down to fit our budget, because this, of course, precludes adding to the house at a later date. We created only the living-room in its entirety, and did it in such a way as to enable us to add other rooms and areas as and when we needed and could afford them." When the house was built, he and his wife had two children; they have since had a third, and are at present adding a children's playroom and another bedroom under the living area, enlarging the laundry, and building a dressing-cum-bathroom off the main bedroom.

Western aspect of the house.

The Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1966





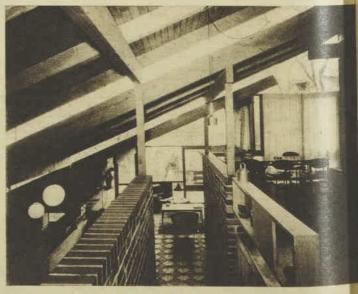
Taken from the top of the steps leading down to the living area, this picture shows clearly two levels of the house; part of a third level can be seen at extreme left.

Dining area of Ken Woolley's house at Mosman, N.S.W. This upper level has been floored completely with cork tiles, the lower level with stained cork and seag ass matting, and in the individual rooms, tallowwood flooring has been used.

Page 12 - AUSTRALIAN HOMES

# HOUSE AT MOSMAN





The Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1966

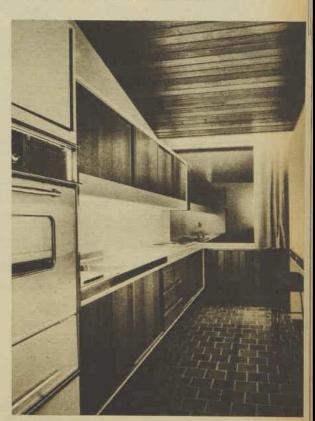


Main bedroom overlooks, through trees, the water. Wooden slats and an extended ceiling protect this room from intense north-westerly sun.

## HOUSE-IN-TWO-PARTS AT PORT HACKING

Designed by architect Harry Seidler, M. Arch., A.R.A.I.A., M.R.A.I.C., for Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Muller, this house, too, is built on a steeply sloping site—this time a waterfront one, facing a magnificent inlet at Port Hacking, N.S.W. With a grown-up family, the Mullers wanted a house which could be divided into two parts — one for their own use and one for when their children and grandchildren or guests come to stay. The house has therefore been designed on two levels: the owners live on the upper, and on the lower level are guest facilities and a barbecue. The walls are of white concrete blocks, which form evenly spaced bays; the roof is of steel beams and timber, covered with aluminium roofing. On the upper level of the north-westerly aspect of the house, the ceiling extends to shelter windows from the sun, while wooden slats beneath the windows deflect it from the glass. In the interior of the house only three building materials have been used: white concrete blocks; ash timber for ceilings, some walls below windowsill level, sun protection slats, and all furniture units; dark grey quarry tiles on all main living-area floors.

The Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1966



Compact kitchen, with its extensive use of ash timber. Wider-than-average work benches are of white plastic laminate, which also lines drawers, cupboards. Drawers and cupboards in servery (right of picture) dividing kitchen and dining areas open either side.

AUSTRALIAN HOMES - Page 13

